This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

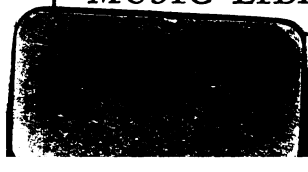
+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

HARVARD
DIVINITY
SCHOOL
Andover-Harvard
Theological Library

MUSIC LIBRARY



THE

CHRISTIAN MELODIST:

A

NEW COLLECTION OF HYMNS

FOR

SOCIAL RELIGIOUS WORSHIP.

By JOSEPH BANVARD,
PASTOR OF THE HARVARD STREET BAPTIST CHURCH, BOSTON.

BOSTON:
JOHN PUTNAM, 81 CORNHILL.
NEW YORK:
L. COLBY, 122 NASSAU STREET.
1849.

Rose Fournier
Salem

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1848,
BY JOHN PUTNAM,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

BV
459
.B25
1849

PREFACE.

THE want of a hymn book adapted to all the purposes of social religious meetings, has for a long time been felt. Many of the books in use are so limited in their contents as to furnish but few appropriate hymns for the various purposes of these social gatherings; while others, which contain a greater variety, are printed in such small type as to render their use quite inconvenient, especially, as is too often the case, when the place of meeting is dimly lighted.

The present volume avoids both of these objections. It contains a copious variety of hymns, adapted to all the regular and the occasional meetings which are held, and is printed in large, open type, so as to be easily read.

Brevity, spirituality and earnestness are the general characteristics of the hymns. It has been a prominent object of the editor to prepare a book, which, besides being appropriate to the ordinary state of the church, should also be adapted to seasons of refreshing from the presence of the Lord; he has, therefore, introduced a considerable number of hymns through which the returning backslider, the weeping penitent, the trembling believer,

the rejoicing convert, and the zealous, praying Christian may give solemn and earnest expression to their various religious emotions.

Special attention has been given to the cause of "Missions," and of "Sabbath Schools," by the insertion of a large number of hymns, suitable for use upon these occasions.

Each hymn has the name of an appropriate tune prefixed. The notes of these tunes are inserted at the end of the volume. This addition, it is presumed, will be highly acceptable to those who lead, and to those who unite in singing.

This work, though specially adapted to the use of social conference meetings, is, from the number and variety of its hymns, equally appropriate for public worship. It is believed, therefore, that it will meet the wants of all such churches as may not prefer a more expensive book for the Sabbath.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	HYMN
A broken heart, my God, my King	111
A charge to keep I have	290
Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God	86
Again, from calm and sweet repose	61
A guilty, helpless sinner, Lord	39
Alas! and did my Saviour bleed	108
Alas! what hourly dangers rise	220
All hail the power of Jesus' name	367
All ye who feel distressed for sin	148
Almighty God, thy constant care	560
Amazing grace! how sweet the sound	214
Am I a soldier of the cross	274
And canst thou, sinner, slight	91
And will the Lord thus condescend	153
And can mine eyes without a tear	346
And must this body die	519
And must I part with all I have	216
And must I be to judgment brought	523
Another day has fled	58
Arise in all thy splendor, Lord	420
Arm of the Lord, awake! awake	421
Ascend thy throne, Almighty King	436
As flies the shuttle o'er the loom	497
As pants the hart for cooling streams	10
Assembled round thine altar, Lord	27
Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep	516
Assist us, Lord, to view thy cross	377
As birds their infant brood protect	318
At anchor laid, remote from home	43
Awake, my soul, and with the sun	63
Awake, my drowsy soul, awake	277
Awake, awake, each drowsy soul	97
Awaked by Sinai's awful sound	183
Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve	287
Awake our souls, away our fears	286
Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes	499
A wail comes o'er the wave	579
Be firm and be faithful	294
Behold, a stranger at the door	145
Behold the ark of God	159
Behold the amazing sight	351
Behold the expected time draw near	428
Behold the gift of God	140

Behold, the grace appears 344
Behold the Lamb of God, who bore 352
Behold, the light is gleaming 431
Behold, the morning sun 62
Behold, the mountain of the Lord 562
Behold, what wondrous grace 212
Beneath our feet, and o'er our head 512
Believing souls, of Christ beloved 319
Beset with snares on every hand 576
Bleeding hearts, defiled by sin 120
Blest are the souls that thirst for grace 44
Blest be the tie that binds 326
Blest Comforter divine 405
Blest Jesus, while in mortal flesh 378
Blow ye the trumpet, blow 366
Bread of heaven, on thee we feed 592
Break every yoke, the gospel cries 570
Brethren, while again we venture 35
Broad is the road that leads to death 80

Children of the heavenly King 241
Children our kind protection claim 456
Christ and his cross is all our theme 387
Christ had his sorrows, so must thou 382
Come, Christian brethren, ere we part 25
Come, dearest Lord, and bless this day 73
Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell 23
Come, divine and peaceful guest 407
Come, happy souls, approach your God 355
Come, happy souls, adore the Lamb 583
Come hither, all ye weary souls 132
Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove 404
Come, Holy Spirit, calm each mind 396
Come, Holy Spirit, come 399
Come, Holy Spirit, come 393
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove 392
Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly guest 398
Come in, thou blessed of the Lord 316
Come, let us lift our joyful eyes 18
Come, let us join to praise the Lord 334
Come, let us join our cheerful songs 364
Come, let us now forget our mirth 457
Come, Lord, in mercy come again 198
Come, my soul, thy suit prepare 52
Come, shout aloud the Father's grace 242
Come, sound his praise abroad 17
Come, 't is Jesus' invitation 135
Come, thou fount of every blessing 211
Come, thou Almighty King 413
Come to Calvary's holy mountain 154
Come, we that love the Lord 248
Come, weary sinner, in whose breast 150
Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched 156

Come, ye weary souls oppressed 188
Creator God, thy glories blaze 582

Dear Father, to thy mercy-seat 265
Dear Saviour, hear our prayer 482
Dear Saviour, prostrate at thy feet 114
Dear Saviour, when my thoughts recall 126
Dear Saviour, we are thine 272
Dear Saviour, we rejoice to hear 317
Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near 36
Death cannot make our souls afraid 514
Death floats on every passing breeze 518
Death has been here and borne away 479
Deep are the wounds which sin has made 360
Didst thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame 380
Do we not know that solemn word 582
Dread Jehovah! God of nations 548

Earth's stormy night will soon be o'er 492
Earthly joys no longer please us 292
Encompassed by ten thousand ills 275
Escape for thy life, O look not behind 34
Eternal Father, God of love 266
Eternity is just at hand, ... 493
Eternal Spirit, God of truth 395
Every sheaf of golden grain 555

Faith adds new charms to earthly bliss 218
Faith I need, O Lord, bestow it 222
Faith is the brightest evidence 223
Faith, 't is a precious grace. 224
Faith is the Christian's prop 228
Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are 330
Farewell, dear friends, I may not stay 191
Far from my thoughts, vain world, be gone 55
Father, I stretch my hands to thee 226
Father, whate'er of earthly bliss 262
Father, I bless thy gentle hand 303
Father, I know thy ways are just 315
Father of heaven, whose love profound 412
Father of mercies, in thy word 416
Father, we come with filial fear 466
For a season called to part 30
Fount of everlasting love 202
Friends of freedom, swell the song 565
From all that dwell below the skies 593
From earliest dawn of life 463
From every stormy wind that blows 259
From Greenland's icy mountains 422
From thee, my God, my joys shall rise 246
From whence doth this union arise 321

Gently, Lord, O gently lead us 300
Give me the wings of faith to rise 585

Give to our God immortal praise 557
Glory to God the Father's name 29
God is love, his mercy brightens 337
God is my strong salvation 281
God of my life, thy constant care 498
Gracious Spirit, Love divine 394
Grace, 't is a charming sound 213
Grant the abundance of the sea 574
Great God, and wilt thou condescend 469
Great God, the nations of the earth 434
Great God, thy penetrating eye 340
Great God, to thee my evening song 69
Great God, with wonder and with joy 448
Great God, we sing that mighty hand 504
Great God, whose universal sway 429
Great Shepherd of thy people, hear 14
Guide me, O thou great Jehovah 268

Hail! sweetest, dearest tie that binds 197
Hail, thou long expected Jesus 343
Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning 433
Hail to the Lord's anointed 569
Hallowed cross, my God revealing 373
Happy the heart where graces reign 231
Happy the man that finds the grace 165
Happy the souls to Jesus joined 166
Hark! a distant voice is calling 447
Hark! from yon wilds is heard the strain 444
Hark! my soul, it is the Lord 54
Hark! the herald angels sing 345
Hark! the glad sound, the Saviour comes 348
Hark! the herald angels say 388
Hark! the gospel trumpet 's sounding 160
Hark! the Sabbath bells are ringing 485
Hark! the Saviour now is pleading 40
Hark! 't is our heavenly Leader's voice 280
Hark! the voice of love and mercy 354
Hark! the wail, the voice of anguish 568
Hark! what mean those lamentations 443
Hasten, Lord, the glorious time 450
Haste, O sinner, now be wise 89
Hear, gracious Sovereign, from thy throne 195
Hear, O sinner, mercy hails you 152
Hear us, Father, while we cry 566
Here, at thy cross, incarnate God 371
Here, in thy presence, gracious God 20
Here, in thy name, eternal God 559
Here we meet with joy together 477
He that goeth forth with weeping 291
Hither we come, our dearest Lord 586
Ho! every one that thirsteth 131
Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness 196
Holy Ghost, with light divine 406

Holy Jesus, lovely Lamb 264
Holy Lord, lend now thine ear 459
Holy Saviour, thou hast told us 473
How blest the sacred tie that binds 327
How blest the righteous when they die 510
How beautiful the sight 322
How can I sink with such a prop 299
How can we see the children, Lord 489
How happy every child of grace 172
How happy is the Christian's state 171
How happy is the child who hears 470
How helpless guilty nature lies 401
How oft, alas, this wretched heart 110
How peaceful is the Christian's breast 239
How shall the young secure their hearts 481
How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound 141
How sweet the melting lay 21
How sweet the light of Sabbath eve 76
How sweet to leave the world awhile 6
How sweet, when worn with cares of life 254
How sweet, how heavenly is the sight 324
How shall the sons of men appear 365
How long shall virtue languish 563
How will my heart endure 520
How vain a thought is bliss below 536

If I perish I will go 124
If human kindness meets return 363
I love the closet's calm retreat 59
I love to have the Sabbath come 486
I love the sacred book of God 418
I love thy kingdom, Lord 323
I love to think of that blest hour 181
I'm not ashamed to own my Lord 289
In all my Lord's appointed ways 178
In all my vast concerns with thee 339
In God let all his saints rejoice 313
In one fraternal bond of love 328
Inscribed upon the cross we see 386
In the cross of Christ I glory 379
In thy great name, O Lord, we come 1
Inquire, ye pilgrims, for the way 12
Inquiring souls, who long to find 155
In vain my fancy strives to paint 517
In vain we wait his presence now 478
I send the joys of earth away 177
Is there no hope? O sinner, pause 138
Is this the kind return 81
It is the Lord, enthroned in light 302

Jerusalem! my glorious home 544
Jesus, at thy command 577
Jesus, and can it ever be 580

Jesus, dear name, how sweet the sound 37
Jesus, full of all compassion 112
Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory 390
Jesus, I love thy charming name 236
Jesus, I my cross have taken 376
Jesus invites his saints 590
Jesus, let not thy grace delay 19
Jesus, lover of my soul 270
Jesus, mighty king in Zion 585
Jesus, my King, proclaims the war 276
Jesus, my truth, my way 282
Jesus, thou art the sinner's friend 122
Jesus, to thee, to thee alone 361
Jesus, to thy celestial light 176
Jesus shall reign, where'er the sun 425
Jesus, while our hearts are bleeding 308
Jesus, who knows full well 263
Joy is a fruit that will not grow 245
Joy to the world, the Lord is come 347
Just as I am, without one plea 109

Kindred in Christ, for his dear sake 320

Laden with guilt, and full of fears 417
Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us 472
Let everlasting glories crown 415
Let songs of praises fill the sky 403
Let those who love the Lord rejoice 13
Let worldly minds the world pursue 189
Let God the Father, and the Son 596
Life but a fleeting vapor is 494
Life is the time to serve the Lord 508
Lo! Jesus, the Saviour, in mercy draws near 99
Lord, at thy table we behold 589
Lord, hear a burdened sinner mourn 118
Lord, help me to repent 119
Lord, I am thine, entirely thine 179
Lord, let thy kingdom come 464
Lord, let thy Spirit deign to stay 15
Lord, look on all assembled here 547
Lord of heaven, and earth, and ocean 554
Lord, send thy word and let it fly 561
Lord, teach us how to pray 475
Lord, 't is sweet to mingle where 28
Lord, though thy wisdom takes away 305
Lord, thou hast searched and seen me through 341
Lord, thou hast won — at length I yield 190
Lord, we address thy heavenly throne 467
Lord, we come before thee now 3
Lord, what a feeble piece 495
Lord, when thine ancient people cried 567
Lord, when we bend before thy throne 257
Look, ye saints, the day is breaking 419

Love is the strongest tie 232
Lo! what an entertaining sight 325

Mighty Redeemer, set me free 106
Morning breaks upon the tomb 389
Mourning sinner, come to Jesus 146
My dear Redeemer, and my Lord 349
My Father's house, my Father's house 541
My God, how endless is thy love 57
My God, my life, my love 237
My God, the spring of all my joys 251
My God, thy boundless love I praise 329
My God, my Father, blissful name 307
My God, permit me not to be 267
My faith looks up to thee 227
My soul, be on thy guard 271
My soul, repeat his praise 331
My soul would fain indulge a hope 229
My times of sorrow and of joy 301

Nature with open volume stands 370
No more, my God, I boast no more 384
Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard 529
Not all the blood of beasts 221
Not all the outward forms on earth 397
Now begin the heavenly theme 250
Now be the gospel banner 441
Now, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal 505
Now is done the time of teaching 484
Now is the accepted time 104
Now is the day of grace 142
Now let our mourning hearts revive 513
Now let our souls on wings sublime 240
Now let our voices join 252
Now the shades of night are gone 56
Now to the Lord a noble song 391
Now to the Lord that makes us know 358
Now to the power of God supreme 356

O, blessed souls are they 147
O bless the Lord, my soul 553
O come, let us sing to the Lord 16
O come, in life's gay morning 471
O, could I find, from day to day 258
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness 424
O for a breeze of heavenly love 573
Of all the joys we mortals know 235
O for a closer walk with God 255
O for a faith that will not shrink 225
O for a heart to praise my God 269
O for an overcoming faith 515
O for that tenderness of heart 116
Oft have our ears, great God, been taught 550

O God, my inmost soul convert 522
O God of mercy, hear my call 113
O God of sovereign grace 430
O happy Christian, who can boast 173
O happy day that fixed my choice 174
O happy souls that pray 24
O happy soul that lives on high 244
O holy Father, 'mid the calm 2
O how divine, how sweet the joy 187
O how happy are they 185
O how shall I repay 65
O Jesus, full of grace 296
O Keeper of thine Israel 33
O Lord, behold us at thy feet 488
O Lord, I would delight in thee 247
O Lord, our God, arise 437
O Lord, our languid souls inspire 42
O Lord, thy work revive 194
O may I never turn aside 41
Once more, my soul, the rising day 60
Once was heard the song of children 487
One more petition, O our God 31
One prayer I have — all prayers in one 314
One there is above all others 357
On Jordan's stormy banks I stand 530
On thee, each morning, O my God 66
O Saviour, welcome to my heart 182
O shun the bowl, when rich delight 564
O sinner, bring not tears alone 546
O sinner, hear the heavenly voice 88
O sinners, now to Christ draw near 45
O speak that gracious word again 297
O speed thee, Christian, on thy way 284
O Spirit of the Lord 9
O Sun of righteousness, arise 206
O, that I could, like Mary, dwell 233
O, that my load of sin were gone 121
O Thou, from whom all goodness flows 309
O thou, my soul, forget no more 591
O, thou Sun of glorious splendor 451
O Thou that hearest prayer 402
O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry 107
O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will you die 85
Our Captain leads us on 273
Our helper, God, we bless thy name 502
Our little bark, on boisterous seas 572
Our Saviour bowed beneath the wave 588
Our sins, alas! how strong they be 531
Our souls, by love together knit 11
O, what amazing words of grace 136
O! what am I? My soul, awake 261
O, where shall rest be found 542

O, why should sinful men below 186
O Zion, tune thy voice 438

Plunged in a gulf of dark despair 368
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow 595
Praise the Lord, who reigns in heaven 556
Praise to God, the great Creator 558
Praise to the Lord on high 205
Prayer is the breath of God in man 253
Prayer is appointed to convey 260
Prayer is the soul's sincere desire 256

Quench not the Spirit of the Lord 78

Rejoice, for Christ the Saviour reigns 199
Religion bids all sin depart 161
Religion is the chief concern 168
Religion's dictates can assuage 167
Remark, my soul, the narrow bound 500
Remember thy Creator 455
Repent, the voice celestial cries 100
Return, O wanderer, now return 51
Return, O wandering soul, return 295
Revive thy churches, Lord, with grace 208
Rise, glorious Sun, supremely bright 249
Rise, gracious God, and shine 439
Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings 288
Roll on, thou joyful day 571
Roll on, thou mighty ocean 432
Rouse ye at the Saviour's call 93

Salvation is forever nigh 362
Salvation! O the joyful sound 359
Saviour, hear us, through thy merit 127
Saviour, visit thy plantation 192
Saw ye not the cloud arise 201
Say, sinner, hath a voice within 83
See, another year is gone 506
See how the fruitless fig-tree stands 503
See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand 480
Shine, mighty God, on Zion shine 426
Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive 115
Since we, and all our treasures too 243
Sing we to our God above 600
Sinner, art thou still secure 102
Sinner, O why so thoughtless grown 84
Sinner, rouse thee from thy sleep 87
Sinners are bending 193
Sinners, behold the Lamb of God 144
Sinners, exposed to dreadful woe 50
Sinners, hear the mighty Saviour 137
Sinners, hear the melting story 462
Sinners, the voice of God regard 95
Sinners, this solemn truth regard 35

Sinners, obey the gospel word 130
Sinners, turn, why will ye die 139
Sinners, will you scorn the message 151
Sinner, what hast thou to show 103
Soldiers of Christ, arise 283
Soldiers of Christ, lay hold 279
Soldiers of the cross, arise 278
So let our lips and lives express 164
Soon will set the Sabbath sun 461
Sound, sound the truth abroad 452
Sovereign of all the worlds on high 215
Sovereign of worlds, display thy power 440
Sovereign Ruler, Lord of all 128
Sow in the morn thy seed 293
Spirit divine, attend our prayer 411
Spirit of holiness, descend 408
Spirit of holiness, look down 207
Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears 285
Strait is the way — the door is strait 217
Swell the anthem, raise the song 551
Sweet is the work, my God, my King 72
Sweet is the work, O Lord 71
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing 381
Sweet the time, exceeding sweet 22

Teach us, O Lord, the great concern 163
Teach us, O Lord, we earnest pray 458
Tell me, wanderer, wildly roving 101
That awful day will surely come 521
The blessèd Spirit, like the wind 409
The day is drawing nigh 210
The day is past and gone 64
The day of wrath, that dreadful day 525
Thee we adore, Eternal Name 501
The eye of God is everywhere 342
The great Redeemer we adore 581
The hour of prayer once more is come 8
The Lord our God is Lord of all 338
The mellow eve is gliding 68
The morning light is breaking 446
The pity of the Lord 335
There is a happy land 143
There is a hope, a precious hope 230
There is a house not made with hands 511
There is a land mine eye hath seen 545
There is a land of pure delight 527
There is an hour of hallowed peace 537
There is an hour of peaceful rest 526
There is a path that leads to God 170
There is a place of sacred rest 540
There is a region lovelier far 543
There is a sin, a fearful sin 94
There is a world of perfect bliss 533

There 's not a star whose twinkling light 332
The Saviour calls, let every ear 149
The Saviour! O what endless charms 353
The seraphs bright are hovering 483
The time is short, the season near 491
The voice of Wisdom cries 169
Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love 74
This world is all a fleeting show 538
This world 's not all a fleeting show 539
Though hard the winds are blowing 578
Thus far the Lord has led me on 67
Thus was the great Redeemer plunged 584
Thy healing Spirit, Lord, impart 410
Thy kingdom, Lord, I seek 117
'T is by the faith of joys to come 219
'T is finished! so the Saviour cried 350
'T is God, the Spirit, leads 400
'T is my happiness below 298
'T is religion that can give 162
'T is the blest, the favored hour 203
'T is time to seek the Lord 26
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost 597
To God the Father, God the Son 594
To God the Father's throne 599
To him who loved the souls of men 385
To-morrow, Lord, is thine 496
To thy temple I repair 468
To our Redeemer's glorious name 238

Wait, my soul, upon the Lord 311
We are but young, yet we may sing 474
We come, O God, with gladness 476
We come, O Lord, before thy throne 575
Weep for the lost! thy Saviour wept 105
Weep not for the saint that ascends 445
Welcome, delightful morn 70
Welcome, sweet day of rest 77
Welcome, welcome, quiet morning 465
We sing the mighty power of God 332
We 've no abiding city here 528
We would see Jesus — does not he 123
What glory gilds the sacred page 414
What heavenly music do I hear 134
What is the thing of greatest price 98
What raptures fill the mind 374
What sinners value I resign 534
When blooming youth is snatched away 509
When God revealed his gracious name 184
When I can read my title clear 532
When I survey the wond'rous cross 383
When marshalled on the nightly plain 175
When, O my Saviour, shall this heart 369
When overwhelmed with grief 306

When shall the voice of singing 423
When the worn spirit wants repose 75
When Thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come 524
When thy mortal life is fled 92
Where are the dead? in heaven or hell 90
Where two or three, with sweet accord 7
While life prolongs its precious light 79
While Thee I seek, protecting Power 4
While the heralds of salvation 427
While with ceaseless course the sun 507
Who can describe the joys that rise 188
Who can forbear to sing 200
Why should the cross of Christ offend 375
Why should thy face, where mercies dwell 549
Why should we spend our youthful days 460
Why sleep ye, my brethren? come, let us arise 209
Why will ye waste, on trifling cares 96
Within these doors assembled now 5
Within these quiet walls, O Lord 490
With willing hearts we tread 587
Would you win a soul to God 157

Ye angels round the throne 598
Ye Christian heroes, go, proclaim 442
Ye dying sons of men 129
Ye earthly vanities, depart 234
Ye hearts with youthful vigor warm 454
Ye messengers of Christ 449
Ye humble souls, approach your God 336
Ye saints, your music bring 372
Yes, I have found 't is good for me 304
Ye sinners, fear the Lord 82
Yes, I will be forever thine 180
Yes, my native land, I love thee 453
Ye trembling souls, confession make 125
Ye trembling souls, dismiss your fears 312
Ye wretched, hungry, starving poor 133

Zion's King shall reign victorious 435
Zion stands, with hills surrounded 310

ORDER OF SUBJECTS.

PAGE

WORSHIP 19
Social Worship 19
Family Worship 40
Public Worship 49
AWAKENING 53
PENITENTIAL 69
INVITING 82
RELIGION 101
CONVERT 108
REVIVAL 119
CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND PRACTICE 129
Grace 129
Self-Denial 132
Faith 133
Hope 140
Love 141
Joy 145
Prayer 153
Christian Warfare 163
Christian Race 171
Watchfulness and Zeal 174
Backsliding 177
Affliction 179
The Church 189
Christian Union 192
DIVINE ATTRIBUTES 196
THE SAVIOUR 204
The Cross 218
HOLY SPIRIT 231
The Trinity 242
THE SCRIPTURES 244

Missions 247
Sunday Schools 267
Occasional 287
Maternal Meetings 287
Shortness of Time 289
Close of the Year 293
The New Year 296
Death 299
Judgment 306
Heaven 310
Fast Days 323
Thanksgiving Days 326
Dedication 330
Peace 332
Temperance 333
Freedom 335
Seamen 339
Baptism 344
Lord's Supper 349
Doxologies 351

THE

CHRISTIAN MELODIST.

WORSHIP.

SOCIAL WORSHIP.

1. C. M. **Dundee.**

Prayer Meeting. — HOSKINS.

1 In thy great name, O Lord, we come
To worship at thy feet;
O, pour thy Holy Spirit down
On all that now shall meet!

2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,
To hear the Saviour's voice;
Thy face and favor, Lord, we seek—
Now make our hearts rejoice.

3 Teach us to pray and praise, to hear
And understand thy word;
To feel thy blissful presence near,
And trust our living Lord.

4 Let sinners now thy goodness prove,
And saints rejoice in thee;
Let rebels be subdued by love,
And to the Saviour flee.

2. L. M. **Ware.**

Evening Praise for Divine Goodness. — ANON.

1 O, HOLY FATHER! 'mid the calm
And stillness of this evening hour,
We now would lift our solemn psalm
To praise thy goodness and thy power. !

2 For over us, as over all,
Thy tender mercies still extend;
Nor vainly shall the contrite call
On thee, our Father, and our Friend!

3 Kept by thy goodness through the day,
Thanksgivings to thy name we pour;
Night o'er us, with its stars — we pray
Thy love to guard us evermore!

4 In grief, console — in gladness, bless —
In darkness, guide — in sickness, cheer;
Till, in the Saviour's righteousness,
Before thy throne our souls appear.

3. 7s. M. **Wilmot.**

Seeking the Lord. — HAMMOND.

1 LORD, we come before thee now —
At thy feet we humbly bow;
O do not our suit disdain!
Shall we seek thee yet in vain?

2 Lord, on thee our souls depend —
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

3 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay;
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

4 Send some message from thy word,
That may peace and joy afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

4. C. M. **Welford.**

Habitual Devotion. — MRS. H. M. WILLIAMS.

1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
Be my vain wishes stilled;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed;
To thee my thoughts would soar;
Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed;
That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
My soul shall meet thy will.

6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
The gathering storm shall see;
My steadfast heart shall know no fear;
That heart shall rest on thee.

5. C. M. **Dedham.**

Opening of a Conference Meeting. — SELECT HYMNS.

1 WITHIN these doors assembled now,
We wait thy blessing, Lord!
Appear within the midst, we pray,
According to thy word.

2 May some sweet promise be applied,
When we attempt to read:
For this alone can give support
In every time of need.

3 O breathe upon our lifeless souls,
And raise our drooping hearts!
That we may see thy smiling face
Before we hence depart.

4 And now, O blessed Spirit, come!
We long to see thee move;
Strengthen our faith, revive our zeal,
And fill us all with love.

6. L. M. **Rockingham.**

Converse with Christ. — KELLY.

1 How sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Saviour, on thy people smile,
And come according to thy word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee:
Ah, Lord, behold us at thy feet!
Let this the "gate of heaven" be.

3 "Chief of ten thousand," now appear,
That we by faith may see thy face!
O speak! that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill this place.

7. L. M. **Hebron.**

Presence of Christ desired. — SYDNEY.

1 WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise—

2 "There," says the Saviour, "will I be,
Amid this little company;
To them unveil my smiling face,
And shed my glories round the place."

3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word;
Now send thy Spirit from above,
Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

8. C. M. **Woodland.**

The Hour of Prayer. — HOWE'S COLL.

1 THE hour of prayer once more is come,
And here again we meet;
Thanks to the Lord, there yet is room
To bow at Jesus' feet.

2 By faith in prayer before thee, Lord,
Help us to spread our case;
And to our waiting souls afford
Some tokens of thy grace.

3 The helpless, poor, and needy soul,
The tempted and distressed,
Dear Lord, relieve! O Lord, make whole,
And calm each troubled breast.

4 The faith and hope, the joy and love,
Of all thy saints increase;
Hardness and blindness, Lord, remove,
And fill our hearts with peace.

9. S. M. **St. Thomas.**

Spirit of the Lord, descend. — J. B. Hague.

1 O Spirit of the Lord,
Descend in might and power,
And thine Almighty aid afford—
Let this be mercy's hour!

2 O give us hearts to pray,
And give us power in prayer!
Low in the dust help us to lay,
And keep our spirits there.

3 Breathe on the dead in sin,
The wounded heart make whole;
And let thy power be felt within
The depths of every soul.

4 Now let the heavens be rent,
Thou God of love and power!
Let quick'ning grace to all be sent;
Let this be mercy's hour.

10. C. M. **Welford.**

Panting after God.

1 As pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2 For thee, my God—the living God—
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O, when shall I behold thy face,
Thou Majesty divine!

3 Why restless—why cast down, my soul?
Trust God—and he 'll employ
His aid for thee—and change these sighs
To hymns of grateful joy.

11. C. M. **Arlington.**

For the spread of the Gospel. — NEWTON.

1 OUR souls, by love together knit,
Cemented, mixed in one, —
One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice —
'T is heaven on earth begun.

2 Our hearts have burned while Jesus spake,
And glowed with sacred fire;
He stopped, and talked, and fed, and blest,
And filled th' enlarged desire.

3 A rill, a stream, a torrent flows, —
But pour a mighty flood;
O sweep the nations, shake the earth,
Till all proclaim thee God!

4 And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,
And sett'st thy starry crown;
When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,
Proclaimed by thee thine own —

5 May we, a little band of love,
We sinners, saved by grace,
From glory unto glory changed,
Behold thee, face to face.

12. C. M. **St. Martin's.**

Inquiring the Way. — ANON.

1 INQUIRE, ye pilgrims, for the way
That leads to Sion's hill,
And thither set your steady face
With a determined will.

2 Invite the strangers all around
Your pious march to join;
And spread the sentiments you feel,
Of faith and love divine.

12. L. M. **Uxbridge.**

Encouragement to Speak. — COLVER.

1 LET those who love the Lord rejoice,
And let them speak their joys abroad;
In Jesus' name lift up the voice;
Proclaim the honors of your God.

2 He bore the cross, that he might bless,
And put on us a starry crown;
Let every tongue his name confess,
And make his grace and glory known.

14. C. M. **Dundee.**

A Blessing sought.

1 GREAT Shepherd of thy people, hear;
Thy presence now display;
We kneel within thy house of prayer;
O, give us hearts to pray.

2 Help us, with holy fear and joy,
To kneel before thy face;
O, make us, creatures of thy power,
The children of thy grace.

15. L. M. **Wells.**

Let thy Spirit stay. — COLVER.

1 LORD, let thy Spirit deign to stay,
And aid us while we praise and pray;
May we that sacred union know
Which gives a taste of heaven below.

2 O! touch our lips with holy fire;
Our passions raise, our love inspire;
Our every thought on JESUS turn;
Make every heart with incense burn.

16. 8s. M. **Anticipation.**

O come, let us sing. — MONTGOMERY.

1 O COME, let us sing to the Lord,
In God our salvation rejoice;
In psalms of thanksgiving record
His praise, with one spirit and voice!
Jehovah is God, and he reigns,
The God of all gods, on his throne;
The strength of the hill he maintains;
The ends of the earth are his own.

2 O come, let us worship and kneel
Before our Creator, our God —
The people who serve him with zeal,
The sheep who his pastures have trod!
To him, let us hearken to-day, —
The voice that yet speaks from above, —
And all his commandments obey,
For he that ordained them is love.

17. S. M. **Silver Street.**

Praise to Jehovah. — WATTS.

1 COME, sound his praise abroad,
And hymns of glory sing:
Jehovah is the sovereign God,
The universal King.

2 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

3 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God!

18. C. M. Nichols

Access to God by a Mediator. — WATTS.

1 COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
Up to the courts above,
And smile to see our Father there,
Upon a throne of love.

2 Come, let us bow before his feet,
And venture near the Lord;
No fiery cherub guards his seat,
Nor double-flaming sword.

3 The peaceful gates of heavenly bliss
Are opened by the Son;
High let us raise our notes of praise,
And reach th' Almighty throne.

4 To thee ten thousand thanks we bring,
Great Advocate on high;
And glory to th' eternal King,
Who lays his anger by.

19. C. M. Arlington.

When met for Worship. — GENERAL COLL.

1 JESUS, let not thy grace delay
To meet us with thy love;
Drive interposing clouds away,
And make our guilt remove.

2 Come in with power to every soul,
O thou immortal Dove!
Make every wounded spirit whole,
With thy redeeming love.

3 We long to meet our God to-day,
And taste thy grace divine,
That every soul with joy may say,
My Lord, my God is mine.

20. C. M. **Mear. Marlow.**

Social Worship.

1 Here, in thy presence, gracious God,
We 've met to seek thy face:
O let us feel th' eternal word,
And feast upon thy grace!

2 O may this be a happy hour
To every mourning soul!
Display thy love, make known thy power,
And make the wounded whole.

3 O may a spark of heavenly fire
Each stupid soul inflame;
And sacred love our tongues inspire
To praise thy worthy name!

4 Let every soul the Saviour see,
And taste his love divine;
And every heart forever be
United, Lord, with thine.

21. S. M. **Dover.**

Morning Prayer Meeting. — S. Lyrics.

1 How sweet the melting lay
Which breaks upon the ear,
When, at the hour of rising day,
Christians unite in prayer!

2 The breezes waft their cries
Up to Jehovah's throne;
He listens to their heaving sighs,
And sends his blessings down.

3 So Jesus rose to pray
Before the morning light;
Or on the chilling mount did stay
And wrestle all the night.

28. 7s. M. **Nuremburg.**

Enjoyment of Worship. — HYMNS OF ZION.

1 SWEET the time — exceeding sweet —
When the saints together meet;
When the Saviour is the theme;
When they join to sing of him!

2 Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move:
He beheld the world undone,
Loved the world — and gave his Son.

3 Sing the Son's amazing love;
How he left the realms above,
Took our nature, and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.

4 Sing we too the Spirit's love;
With our wretched hearts he strove,
Filled our minds with grief and fear,
Brought the precious Saviour near.

29. L. M. **Hebron.**

Prayer for Christ's Presence. — WATTS.

1 COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be expressed.

2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length,
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

3 Now to the God whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honors done
By all the church through Christ his Son.

24. H. M. Lenox.

Happiness in Prayer. — WATTS.

1 O HAPPY souls, that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
O happy men, that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; | That love the way
And happy they | To Zion's hill!

2 They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
O glorious seat, | Shall thither bring
When God our King | Our willing feet!

3 To spend one sacred day
Where God and saints abide,
Affords diviner joy
Than thousand days beside:
Where God resorts, | To keep the door,
I love it more | Than shine in courts.

25. L. M. Old Hundred.

Parting. — H. K. WHITE.

1 COME, Christian brethren, ere we part,
Join every voice and every heart;
One solemn hymn to God we raise,
One final song of grateful praise.

2 Christians, we here may meet no more;
But there is yet a happier shore;
And there, released from toil and pain,
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

26. S. M. **Shirland.**

It is time to seek the Lord. — COLVER.

1 'T is time to seek the Lord,
Whene'er he hides his face,
And drooping plants and parched fields
Cry out for showers of grace.

2 'T is time to seek the Lord,
With brokenness of heart,
When Zion's base, ungrateful sins
Have bid the Lord depart.

3 'T is time to seek the Lord,
And sow in righteousness,
Till God once more shall own his cause,
And crown it with success.

4 'T is time to seek the Lord,
Till he shall send the rain
On drooping plants and parching fields,
And they revive again.

27. C. M. **Ballerma.**

Prayer for the Spirit's Presence. — BROWN.

1 ASSEMBLED round thine altar, Lord,
To lift our hearts in prayer,
To read the pages of thy word,
And learn our duty there:

2 We ask thy Spirit's guiding ray;
Thy presence we implore;
Dear Saviour, teach us how to pray,
And how to love thee more.

3 So shall our worship here below
Resemble that above,
Where saints thy endless glory view,
And sing redeeming love.

28. 7s. M. Confidence.

The Close of a Prayer Meeting. — WINCHELL'S SUP.

1 LORD, 't is sweet to mingle where
Christians meet for social prayer;
O, 't is sweet with them to raise
Songs of holy joy and praise;
Sweeter far that state must be,
Where they meet eternally.

2 Saviour, may these meetings prove
Preparations from above:
While we worship in this place,
May we go from grace to grace;
Till we, each in his degree,
Ripe for endless glory be.

29. C. M. Marlow.

Praise to the Trinity. — WATTS.

1 GLORY to God the Father's name,
Who, from our sinful race,
Hath chosen myriads to proclaim
The honors of his grace.

2 Glory to God the Son be paid,
Who dwelt in humble clay,
And, to redeem us from the dead,
Gave his own life away.

3 Glory to God the Spirit give,
From whose almighty power
Our souls their heavenly birth derive,
And bless the happy hour.

4 Glory to God that reigns above,
The holy Three in One,
Who, by the wonders of his love,
Has made his nature known.

30. 7s. M. **Miles.**

Parting of Christians.

1 For a season called to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

2 Jesus! hear our humble prayer;
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep!
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

3 In thy strength may we be strong;
Sweeten every cross and pain;
Grant, that, if we live, ere long
We may meet in peace again.

4 Then, if thou thy help afford,
Joyful songs to thee shall rise,
And our souls shall praise the Lord,
Who regards our humble cries.

31. C. M. **Welford.**

Closing Hymn. — E. Bradford.

1 One more petition, O our God,
We lay before thy throne;
That thou wouldst bless us as we part,
And our weak efforts own.

2 O ever may the love of God
Within our bosoms glow!
And love to man, in all our acts,
The humble Christian show.

3 That when thou makest up thy gems
In yonder world of bliss,
In may be known that not in vain
Our mission was in this.

32. 8s. & 7s. **Mount Vernon.**

Closing Hymn. — H. S. Washburn.

1 Brethren, while again we venture
Out on life's conflicting sea,
Following in his path who leads us,
We shall more than conquerors be.

2 Pilgrims yet, our way lies onward,
Through a world of death and sin;
Only they who wrestle ever,
Shall the crown of glory win.

3 Strengthened by this blest communion,
Heart with heart in union blends;
O, how dear will be that meeting,
Where the worship never ends!

33. C. M. **Downs.**

Closing Hymn. — E. Bradford.

1 O, Keeper of thine Israel!
Our eyes are turned to thee;
Go with us as we hence depart,
And thou our Guardian be.

2 O may thy precepts guide our feet
Along the world's rough way;
That we go not in paths of sin,
And from the Shepherd stray.

3 In all life's duties may we heed
The monitor within;
And may thy mild, but searching glance
Reprove us when we sin.

4 Thus shall we honor thee, our God,
Where'er we rest or roam,
And do on earth thy holy will
Till thou shalt call us home.

As the use of single verses in social meetings is a frequent occurrence, and is deemed a pleasant exercise, the following have been introduced for that purpose.

34. 10s. & 12s.

Escape for thy life! O, look not behind!
In Jesus alone a refuge thou 'lt find;
Let thy footsteps not linger till Christ thou shalt gain;
Escape to the mountain, stay not on the plain!

35. C. M.

Sinners, this solemn truth regard;
Hear, all ye sons of men;
For Christ, the Saviour, hath declared,
"Ye must be born again."

36. 11s. M.

Delay not, delay not; O sinner, draw near;
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,
Salvation is purchased, salvation is free!

37. 8s. & 6s. M.

1 Jesus, dear name, how sweet the sound,
Replete with balm for every wound;
His word declares his grace is free,—
Come, needy sinner, come and see;
Come, guilty sinner, come and see;—
Will you come? Will you come?

2 He left the shining courts on high,
Came to our world to bleed and die;
Jesus, the Lord, hung on the tree,—
Come, helpless sinner, come and see;
Come, guilty sinner, come and see;—
Will you come? Will you come?

38. L. M.

LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine would I be,
And own thy sov'reign right in me.

39. C. M.

A GUILTY, helpless sinner, Lord,
Into thine arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Saviour and my all.

40. 8s. & 7s.

HARK! the Saviour now is pleading
At the sinner's bolted heart,
Now in heaven he 's interceding,
Kindly taking sinners' part.

CHORUS. Sinner, can you slight the Saviour?
Can your heart resist his charms?
Once he died, from sin to save you,
Now he calls you to his arms.

41. C. M.

O MAY I never turn aside,
Nor from the Saviour flee!
Let nothing here my heart divide;
I give it all to thee.

42. C. M.

O LORD, our languid souls inspire!
For here we trust thou art;
Send down a coal of heavenly fire
To warm each waiting heart.

43. L. M.

1 At anchor laid, remote from home,
Toiling, I cry, "Sweet spirit, come!
Celestial breeze, no longer stay,
But swell my sail, and speed my way.

2 "Fain would I mount, fain would I glow,
And loose my cable from below;
But I can only spread my sail;
Thou, thou must breathe th' auspicious gale!"

44. L. M.

Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,
Hunger and long for righteousness;
They shall be well supplied, and fed,
With living streams and living bread.

45. C. M.

O sinners, now to Christ draw near,
Invited by his word!
The chief of sinners need not fear;
Behold the Lamb of God!

46. L. M.

Life is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn
The vilest sinner may return.

47. C. M.

Oh for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A purer light to mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

48. C. M.

COME, let us lift our joyful eyes
To heavenly courts above,
And smile to see our Father there
Upon a throne of love.

49. L. M.

WE 'VE no abiding city here;
We seek a land beyond our sight;
Zion its name—the Lord is there;
It shines with everlasting light.

50. L. M.

1 SINNERS, exposed to dreadful woe,
Arise, and to the Saviour go;
Your guilt confess, his favor seek,
And wait to hear what God will speak.

2 To him approach with fervent prayer,
And if you perish, perish there;
Resolved at Jesus' feet to lie,
Suing for mercy till you die.

51. C. M.

RETURN, O wanderer!—now return;
Thy Saviour bids thee live;
Go to his feet, and grateful learn
How freely he 'll forgive.

52. 7s.

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray;
Rise and ask without delay.

53. C. M.

SINNERS, behold the Lamb of God,
Who takes away our guilt!
Look to the precious, priceless blood,
Which he for us hath spilt!

54. 7s.

HARK, my soul! it is the Lord;
'T is thy Saviour; hear his word!
Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee:
"Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me?"

55. L. M.

FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone!
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from thee!

FAMILY WORSHIP.

56. 7s. **Eden.**

A Morning Prayer. — EPIS. COLL.

1 Now the shades of night are gone;
Now is passed the early dawn:
Lord, we would be thine to-day:
Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Make our souls as noonday clear;
Banish every doubt and fear:
In thy vineyard, Lord, to-day,
We would labor, we would pray.

3 When our work of life is past,
O, receive us all at last!
Labor then will all be o'er;
Sin's dark night will be no more.

57. L. M. **Ward.**

A Hymn for Morning or Evening.

1 My God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.

2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

3 I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thine hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

58. S. M. **Boylston.**

Evening Song. — Colyer.

1 Another day has fled,
Its record is on high;
When God shall raise the slumbering dead,
That page shall meet our eye.

2 The curtains of the night,
With starry folds outspread,
Our evening sacrifice invite,
To him who guards our bed.

3 Accept our humble prayer,
Our songs of praise indite,
And grant us now thy guardian care,
Till morning brings the light.

4 And thus, through all our days,
Let needful grace be given,
And fit us for thy better praise,
When we shall rest in heaven.

59. L. M. **Hebron.**

The Place of Prayer. — COLVER.

1 I LOVE the closet's calm retreat,—
The hallowed place of secret prayer,
O'ershadowed by the mercy seat,—
I love the place, for God is there.

2 Nor less, when families surround
The altar of domestic prayer,
Where piety and love abound,—
I love the place, for God is there.

3 I love the place where Christians meet,
To worship God, and offer prayer;
Where heart meets heart in union sweet,—
I love the place, for God is there.

4 I love, and long, in heaven to dwell,
Where gathered all the sons of prayer,
In songs, his matchless grace to tell,—
I love the place, for God is there.

60. C. M. **Peterboro'.**

God's Goodness acknowledged. — WATTS.

1 ONCE more, my soul, the rising day
Salutes thy waking eyes;
Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
To Him who rules the skies.

2 Night unto night his name repeats;
The day renews the sound,
Wide as the heavens on which he sits,
To turn the seasons round.

3 'T is he supports my mortal frame;
My tongue shall speak his praise;
My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
And yet his wrath delays.

4 How many wretched souls have fled
Since the last setting sun!
And yet thou length'nest out my thread,
And yet my moments run.

5 Great God, let all my hours be thine,
While I enjoy the light;
Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
And bring a peaceful night.

61. C. M. **Woodland.**

Grateful Acknowledgment. — SAC. OFFERING.

1 AGAIN, from calm and sweet repose,
I rise to hail the dawn;
Again my waking eyes unclose,
To view the smiling morn.

2 Great God of love, thy praise I'll sing;
For thou hast safely kept
My soul beneath thy guardian wing,
And watched me while I slept.

3 Glory to thee, eternal Lord!
O, teach my heart to pray,
And thy blest Spirit's help afford,
To guide me through the day!

4 Let every thought and word accord
With thy most holy will;
Each deed the precepts of thy word
With pious aim fulfil.

5 From danger, sin, and every ill,
My constant Guardian prove;
O, sanctify my heart, and fill
With thoughts of holy love!

62. S. M. **St. Thomas.**

Power of God's Word. — WATTS.

1 BEHOLD, the morning sun
Begins his glorious way:
His beams through all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light;
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word,
And all thy judgments just!
Forever sure thy promise, Lord,
And we securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
O, may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven!

63. L. M. **Uxbridge.**

A Morning Invocation. — KENN.

1 AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part,
For they with pure devotion sing
High praises to th' eternal King.

3 Glory to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me while I slept:
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless life partake.

4 Lord, I to thee my vows renew;
Dispel my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

5 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with true delight,
In thy sole glory may unite.

64. S. M. Olmutz.

Evening Hymn. — Y. C.

1 The day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear;
O may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near!

2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possessed.

3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

4 And if we early rise,
And view th' unwearied sun,
May we set out to win the prize,
And after glory run.

5 And when our days are past,
And we from time remove,
O may we in thy bosom rest,
The bosom of thy love!

65. S. M. **Olmutz.**

Morning Thanksgiving. — DWIGHT.

1 O, how shall I repay
The bounties of my God?
This feeble spirit pants beneath
The pleasing, painful load.

2 Serene I laid me down,
Beneath his guardian care:
I slept — and I awoke, and found
My kind Preserver near.

3 Thus does thine arm support
This weak, defenceless frame;
But whence these favors, Lord, to me,
All worthless as I am?

4 My life I would anew
Devote, O Lord, to thee;
And in thy service I would spend
A long eternity.

66. C. M. **Arlington.**

For Morning or Evening. — KIPPIS.

1 On thee, each morning, O my God,
My waking thoughts attend;
In thee are founded all my hopes,
In thee my wishes end.

2 My soul, in pleasing wonder lost,
Thy boundless love surveys;
And, fired with grateful zeal, prepares
A sacrifice of praise.

3 When evening slumbers press my eyes,
With his protection blest,
In peace and safety I commit
My weary limbs to rest.

4 My spirit, in his hand secure,
Fears no approaching ill;
For, whether waking or asleep,
Thou, Lord, art with me still.

67. L. M. **Hebron.**

Evening Reflections. — WATTS.

1 THUS far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past;
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to break my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

68. 7s. & 6s. M.

Reflections at sunset. — SAC. SONGS.

1 THE mellow eve is gliding
Serenely down the west;
So, every care subsiding,
My soul would sink to rest.

2 The woodland hum is ringing
The daylight's gentle close;
May angels, round me singing,
Thus hymn my last repose.

3 The evening star has lighted
Her crystal lamp on high;
So, when in death benighted,
May hope illume the sky.

4 In golden splendor dawning,
The morrow's light shall break;
O, on the last bright morning
May I in glory wake!

69. L. M. **Duke Street.**

Evening Song. — STEELE.

1 GREAT God, to thee my evening song
With humble gratitude I raise;
O let thy mercy tune my tongue,
And fill my heart with lively praise.

2 My days unclouded as they pass,
And every gently-rolling hour,
Are monuments of wondrous grace,
And witness to thy love and power.

3 Seal my forgiveness in the blood
Of Jesus: his dear name alone
I plead for pardon, gracious God,
And kind acceptance at thy throne.

4 Let this blest hope mine eyelids close;
With sleep refresh my feeble frame;
Safe in thy care may I repose,
And wake with praises to thy name.

PUBLIC WORSHIP.

70. H. M. **Lischer.**

Sabbath Morning.—HAYWARD.

1 WELCOME, delightful morn!
Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return—
Lord, make these moments blest!
From low desires and fleeting toys
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace:
Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours:
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain.

71. S. M. **Silver Street.**

Pleasures of Worship.

1 SWEET is the work, O Lord,
Thy glorious name to sing;
To praise and pray — to hear thy word,
And grateful offerings bring.

2 Sweet, at the dawning light,
Thy boundless love to tell;
And when approach the shades of night,
Still on the theme to dwell.

3 Sweet, on this day of rest,
To join, in heart and voice,
With those who love and serve thee best,
And in thy name rejoice.

4 To songs of praise and joy,
Be every Sabbath given,
That such may be our blest employ
Eternally in heaven.

72. L. M. **Wells.**

Delight in the Sabbath. — WATTS.

1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall fill my breast;
O, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp, of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word:
His works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep his counsels, how divine!

4 And I shall share a glorious part,
When grace hath well refined my heart,
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

5 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
All I desired or wished below,
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

73. L. M. **Uxbridge.**

Sabbath Morning. — WINCHELL'S SUP.

1 COME, dearest Lord, and bless this day,
Come, bear our thoughts from earth away!
Now let our noblest passions rise
With ardor to their native skies.

2 Come, Holy Spirit, all divine,
With rays of light upon us shine;
And let our waiting souls be blest
On this sweet day of sacred rest.

3 Then, when our Sabbaths here are o'er,
And we arrive on Canaan's shore,
With all the ransomed, we shall spend,
A Sabbath, which shall never end.

74. L. M. **Uxbridge.**

The earthly and heavenly Sabbath. — DODDRIDGE.

1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love;
But there 's a nobler rest above;
To that our longing souls aspire,
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin, nor death, shall reach the place;
No groans shall mingle with the songs
Which dwell upon immortal tongues;

3 No rude alarms of angry foes;
No cares, to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

4 O long-expected day, begin!
Dawn on these realms of pain and sin;
With joy we 'll tread the appointed road,
And sleep in death, to rest with God.

75. C. M. Woodland.

The Lord's Day. — EDMESTON.

1 WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek;
How sweet to hail the evening's close
That ends the weary week!

2 How sweet to hail the early dawn
That opens on the sight,
When first the soul-reviving morn
Beams its new rays of light!

3 Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease;
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, Holy Spirit, source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul!

76. L. M. Wilmer.

The Sabbath Evening. — EDMESTON.

1 How sweet the light of Sabbath eve!
How soft the sunbeams ling'ring there!
For these blest hours, the world I leave,
Wafted on wings of praise and prayer.

2 The time how lovely and how still!
Peace shines and smiles on all below;
The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill,
All fair with evening's setting glow.

3 Season of rest! the tranquil soul
Feels the sweet calm, and melts to love;
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees a smiling heaven above.

4 Nor will our days of toil be long—
Our pilgrimage will soon be trod;
And we shall join the ceaseless song,
The endless Sabbath of our God.

77. S. M. **Lisbon.**

The Sabbath welcomed. — WATTS.

1 WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise!
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

2 Jesus himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit, and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 One day, amid the place
Where God, my Saviour 's been,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasure and of sin.

AWAKENING.

78. C. M. **Ballerma.**

Quench not the Spirit. — M. S.

1 QUENCH not the Spirit of the Lord,
The Holy One from heaven;
The Comforter, beloved, adored,
To man in mercy given.

2 Quench not the Spirit of the Lord;
He will not always strive:
O tremble at that awful word!
Sinner! awake and live.

3 Quench not the Spirit of the Lord,
It is thy only hope:
O let his aid be now implored;
Let prayer be lifted up!

79. L. M. **Hamburg.**

Life the only accepted time. — DWIGHT.

1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found and peace is given;
But soon, ah, soon! approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 While God invites, how blest the day!
How sweet the gospel's charming sound!
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,
While yet a pard'ning God is found!

3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,
Shall death command you to the grave;
Before God's bar your spirits bring,
And none be found to hear and save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;
No God accept your sinful prayer,
Nor Saviour call you to the skies.

80. L. M. **Windham.**

The Broad Road. — WATTS.

1 BROAD is the road that leads to death,
And thousands walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveller.

2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain the heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain;
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,
Which false apostates never knew.

81. S. M. **Shirland.**

Ingratitude deplored. — WATTS.

1 Is this the kind return,
Are these the thanks we owe,
Thus to abuse eternal love,
Whence all our blessings flow?

2 To what a stubborn frame
Has sin reduced our mind!
What strange, rebellious creatures we,
And God as strangely kind!

3 Turn, turn us, mighty God,
And mould our souls afresh!
Break, sovereign grace, these hearts of stone,
And give us hearts of flesh!

82. S. M. **Boylston.**

Soon will the harvest close. — UNION V. HYMNS.

1 YE sinners, fear the Lord,
While yet 't is called to-day;
Soon will the awful voice of death
Command your souls away.

2 Soon will the harvest close,
The summer soon be o'er;
And soon your injured, angry God
Will hear your prayers no more.

3 Then while 't is called to-day,
O hear the gospel's sound!
Come, sinners, haste — O haste away,
While pardon may found!

83. L. M. **Hebron.**

"My Spirit shall not always strive." — Gen. vi. 3. — HYDE.

1 SAY, sinner, hath a voice within
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

2 Hath something met thee in the path
Of worldliness and vanity,
And pointed to the coming wrath,
And warned thee from that wrath to flee?

3 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice —
It was the Spirit's gracious call —
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

4 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind;
That call thou mayest not always slight,
And yet the gate of mercy find.

84. L. M. **Hamburg.**

Expostulation. — WATTS.

1 SINNER, O why so thoughtless grown;
Why in such dreadful haste to die?
Daring to leap to worlds unknown,
Heedless against thy God to fly!

2 Wilt thou despise eternal fate,
Urged on by sin's fantastic dreams?
Madly attempt the infernal gate,
And force thy passage to the flames?

3 Stay, sinner, on the gospel plains,
Behold, the God of love unfold
The glories of his dying pains,
Forever telling, yet untold.

85. 11s. **Expostulation.**

"O turn ye, for why will ye die?" — REVIVAL MELODIES.

1 O TURN ye, O turn ye, for why will you die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, Come,
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away!
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be,
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'T is you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

4 Come, give us your hand, and the Saviour your heart,
And trusting in Heaven, we never shall part;
O how can we leave you? why will you not come?
We 'll journey together, and soon be at home.

86. 11s. **Sweet Affton.**

Acquaint thyself quickly. — CHRISTIAN MELODY.

1 ACQUAINT thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,
And joy, like the sunshine, shall beam on thy road,
And peace, like the dew-drops, shall fall on thy head;
And sleep, like an angel, shall visit thy bed.

2 Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God,
And he shall be with thee when fears are abroad;
Thy safeguard in dangers that threaten thy path;
Thy joy in the valley and shadow of death.

87. S. M. **Boylston**

Preparation for the Judgment. — DODDRIDGE.

1 How will thy heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven before the Judge,
Astonished, shrink away?

2 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound
What joyful tidings spread!

3 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

4 So shall that curse remove,
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

88. L. M. **Rockingham.**

The Spirit striving. — Gen. vi. 3. — HYDE.

1 O, SINNER, hear the heavenly voice!
O hear the Spirit's gracious call!
It bids thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

2 God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened, self-destroying man;
Ye who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.

3 Sinner, perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be;
O, shouldst thou grieve him now away,
Then hope may never beam on thee!

89. 7s. Pleyel's Hymn.

Danger of Delay.—Gen. xix. 22.—Episcopal Coll.

1 Haste, O sinner!—now be wise;
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Haste—and mercy now implore;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Haste, O sinner!—now return;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should cease to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Haste, O sinner!—now be blest;
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

90. L. M. Windham.

Where are the Dead?—Montgomery.

1 Where are the dead?—In heaven or hell
Their disembodied spirits dwell;
Their perished forms in bonds of clay,
Reserved until the judgment-day.

2 Where are the living?—On the ground
Where prayer is heard and mercy found—
Where, in the compass of a span,
The mortal makes th' immortal man.

3 Then, timely warned, let us begin
To follow Christ, and flee from sin;
Daily grow up in him our head,—
Lord of the living and the dead.

91. L. M. **Olmutz.**

Grieve not the Spirit.—Eph. iv. 30.—Hyde.

1 And canst thou, sinner, slight
The call of love divine?
Shall God with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine?

2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave
With all thy sins opprest?

3 To-day, a pard'ning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

4 But grace, so dearly bought,
If yet thou wilt despise,
Thy fearful doom, with vengeance fraught,
Will fill thee with surprise.

92. 7s. **Horton.**

Appeals from Eternity.—S. F. Smith.

1 When thy mortal life is fled,
When the death-shades o'er thee spread,
Thou hast finished earth's career,
Sinner, where wilt thou appear?

2 When the world has passed away,
When draws near the judgment day,
When the awful trump shall sound,
Say, O where wilt thou be found?

3 When the Judge descends in light,
Clothed in majesty and might;
When the wicked quail with fear,
Where, O where wilt thou appear?

4 What shall soothe thy bursting heart,
When the saints and thou must part?
When the good with joy are crowned,
Sinner, where wilt thou be found?

5 While the Holy Ghost is nigh,
Quickly to the Saviour fly;
Then shall peace thy spirit cheer,
Then in heaven shalt thou appear.

93. 7s. & 5s. **"Scots wha hae."**

Sinners, rouse ye. — E. W. FREEMAN.

1 ROUSE ye, at the Saviour's call,
Sinners, rouse ye, one and all;
Wake! or soon your souls will fall,
Fall in deep despair.
Woe to him who turns away,
Jesus kindly calls to-day;
Come, O sinner, while you may,
Raise your soul in prayer.

2 Heard ye not the Saviour cry,
"Turn, O turn, why will you die!
And in keenest agony,
Mourn too late your doom?"
Haste, for time is rushing on!
Soon the fleeting hour is gone,
The lifted arrow flies anon,
To sink you in the tomb!

3 By the bleeding Saviour's love,
By the joys of heaven above,
Let these words your spirits move;
Quick to Jesus fly!
Come and save your souls from death,
Haste! escape Jehovah's wrath!
Fly! for life 's a fleeting breath!
Soon, O soon you 'll die.

94. 8s. & 4s. **Rest.**

"To spurn the Gospel is fearful." — COLVER.

1 THERE is a sin, a fearful sin,
That seldom pard'ning mercy knows,
It is to spurn at grace divine,
When mercy flows.

2 There is a fearful doom for him
Who rails and scoffs at mercy's hour,
For him who ventures to blaspheme
The Spirit's power.

3 There 's nought remains but dark despair,
Whene'er the Spirit takes his flight;
O then 't will be too late for prayer,—
A mornless night.

4 God of salvation, suppliants hear,
If yet we may thy grace receive,
If mercy infinite may spare,
Blest Jesus, save!

95. C. M. **Arlington.**

Expostulation with Sinners. — FAWCETT.

1 SINNERS! the voice of God regard;
'T is mercy speaks to-day;
He calls you by his sovereign word,
From sin's destructive way.

2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.

3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell;
And will you onward go?
Can you in endless burnings dwell,
Or bear eternal woe?

4 Lo! he who turns to God, shall live,
Through his abounding grace;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those who seek his face.

5 Bow to the sceptre of his word—
Renouncing every sin;
Submit to him, your sovereign Lord,
And learn his will divine.

6 His love exceeds your highest thoughts;
He pardons like a God;
He will forgive your numerous faults,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

96. L. M. **Ware.**

"One thing needful."—DODDRIDGE.

1 WHY will ye waste on trifling cares
That life which God's compassion spares,
While, in the various range of thought,
The one thing needful is forgot?

2 Shall God invite you from above,
Shall Jesus urge his dying love,
Shall troubled conscience give you pain,
And all these pleas unite in vain?

3 Not so your eyes will always view
Those objects which you now pursue;
Not so will heaven and hell appear
When death's decisive hour is near.

4 Almighty God! thy grace impart;
Fix deep conviction in each heart;
Nor let us waste on trifling cares
That life which thy compassion spares.

97. L. M. **Hamburg.**

Awake! awake! — HIGINBOTHAM.

1 AWAKE, awake, each drowsy soul!
Awake, and view the setting sun!
See how the shades of death advance,
Ere half the task of life is done.

2 Soon will he close all drowsy eyes,
Nor shall we hear these warnings more;
Soon will the mighty Judge approach;
E'en now he stands before the door.

3 To-day, attend his gracious voice!
This is the summons which he sends—
"Awake! for on this passing hour
Thy long eternity depends."

98. C. M. **Dundee.**

The Soul. — MONTGOMERY.

1 WHAT is the thing of greatest price,
The whole creation round?
That, which was lost in paradise,
That, which in Christ is found.

2 The soul of man,—Jehovah's breath!
That keeps two worlds at strife;
Hell moves beneath to work its death,
Heaven stoops to give it life.

3 God to reclaim it did not spare
His well-beloved Son;
Jesus, to save it, deigned to bear
The sins of all in one.

4 And is this treasure borne below,
In earthly vessels frail?
Teach us, O God, its worth to know,
Lest we its loss bewail.

99. 11s. **Portuguese Hymn.**

The harvest past. — E. F. E.

1 Lo! Jesus the Saviour in mercy draws near,
Salvation he brings, O repent and believe;
The voice of his mercy the doubting shall hear,
And sinners redemption with gladness receive.

2 The day-star of promise illumines the sky,
And souls long benighted now welcome the dawn;
Improve the glad season, or soon you may cry—
"The harvest is past, and the summer is gone!"

3 The Spirit is striving with sinners to-day,
He graciously knocks at the door of your heart,
He comes the compassion of God to display,
Your sins to remove and his love to impart.

4 O! welcome the Spirit, and grieve him no more,
Nor wait till his offers of life are withdrawn;
Lest then you may cry, as your doom you deplore,
"The harvest is past, and the summer is gone!"

100. C. M. **Ballerma.**

Exhortation to Repentance.

1 Repent! the voice celestial cries,
No longer dare delay:
The soul that scorns the mandate dies,
And meets a fiery day.

2 No more the sovereign eye of God
O'erlooks the crimes of men;
His heralds now are sent abroad
To warn the world of sin.

3 O sinners, in his presence bow,
And all your guilt confess!
Accept the offered Saviour now,
Nor trifle with his grace.

101. 8s. & 7s. **Wilmot.**

1 Tell me, wanderer, wildly roving
From the path that leads to peace,
Pleasure's false enchantment loving,
When will thy delusion cease?

2 Once, like thee, by joys surrounded,
I could kneel at pleasure's shrine;
Then my brightest hopes were bounded
By delights as false as thine.

3 But those visions scarce had blest me
When that fleeting day was o'er;
Then the world, that had caressed me,
Charmed me with its smiles no more.

4 Such is pleasure's transient story;
Lasting happiness is known
Only in the path to glory—
In the Saviour's love alone.

102. 7s. **Pleyel's Hymn.**

Sinner, prepare to meet God. — Newton.

1 Sinner, art thou still secure?
Will thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hand endure
In the Lord's avenging day?

2 See, his mighty arm is bared,
Awful terrors clothe his brow!
For his judgment stand prepared—
Thou must either break or bow.

3 Who his advent may abide?
You, who glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide,
When the world is wrapped in flame?

4 Let us now our day improve,
Listen to the gospel voice;
Seek the things that are above;
Scorn the world's pretended joys.

103. 7s. **Pleyel's Hymn.**

Expostulation. — URWICK'S COLL.

1 SINNER, what hast thou to show
Like the joys believers know?
Is thy path of fading flowers
Half so bright, so sweet as ours?

2 Doth a skilful, healing friend
On thy daily path attend,
And where thorns and stings abound,
Shed a balm on every wound?

3 When the tempest rolls on high,
'Hast thou still a refuge nigh?
Can, O can thy dying breath
Summon one more strong than death?

4 Canst thou in that awful day
Fearless tread the gloomy way,
Plead a glorious ransom given,
Burst from earth and soar to heaven?

104. S. M. **Olmutz.**

The Accepted Time. — DOBELL.

1 Now is the accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
O, sinners! come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

2 Now is the accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late; —
Then why should you delay?

3 Now is the accepted time,
The gospel bids you come:
And every promise, in his word,
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord! draw reluctant souls,
And melt them by thy love;
Then will the angels speed their way
To bear the news above.

105. C. M. **Ballerma.**

"Jesus beheld the city and wept over it." — COLVER.

1 WEEP for the lost! Thy Saviour wept
O'er Salem's hapless doom;
He wept, to think their day was past,
And come their night of gloom.

2 Weep for the lost! The prophets wept
O'er Israel's gloomy fate,
When Vengeance had unsheathed her sword;
Repentance came too late.

3 Weep for the lost! Apostles wept,
That men should error choose;
That dying men should Christ reject,
And endless life refuse.

4 Weep for the lost! The lost will weep,
In that long night of woe,
On which no star of hope will rise,
And tears in vain will flow.

5 Weep for the lost! Lord, make us weep,
And toil, with ceaseless care,
To save our friends, ere yet they pass
That point of deep despair.

PENITENTIAL.

106. C. M. **Peterborough.**

Prayer for Spiritual Deliverance. — CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

1 MIGHTY Redeemer, set me free
From all the bonds of sin;
O make my soul alive to thee,
And cleanse my heart within.

2 Open my eyes, unstop my ears,
And mould my heart afresh;
Give me new passions, joys, and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.

3 Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin, and earth, and hell,
In the new world, that grace hath made,
I would forever dwell.

107. L. M. **Ward.**

Penitent's Prayer. — WATTS.

1 O THOU that hear'st when sinners cry!
Though all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse to sin;
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford;
And let a wretch come near thy throne
To plead the merits of thy Son.

108. C. M. **Ballerma.**

Submission at the bleeding Cross. — WATTS.

1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed,
And did my sovereign die;
Did he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown,
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt my eyes to tears.

5 But floods of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'T is all that I can do.

109. L. M. **Wells.**

The burdened Penitent going to Christ. — AM. MESSENGER.

1 JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

2 Just as I am — and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

3 Just as I am — poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

4 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve!
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

5 Just as I am — thy love unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come!

110. C. M. **Woodland.**

Pleading forgiveness. — STEELE.

1 How oft, alas! this wretched heart
Has wandered from the Lord!
How oft my roving thoughts depart,
Forgetful of his word!

2 Yet sovereign mercy calls, "Return;"
Dear Lord, and may I come?
My vile ingratitude I mourn;
O, take the wanderer home!

3 And canst thou, wilt thou yet forgive,
And bid my crimes remove?
And shall a pardoned rebel live,
To speak thy wond'rous love?

4 Thy pardoning love, so sweet, so free,
Dear Saviour, I adore;
O keep me at thy sacred feet,
And let me rove no more!

111. L. M. **Hamburg.**

A Broken Heart. — WATTS.

1 A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

2 My soul is humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemned to die.

3 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

112. 8s. & 7s. **Mount Vernon.**

Suppliant Address to the Saviour. — TURNER.

1 JESUS, full of all compassion,
Hear thy humble suppliant's cry;
Let me know thy great salvation;
See, I languish, faint, and die.

2 Guilty, but with heart relenting,
Overwhelmed with helpless grief—
Prostrate at thy feet repenting—
Send, O send me quick relief!

3 Whither should a wretch be flying,
But to him who comfort gives?
Whither, from the dread of dying,
But to him who ever lives?

4 On the word thy blood hath sealed,
Hangs my everlasting all;
Let thine arm be now revealed,
Stay, O stay me, lest I fall!

112. C. M. **Lansdowne.**

Repentance and Faith in the Blood of Christ. — WATTS.

1 O GOD of mercy! hear my call;
My load of guilt remove;
Break down this separating wall
That bars me from thy love.

2 Give me the presence of thy grace;
Then my rejoicing tongue
Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
And make thy praise my song.

3 No blood of goats, nor heifers slain,
For sin could e'er atone;
The death of Christ shall still remain
Sufficient and alone.

4 A soul oppressed with sin's desert
My God will ne'er despise;
An humble groan, a broken heart,
Is our best sacrifice.

114. C. M. **Ballerma.**

Pardon Implored. — STENNETT.

1 DEAR Saviour! prostrate at thy feet
A guilty rebel lies,
And upward to thy mercy-seat
Presumes to lift his eyes.

2 If tears of sorrow would suffice
To pay the debt I owe,
Tears should from both my weeping eyes
In ceaseless torrents flow.

3 But no such sacrifice I plead
To expiate my guilt;
No tears, but those which thou hast shed—
No blood, but thou hast spilt.

4 I plead thy sorrows, gracious Lord;
Do thou my sins forgive;
Thy justice will approve the word
That bids the sinner live.

115. L. M. **Hebron.**

A Penitent pleading for Pardon. — WATTS.

1 SHOW pity, Lord; O Lord, forgive!
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes, though great, do not surpass
The power and glory of thy grace:
Great God! thy nature hath no bound;
So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean!
Here, on my heart, the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

116. C. M. **Woodland.**

Prayer for Repentance. — C. WESLEY.

1 OH for that tenderness of heart
Which bows before the Lord!
That owns how just and good thou art,
And trembles at thy word!

2 O, for those humble, contrite tears
Which from repentance flow!
That sense of guilt which, trembling, fears
The long suspended blow!

3 Saviour, to me in pity give,
For sin the deep distress —
The pledge thou wilt at last receive,
And bid me go in peace.

4 O, fill my soul with faith and love,
And strength to do thy will!
Raise my desires and hopes above;
Thyself to me reveal.

117. S. M. **Shirland.**

Seeking the Kingdom of God. — Matt. vi. 33. — Colvin.

1 Thy kingdom, Lord, I seek,
The Saviour's gentle reign;
Thy sceptre o'er my heart extend,
Nor let me seek in vain.

2 I seek thy righteousness,
And all my sins deplore;
O, clothe me with that heavenly dress,
And let me sin no more!

3 Till thou this boon bestow,
No other wealth is mine,
I can inherit nought but woe
Till I myself am thine.

4 My God, for this I plead;
Let me this grace receive;
And then, whatever else I need,
Thy bounteous hand shall give.

118. L. M. **Hamburg.**

The Stony Heart. — Ezek. xxxvi. 26, 27. — MEDLEY.

1 LORD, hear a burdened sinner mourn,
Who gladly would to thee return;
Thy tender mercies, O impart,
And take away this stony heart!

2 'T is this hard heart, which, day by day,
Would shut my mouth, nor let me pray;
Yea, would from every duty start;
Lord, take away this stony heart!

3 'T is this hard heart, whose cursed snare
Tempts me to pride, or to despair;
O, in me, Lord, thy power exert,
And take away this stony heart!

119. S. M. **Dover**

Grace Supplicated. — SELECT HYMNS.

1 LORD, help me to repent —
With sin forever part;
And to thy gracious eye present
An humble, contrite heart.

2 A heart with sorrow pressed,
For having grieved thy love;
A troubled heart that cannot rest
Till cleansed from above.

3 Jesus, on me bestow
The penitent desire;
With true sincerity of woe
My aching breast inspire.

4 With softening pity look,
And melt my hardness down;
Strike with thy love's resistless stroke,
And break this heart of stone.

120. 7s. **Boston.**

Fulness of Christ. — CHRIST. PSALMIST.

1 BLEEDING hearts, defiled by sin,
Jesus Christ can make you clean;
Contrite souls, with guilt opprest,
Jesus Christ can give you rest.

2 You that mourn o'er follies past,
Precious hours and years laid waste;
Turn to God, O turn and live!
Jesus Christ can still forgive.

3 Souls benighted and forlorn,
Grieved, afflicted, tempest-worn,
Now in Israel's Rock confide;
Jesus Christ for man has died.

4 Fainting souls, in peril's hour,
Yield not to the tempter's power;
On the risen Lord rely;
Jesus Christ now reigns on high.

121. L. M. **Ward.**

Penitential Desires. — CHRISTIAN MELODY.

1 O THAT my load of sin were gone!
O that I could at last submit!
Before the cross could lay me down,—
Could lay my soul at Jesus' feet.

2 Rest for my soul I long to find;—
Saviour, if mine indeed thou art,
Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I cannot rest till pure within—
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

192. C. M. Woodstock.

Lord! remember me.—Parkinson's Sel.

1 Jesus! thou art the sinner's friend;
As such I look to thee;
Now, in the fulness of thy love,
O Lord! remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace;
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And then remember me.

3 Howe'er forsaken or distressed,
Howe'er oppressed I be;
Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
O Lord! remember me.

4 And when I close my eyes in death,
And creature helps all flee;
Then, O my great Redeemer, God!
I pray, remember me.

193. C. M. Dedham.

We would see Jesus.—John xii. 21.—Stoughton.

1 We would see Jesus—does not he
Bid contrite sinners come?
And to such guilty souls as we
Proclaim, "there yet is room?"

2 We would see Jesus, for his saints
May lean upon his breast;
Pour out with confidence their plaints,
And find celestial rest.

3 We would see Jesus, gracious friend!
From him derive our bliss;
And wait till we the heavens ascend,
And see him as he is.

124. 7s. . Pleyel's Hymn.

Resolving to go to Christ. — Hewett.

1 If I perish, I will go
Trembling to the Saviour's feet;
Yet his favor he 'll bestow,
Yet I may forgiveness meet.

2 If I perish, I must own
God is just to banish me;
But I 'll venture near his throne,
For his pardons all are free.

3 If I perish, I will go;
Though distressed, I can but try;
Should he mercy never show,
Begging, I will live and die.

4 Dearest Saviour, let me live;
Stretch thy sceptre out to me;
All my sins, though great, forgive;
Speak the word, and set me free.

125. C. M. Ree.

Encouragement for Penitents to pray. — 1 John i. 9. — Colver.

1 Ye trembling souls, confession make
Of all your sins to God;
There 's pardon for the Saviour's sake,
And cleansing in his blood.

2 E'en justice smiles on penitence,
And lays its anger by;
It looks on Christ, his sure defence,
Nor lets the sinner die.

3 The Lord, in justice to his Son,
Will keep the oaths he sware;
Will pardon for his sake alone,
Will hear the Saviour's prayer.

4 My God, in penitence I come,
And all my guilt confess;
Forgive my sins, and cleanse my soul
From all unrighteousness.

126. C. M. **Woodstock.**

Contrition. — STEELE.

1 DEAR Saviour! when my thoughts recall
The wonders of thy grace,
Low at thy feet, ashamed, I fall,
And hide this wretched face.

2 Shall love like thine be thus repaid?
Ah! vile, ungrateful heart,
By earth's low cares detained — betrayed,
From Jesus to depart.

3 O, while I breathe to thee, my Lord,
The humble, contrite sigh,
Grant me one kind, forgiving word,
With pity in thine eye!

4 Then shall the mourner at thy feet
Rejoice to seek thy face;
And grateful own how kind, how sweet,
Is thy forgiving grace.

127. 8s. & 7s.

Penitent's Prayer. — CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

1 SAVIOUR, hear us through thy merit,
Lowly bending at thy feet;
O, draw near us by thy Spirit,
Prostrate at thy mercy-seat!
Wretched, sinful, and unworthy;
Sick, and poor, and deaf, and blind;
Oft unmindful, while before thee,
That we need a friend so kind.

2 O, how precious is the favor
Of forgiveness through thy blood!
Come, thou gracious, bleeding Saviour,
Be our Advocate with God.
For the joys of thy salvation,
Still we raise our cries to thee;
Hear the voice of supplication,
Set our souls at liberty.

128. 7s. **Pleyel's Hymn.**

Godly Sorrow. —RAFFLES.

1 SOVEREIGN Ruler, Lord of all,
Prostrate at thy feet I fall;
Hear, O hear my ardent cry!
Frown not, lest I faint and die.

2 Vilest of the sons of men,
Worst of rebels I have been;
Oft abused thee to thy face,
Trampled on thy richest grace.

3 Justly might thy vengeful dart
Pierce this bleeding, broken heart;
Justly might thy kindled ire
Blast me in eternal fire.

4 But with thee there 's mercy found,
Balm to heal my every wound:
Soothe, O, soothe the troubled breast,
Give the weary wanderer rest.

INVITING.

129. H. M. **Bethesda.**

There yet is Room. —BODEN.

1 YE dying sons of men,
Immersed in sin and woe,
The gospel calls again;
Its message is to you:
Ye perishing and guilty, come;
In mercy's arms there yet is room.

2 No longer now delay,
Nor vain excuses frame,
Christ bids you come to-day,
The poor, and blind, and lame:
All things are ready, sinners, come;
In mercy's arms there yet is room.

3 Compelled by bleeding love,
Ye wand'ring souls, draw near;
He calls you from above,
His melting accents hear:
O, whosoever will, may come;
In mercy's arms there yet is room.

130. L. M. **Rockingham.**

The Supper ready. —C. WESLEY.

1 SINNERS, obey the gospel word,
Haste to the supper of your Lord;
Be wise to know your gracious day,
All things are ready, come away.

2 Ready the Father is to own
And welcome his returning son;
Ready the gracious Saviour stands,
And spreads for you his bleeding hands.

3 Ready the Spirit from above
To fill the broken heart with love;
To apply and witness Jesus' blood,
And wash and seal you sons of God.

4 Ready for you the angels wait,
To triumph in your blest estate;
Tuning their harps by which they praise
The wonders of redeeming grace.

131. 7s. & 6s. **Mendebras.**

Come to the Waters.—J. B. Hague.

1 Ho! every one that thirsteth,
Come to the waters, come;
See life's pure stream—it bursteth
From the eternal throne.
See! like a mighty river,
Its crystal tide rolls by;
Thy soul haste to deliver!
Come, drink, and never die.

2 Thy money thou hast squandered,
Thy labor vainly spent;
Thou from thy God hast wandered,
On thy destruction bent.
But Jesus now invites thee;
The "bread of heaven" would give;
The world no more delights thee;
Come, eat, and thou shalt live.

3 Come, then, thou poor and needy;
Thy God will freely bless;
And haste with steps most speedy,
While mercy gives access;
For as a mountain torrent,
Life's stream is dashing by;
Then come, thou hast full warrant;
Come quickly, lest thou die.

132. L. M. **Hebron.**

Christ's Invitation. — WATTS.

1 COME hither, all ye weary souls;
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;
I 'll give you rest from all your toils,
And raise you to my heavenly home.

2 They shall find rest that learn of me;
I 'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.

3 Blest is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck,
My grace shall make the burden light.

4 Jesus, we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and cheerful zeal;
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

133. C. M. **Downs.**

Invitation to the Gospel Feast. — STEELE.

1 YE wretched, hungry, starving poor,
Behold a royal feast!
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every humble guest.

2 Here Jesus stands with open arms,
He calls, he bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But see, there yet is room.

3 Room in the Saviour's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet:
Nor will he bid the soul depart
That trembles at his feet.

4 O come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love!
While hope expects the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

134. C. M. **The Jubilee.**

The Jubilee. — Rev. Melodies.

1 What heavenly music do I hear?
Salvation sounding free!
Ye souls in bondage lend an ear;
This is the Jubilee.

2 Good news, good news, to Adam's race!
Let Christians all agree
To sing redeeming love and grace;
This is the Jubilee.

3 The gospel sounds a sweet release
To all in misery;
And bids them welcome home to peace;
This is the Jubilee.

4 Jesus is on the mercy-seat,
Before him bend the knee;
Let heaven and earth his praise repeat;
This is the Jubilee.

5 Sinners, be wise, return and come,
Unto the Saviour flee;
The Saviour bids you welcome home;
This is the Jubilee.

6 Come, ye redeemed, your tribute bring,
With songs of harmony;
While on the road to Canaan sing;
This is the Jubilee.

125. 8s. & 7s. **Mount Vernon.**

Come to Jesus. — VESTRY HYMNS.

1 "COME!" — 't is Jesus' invitation —
Now to mourning souls addressed;
Why, O why such hesitation!
Mourners, he will give you rest.

2 Do ye fear your own unfitness,
Burdened as ye are with sin?
'T is the Holy Spirit's witness;
Christ invites you, — enter in.

3 Stay not, pondering on your sorrow,
Turn from your own self away,
Dare not linger till to-morrow, —
Come to Christ without delay.

4 Jesus, with thy word complying,
Firm our faith and hope shall be;
On thy faithfulness relying,
We will cast our souls on thee.

126. C. M. **Lanesboro'.**

The Fountain of Living Waters. — MEDLEY.

1 O, WHAT amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found!
Suited to every sinner's case,
Who hears the joyful sound.

2 Come, then, with all your wants and wounds;
Your every burden bring;
Here love, unchanging love, abounds,
A deep, celestial spring.

3 This spring with living water flows,
And heavenly joy imparts;
Come, thirsty souls, your wants disclose,
And drink with thankful hearts.

4 A host of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come, then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

137. 8s. & 7s. **Wilmot.**

The Promised Rest. — Heb. iv. 1.

1 Sinners, hear the mighty Saviour;
Love and pity fill his breast.
Now, in accents sweet, he calls you;
Come and taste the promised rest.

2 Though in sorrow now ye labor,
Weary souls with sin opprest,
Jesus bids you come and welcome —
Come and taste the promised rest.

3 Though your sins be red like crimson,
And ten thousand foes infest,
He is mighty to deliver;
Come and taste the promised rest.

138. L. M. **Hamburg.**

Is there no Hope? — Miller.

1 Is there no hope? O, sinner, pause!
Turn not away from heaven thy face;
Despise no more God's holy laws,
Resist not his inviting grace.

2 Is there no hope? That word recall;
Thy steps retrace, nor dare delay;
Lest, ere thou turn, God's anger fall,
And hope forever flee away.

3 Is there no hope? Yes, sinner, yes —
Repent, and to the Saviour fly:
Will he be deaf to your distress,
Who listens when the ravens cry?

139. 7s. **Hirton.**

Sinners Entreated.—J. WESLEY.

1 SINNERS, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why;
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live.

2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Saviour, asks you why;
Will ye not in him believe,
Who hath died that ye might live?

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why?
He who all your lives hath strove,
Wooed you to embrace his love.

4 Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O! ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die?

140. S. M. **Dover.**

Bread of Life.—John vi. 35, 48, 51.—HOSKINS.

1 BEHOLD the gift of God!
Sinners, adore his name,
Who shed for us his precious blood,
Who bore our curse and shame.

2 Behold the living bread!
Which Jesus came to give,
By dying in the sinner's stead,
That he might ever live.

3 Behold the Saviour's love!
Who gives his flesh to eat;
Never did angels taste above
Provision half so sweet.

4 The Lord delights to give;
He knows you 've nought to buy;
To Jesus haste; — this bread receive,
And you shall never die.

141. L. M. **Ward.**

The Teaching of Jesus. — BOWRING.

1 How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When list'ning thousands gathered round,
And joy and rev'rence filled the place!

2 From heaven he came — of heaven he spoke —
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home,
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest;"
Yes, sacred Teacher — we will come —
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

142. S. M. **Shirland.**

"Now is the accepted Time." — 2 Cor. vi. 2. — P. H. E.

1 Now is the day of grace;
Now to the Saviour come;
The Lord is calling, Seek my face,
And I will guide you home.

2 A father bids you speed —
O, wherefore then delay?
He calls in love — he sees your need —
He bids you come to-day.

3 To-day the prize is won,
The promise is to save;
Then, O be wise! — to-morrow's sun
May shine upon your grave.

143. 6s. 4s. & 7s.

The Happy Land.

1 THERE is a happy land,
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
O how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King,
Loud let his praises ring,
Through endless day!

2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away!
Why will ye doubting stand,
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall live with thee,
In endless day!

3 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
O, then, to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright, above the sun,
We 'll reign on high!

144. C. M. **Dundee.**

Behold the Lamb of God. — HOSKINS.

1 SINNERS, behold the Lamb of God,
Who takes away our guilt!
Look to the precious, priceless blood,
That Jews and Gentiles spilt.

2 From heaven he came to seek and save,
Leaving his blest abode;
To ransom us himself he gave:
"Behold the Lamb of God."

3 He came to take the sinner's place,
And shed his precious blood;
Let Adam's guilty, ruined race
"Behold the Lamb of God."

4 Spirit of grace! to us apply
Immanuel's precious blood,
That we may, with thy saints on high,
"Behold the Lamb of God."

145. L. M. **Hebron.**

Knocking at the Door. — DODDRIDGE.

1 BEHOLD a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks — has knocked before;
Has waited long — is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 O lovely attitude! — he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands;
O matchless kindness! — and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 Rise — touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine, —
That soul-destroying monster, sin, —
And let the heavenly stranger in.

4 Admit him, ere his anger burn, —
His feet departed ne'er return;
Admit him, — or the hour 's at hand,
You 'll at his door rejected stand.

146. 8s. 7s. & 4s. **Greenville.**

The Spirit and the Bride say come. — Rev. xxii. 17. — COLVER.

1 MOURNING sinner, come to Jesus,
Now the Spirit whispers, "Come;"
True your many sins are grievous,
And deserve a fearful doom.
Still the Spirit
Bids you to the Saviour come.

2 Mourning sinner, filled with anguish,
Hear the Bride of Christ say, "Come;"
Dry your tears and cease to languish,
There is hope beyond the tomb.
Come to Jesus,
At the gospel feast there 's room.

3 Come, poor sinner, come to Jesus!
All who hear, repeat the cry;
Come to him who died to save us;
From the swift avenger fly.
Come to Jesus,
Heaven and earth invite thee nigh.

4 Ho! ye weary souls and thirsty,
Here are streams that never dry,
Gushing streams of living waters, —
Without money, come and buy.
Come to Jesus,
Freely drink and never die.

147. S. M. **Boylston.**

Forgiveness of Sin upon Confession. — WATTS.

1 O, BLESSED souls are they
Whose sins are covered o'er!
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care;
Their lips and lives, without deceit,
Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the festering wound,
Till I confessed my sins to thee,
And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray;
Let saints keep near the throne;
Our help in times of deep distress
Is found in God alone.

148. C. M. **Woodland.**

Enter in. — PRATT'S COLL.

1 ALL ye who feel distressed for sin,
And fear eternal woe,
You Christ invites to enter in —
This hour to Jesus go.

2 He, by his own almighty word,
Will all your fears remove;
For every wound his precious blood
A sovereign balm shall prove.

3 His conquering grace shall set you free
From sin's oppressive chains,
From Satan's hateful tyranny,
And everlasting pains.

4 Come, then, ye heavy laden, come!
His instant help implore;
Millions have found a peaceful home —
There 's room for millions more.

149. C. M. **Marlow.**

The Saviour's Invitation. — STEELE.

1 THE Saviour calls! let every ear
Attend the heavenly sound;
Ye doubting souls, dismiss your fear;
Hope smiles reviving round.

2 For every thirsty, longing heart,
Here streams of bounty flow,
And life, and health, and bliss impart,
To banish mortal woe.

3 Ye sinners, come; 'tis mercy's voice;
That gracious voice obey;
'T is Jesus calls to heavenly joys;
And can you yet delay?

4 Dear Saviour, draw reluctant hearts;
To thee let sinners fly,
And take the bliss thy love imparts,
And drink, and never die.

150. C. M. **Ballerma.**

The Invitation and the Resolve. — JONES.

1 COME, weary sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve: —

2 "I 'll go to Jesus though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts; I 'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 "I 'll prostrate lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I 'll tell him I 'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 "I 'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Perhaps he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

5 "Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

6 "I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

151. 8s. 7s. & 4s. **Osgood.**

Free Forgiveness offered. — ALLEN.

1 SINNERS, will you scorn the message,
Sent in mercy from above?
Every sentence, O how tender!
Every line is full of love:
Listen to it —
Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the gospel
News from Zion's king proclaim,
To each rebel sinner pardon,
Free forgiveness in his name:
How important!
Free forgiveness in his name.

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor;
Fearful hearts, they quell your fears,
And with news of consolation,
Chase away the falling tears;
Tender heralds!
Chase away the falling tears.

152. 8s. 7s. & 4s. **Osgood.**

Mercy hails you. — REED.

1 HEAR, O sinner! mercy hails you;
Now with sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour,
Ere the hand of justice falls:
Trust in Jesus;
'T is the voice of mercy calls.

2 Haste, O sinner! to the Saviour, —
Seek his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over;
Soon your life will pass away!
Haste to Jesus!
You must perish if you stay.

153. C. M. **Woodstock.**

Christ suing for Admission. — STEELE.

1 AND will the Lord thus condescend
To visit sinful worms?
Thus at the door shall mercy stand
In all her winning forms?

2 Surprising grace! — and shall my heart
Unmoved and cold remain?
Has this hard rock no tender part?
Must mercy plead in vain?

3 Shall Jesus for admission sue —
His charming voice unheard?
And this vile heart, his rightful due,
Remain forever barred?

4 'T is sin, alas! with tyrant power,
The lodging has possest;
And crowds of traitors bar the door
Against the heavenly guest.

5 Unwelcome inmates, hence depart;
Dear Saviour, enter in,
And guard the passage to my heart,
And keep out every sin.

154. 8s. & 7s. **Wilmot.**

A Fountain opened for Sin and Uncleanness. — MONTGOMERY.

1 COME to Calvary's holy mountain,
Sinners, ruined by the fall;
Here a pure and healing fountain
Flows to you, to me, to all.

2 Come, in sorrow and contrition,
Wounded, impotent, and blind;
Here the guilty, free remission,
Here the troubled, peace may find.

3 He that drinks shall live forever;
'T is a soul-renewing flood;
God is faithful; — God will never
Break his covenant in blood.

155. L. M. **Rockingham.**

The good old Way. — DOBELL.

1 INQUIRING souls, who long to find
Pardon of sin, and peace of mind;
Attend the voice of God to-day,
Who bids you seek the good old way.

2 The righteousness, th' atoning blood
Of Jesus, is the way to God;
O may you then no longer stray,
But walk in Christ, the good old way!

3 The prophets and th' apostles too,
Pursued this way, while here below;
Then let not fear your souls dismay,
But come to Christ, the good old way.

156. 8s. & 7s. **Greenville.**

Come and welcome to Jesus Christ.—Mat. xi. 28—30.—Hart.

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity joined with power;
He is able, he is able,
He is willing—doubt no more.

2 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him;
This he gives you, this he gives you,—
'T is the Spirit's rising beam.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and wounded by the fall;
If you tarry till you 're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous, not the righteous,
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

4 Lo! th' incarnate God, ascended,
Pleads the merits of his blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly;
Let no other trust intrude;
None but Jesus, none but Jesus,
Can do helpless sinners good.

157. 7s. **Wilmot.**

Winning Souls to Christ.—Prov. xi. 30.—Hammond.

1 Would you win a soul to God,
Tell him of a Saviour's blood,
Once for dying sinners spilt,
To atone for all their guilt.

2 Tell him how the streams did glide
From his hands, his feet, his side;
How his head with thorns was crowned,
And his heart in sorrow drowned;

3 How he yielded up his breath;
How he agonized in death;
How he lives to intercede,
Christ our Advocate and Head.

4 Tell him, it was sovereign grace
Led THEE first to seek his face;
Made THEE choose the better part;
Wrought salvation in thy heart.

5 Tell him of that liberty
Wherewith Jesus makes us free;
Sweetly speak of sins forgiven,
Earnest of the joys of heaven.

158. 7s. **Pleyel's Hymn.**

Burdened Sinners invited. — DECOURCY.

1 COME, ye weary souls, oppressed,
Find in Christ the promised rest;
On him all your burdens roll;
He can wound, and he make whole.

2 Ye who dread the wrath of God,
Come and wash in Jesus' blood;
To the Son of David cry;
In his word he 's passing by.

3 Naked, guilty, poor and blind,
All your wants in Jesus find;
This the day of mercy is,
Now accept the proffered bliss.

159. S. M. **Dover.**

Behold the Ark. — U. H.

1 Behold the ark of God;
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that blest abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

2 There safe shalt thou abide;
There sweet shall be thy rest;
And every wish be satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

3 And when the waves of wrath
Again the earth shall fill,
Thine ark shall ride the sea of fire,
And rest on Zion's hill.

160. 8s. & 7s. **Shelly.**

The Gospel Proclamation. — Wingrell's Sup.

1 Hark! the gospel trumpet's sounding;
Sinners, hear the joyful call;
Christ, in pardoning love abounding,
Offers liberty to all.

2 Though your crimes have reached to heaven,
And of deepest die appear;
Ask, and they shall be forgiven,
Seek, and you shall find him near.

3 Cast your load of guilt behind you,
To the Lord for mercy flee;
Though the strongest fetters bind you,
His salvation makes you free.

RELIGION.

161. L. M. **Rockingham.**

Value of Religion. — MONTGOMERY.

1 RELIGION bids all sin depart,
And folly flies her chast'ning rod;
She makes the humble, contrite heart
A temple of the living God.

2 Beyond the narrow vale of time,
Where bright celestial ages roll,
To scenes eternal, scenes sublime,
She points the way, and leads the soul.

3 At her approach, the grave appears
The gate of paradise restored;
Her voice the watching cherub hears,
And drops his double flaming sword.

4 Baptized with her renewing fire,
We shall the crown of glory gain;
Rise when the hosts of heaven expire,
And there with God forever reign.

162. 7s. **Wilmot.**

Benefits of Religion. — CONFERENCE HYMNS.

1 'T is religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
'T is religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death, its joys will be
Lasting as eternity;
Be the living God my friend,
Then my bliss shall never end.

163. L. M. **Wells.**

Religion all in all. — LEE.

1 TEACH us, O Lord, the great concern,
To know thy will, thy name to love;
Our duty from thy word to learn,
And gain true wisdom from above.

2 Religion must be all in all,
Would we th' immortal prize obtain,
Retrieve the ruins of the fall,
And 'scape the death of endless pain.

3 Send thy good Spirit, Lord, we pray,
To sanctify and cleanse our heart;
May we repent, believe, obey,
And from thy service ne'er depart.

164. L. M. **Ward.**

Religion exemplified in the Life. — WATTS.

1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Ambition, envy, lust, and pride;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

4 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord;—
And faith stands leaning on his word.

165. L. M. **Wilmot.**

Happiness of Religion. — CHRISTIAN MELODY.

1 HAPPY the man that finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race;
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

2 Happy beyond description he
Who knows "the Saviour died for me!"
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.

3 Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver, O, prefer!
For gold is dross compared to her.

4 To purest joys she all invites,
To holy, chaste, and sweet delights;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.

166. C. M. **Arlington.**

Religion unites Heaven and Earth. — METHODIST HYMNS.

1 HAPPY the souls to Jesus joined,
And saved by grace alone;
Walking in all his ways, they find
Their heaven on earth begun.

2 The church triumphant in thy love,
Their mighty joys we know;
They sing the Lamb in hymns above,
And we in hymns below.

3 Thee in thy glorious realm they praise,
And bow before thy throne:
We, in the kingdom of thy grace;
The kingdoms are but one.

4 The holy to the holiest leads;
From thence our spirits rise;
And he that in thy statutes treads,
Shall meet thee in the skies.

167. C. M. **Dedham.**

Religion, a Comforter and Guide. — ANON.

1 RELIGION's dictates can assuage
The tempest of the soul;
And every fear shall cease to rage,
At her divine control.

2 Through life's bewildered, darksome way
Her hand unerring leads,
And o'er the path her heavenly ray
A cheering lustre sheds.

3 When feeble reason, tired and blind,
Sinks helpless and afraid,
This blest supporter of the mind
Affords a powerful aid.

4 O may our hearts confess her power,
And find a sweet relief,
To brighten every gloomy hour,
And soften every grief.

168. C. M. **Newton.**

Religion the chief Concern. — FAWCETT.

1 RELIGION is the chief concern
Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
Its sovereign virtue know.

2 More needful this than glittering wealth,
Or aught the world bestows;
Not reputation, food, or health,
Can give us such repose,

3 Religion should our thoughts engage,
Amidst our youthful bloom;
'T will fit us for declining age
And for the awful tomb.

4 O may my heart, by grace renewed,
Be my Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued,
His government to own.

5 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be joined with godly fear;
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

169. S. M. **Olmutz.**

The Voice of Wisdom. — M. P. B.

1 The voice of Wisdom cries,
Soul, keep life's end in view;
And while its hours so swiftly fly,
Cautious thy way pursue.

2 Accept of pardon now,
The joys of heaven are thine;
Among the blissful throng above
Thou shalt forever shine.

3 Reject, and with the lost,
In darkness and despair,
Henceforth thou must forever dwell,
And find no mercy there.

4 The voice of Wisdom heed,
And trifle not with time;
But prize each fleeting, passing hour,
Nor for its sake, but thine.

170. C. M. Woodland

Religion, the Path to Heaven. — HOWE'S HYMNS.

1 THERE is a path that leads to God,
All others go astray;
Narrow, but pleasant, is the road,
And Christians love the way.

2 It leads straight through this world of sin,
And dangers must be past;
But those who boldly walk therein,
Will come to heaven at last:

3 While the broad road, where thousands go,
Lies near, and opens fair;
And many turn aside, we know,
To walk with sinners there.

4 But, lest our feeble steps should slide,
Or wander from the way,
Lord, condescend to be our guide,
And we shall never stray.

171. C. M. Nichols

Supporting Grace. — HUDSON.

1 How happy is the Christian's state!
His sins are all forgiven;
A cheering ray confirms the grace,
And lifts his hopes to heaven.

2 Though, in the rugged path of life,
He heaves the pensive sigh,
Yet, trusting in the Lord, he finds
Supporting grace is nigh.

3 If, to prevent his wandering steps,
He feels the chastening rod,
The gentle stroke shall bring him back
To his forgiving God.

4 And when the welcome message comes,
To call his soul away,
His soul in raptures will ascend
To everlasting day.

172. C. M. **Arlington.**

The Christian's Hope. — CHRISTIAN MELODY.

1 How happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven;
This earth, he cries, is not my place, —
I seek my home in heaven.

2 A country far from mortal sight,
Yet O! by faith I see;
The land of rest, the saint's delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

3 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly powers,
And antedate that day;

4 We know the resurrection 's near,
Our life in Christ 's concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our joyous souls are filled.

173. C. M. **Dedham.**

Benefits of Religion. — DODDRIDGE.

1 O HAPPY Christian, who can boast,
The Son of God is mine!
Happy, though humbled in the dust —
Rich in this gift divine.

2 He lives the life of heaven below,
And shall forever live;
Eternal streams from Christ shall flow,
And endless vigor give.

CONVERT.

174. L. M. **Uxbridge.**

The Happy Day. — DODDRIDGE.

1 O HAPPY day that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'T is done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest my long divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possessed.

175. L. M. **Scotch Air.**

The Star of Bethlehem. — H. K. WHITE.

1 WHEN, marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering hosts bestud the sky,
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark! hark! — to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks, —
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned — and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

4 Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem; —
When suddenly a star arose, —
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

5 It was my guide, my light, my all;
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

6 Now safely moored — my perils o'er,
I 'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and for evermore,
The Star — the Star of Bethlehem!

176. C. M. **Arlington.**

Convert's Devotion to Christ. — STEELE.

1 JESUS! to thy celestial light
My dawn of hope I owe;
Once wandering in the gloom of night,
And lost in shades of woe.

2 Thy gracious hand redeemed the slave,
And set the prisoner free:
Be all I am, and all I have,
Devoted, Lord, to thee.

3 Here at thy feet I wait thy will,
And live upon thy word;
O give me warmer love and zeal,
To serve my dearest Lord.

177. L. M. **Ward.**

Forsaking sinful Pleasures. — WATTS.

1 I SEND the joys of earth away;
Away, ye tempters of the mind!
False as the smooth, deceitful sea,
And empty as the whistling wind.

2 Your streams were floating me along
Down to the gulf of black despair;
And while I listened to your song,
Your streams had e'en conveyed me there.

3 Lord, I adore thy matchless grace,
That warned me of that dark abyss,
That drew me from those treacherous seas,
And bade me seek superior bliss.

4 Now to the shining realms above
I stretch my hands, and glance mine eyes;
O for the pinions of a dove,
To bear me to the upper skies!

178. C. M. **St. Martin's.**

"Hinder me not." — Gen. xxiv. 56. — DR. RYLAND.

1 IN all my Lord's appointed ways
My journey I'll pursue;
"Hinder me not," ye much-loved saints,
For I must go with you.

2 Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where he goes;
"Hinder me not," shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose.

3 Through duty, and through trials too,
I'll go at his command;
"Hinder me not," for I am bound
To my Immanuel's land.

4 And when my Saviour calls me home,
My joyful cry shall be,
"Hinder me not;" come, welcome death;
I'll gladly go with thee.

179. L. M. **Hebron.**

Self-dedication to God. — PRES. DAVIES.

1 LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased alone by blood divine;
With full consent I yield to thee,
And own thy sovereign right to me.

2 Grant me, in mercy, now a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thee my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all:
Lord, let me live and die to thee;
Be thine through all eternity.

180. C. M. **Ballerma.**

Self-consecration. — CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

1 YES, I will be forever thine,
Bought at the price of blood;
My feeble powers shall all combine
To serve the living God.

2 Body and spirit, time and health,
And influence are the Lord's;
Honor, or fame, or friends, or wealth,
All that my lot affords.

3 I consecrate my all to thee,
Here at thy mercy-seat;
Poor as the offering may be,
I lay it at thy feet.

181. C. M. **Woodstock.**

Hope of Conversion. — N. COLVER.

1 I LOVE to think of that blest hour
When Jesus made me his;
Subdued me by his Spirit's power,
And hushed my soul to peace.

2 He gave me eyes my Lord to see,
As one that had been slain;
And whispered, "This I bore for thee,
For thee endured the pain."

3 He gave me ears his voice to hear,
And then for me he cried,
"Father, this mourning sinner spare;"
And showed his wounded side.

4 And then he looked on me and smiled,
And spake my sins "forgiven;"
He owned me his adopted child,
And sealed me heir of heaven.

5 'T was then I learned his saving power,
And tuned my heart to praise;
The fragrance of that hallowed hour
Shall sweeten all my days.

182. C. M. **Dedham.**

Self-dedication. — BOURNE'S COLL.

1 O SAVIOUR, welcome to my heart;
Possess thy humble throne;
Bid every rival hence depart,
And claim me for thy own.

2 The world and Satan I forsake;
To thee I all resign;
My longing heart, O Saviour, take,
And fill with love divine.

3 O, may I never turn aside,
Nor from thy bosom flee;
Let nothing here my heart divide;
I give it all to thee.

182. C. P. M. **Ganges.**

The New Birth. — John iii. — Ockum.

1 Awaked by Sinai's awful sound,
My soul in bonds of guilt I found,
And knew not where to go;
Eternal truth did loud proclaim,
The sinner must be born again,
Or sink to endless woe.

2 When to the law I trembling fled,
It poured its curses on my head —
I no relief could find;
This fearful truth increased my pain,
The sinner must be born again,
And whelmed my tortured mind.

3 The saints I heard with rapture tell
How Jesus conquered death and hell,
And broke the fowler's snare:
Yet when I found this truth remain,
The sinner must be born again,
I sunk in deep despair.

4 But while I thus in anguish lay,
The gracious Saviour passed this way,
And filled my heart with love;
The sinner, by his justice slain,
Now by his grace is born again,
And hopes for bliss above.

184. C. M. **Peterboro'.**

Conversion. — WATTS.

1 WHEN God revealed his gracious name,
And changed my mournful state,
My rapture seemed a pleasing dream,
The grace appeared so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
And did thy hand confess;
My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
And sung surprising grace.

3 Great is the work! — my neighbors cried,
And owned the power divine;
Great is the work! — my heart replied,
And be the glory thine.

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
Can give us day for night;
Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
To rivers of delight.

185. P. M. **How happy are they.**

The new Convert. — John xiii. 17. — SELECT HYMNS.

1 O HOW happy are they
Who their Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above! —
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine
When the favor divine
I had found in the blood of the Lamb.
When at first I believed,
What true joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus' dear name!

3 'T was a heaven below
My Redeemer to know;
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song:
O, that all his salvation might see!
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died
To redeem such a rebel as me!

186 8s. & 6s. **Woodland.**

Changed by Grace. — HOWE'S HYMNS.

1 O, WHY should sinful men below,
To wild delusions given,
Beneath their feet the gospel throw,
And thus their hopes of peace forego,
And all the joys of heaven?

2 Too long, indeed, with love divine,
My soul, like theirs, had striven;
Now, changed by grace, this heart of mine
Can all the charms of earth resign,
And seek its rest in heaven.

3 No more, with mercy's self at war,
On error's waves I 'm driven;
From sin's dark shoals I steer me far,
My Saviour's smile my polar star,
My home the port of heaven.

187. C. M. **Mear.**

Joy in Heaven. — NEEDHAM.

1 Oh, how divine, how sweet the joy,
When but one sinner turns,
And with an humble, broken heart,
His sins and errors mourns!

2 Pleased with the news, the saints below
In songs their tongues employ;
Beyond the skies the tidings go,
And heaven is filled with joy.

3 Well pleased, the Father sees and hears
The conscious sinner's moan;
Jesus receives him in his arms,
And claims him for his own.

4 Nor angels can their joys contain,
But kindle with new fire:
"The sinner lost is found," they sing,
And strike the sounding lyre.

188. L. M. **Duke Street.**

Joy in Heaven for a repenting Sinner. — WATTS.

1 Who can describe the joys that rise,
Through all the courts of Paradise,
To see a penitent return, —
To see an heir of glory born?

2 With joy the Father does approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down, and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he formed anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

189. C. M. Lancashire.

Convert's Deadness to the World. — NEWTON.

1 LET worldly minds the world pursue,
It has no charms for me;
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace has set me free.

2 As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed;
So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is revealed.

3 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone,
And wholly live to thee;
But may I hope that thou wilt own
A worthless worm like me?

4 Yes, though of sinners I 'm the worst,
I cannot doubt thy will;
For, if thou hadst not loved me first,
I had refused thee still.

190. C. P. M. Foster.

The Penitent surrendering. — NEWTON.

1 LORD, thou hast won — at length I yield;
My heart, by mighty grace compelled,
Surrenders all to thee:
Against thy terrors long I strove,
But who can stand against thy love? —
Love conquers even me.

2 If thou hadst bid thy thunders roll,
And lightnings flash to awe my soul,
I still had stubborn been:
But mercy has my heart subdued,
A bleeding Saviour I have viewed,
And now I hate my sin.

3 Now, Lord, I would be thine alone;
Come, take possession of thine own,
For thou hast set me free;
Released from Satan's hard command,
See all my powers in waiting stand,
To be employed by thee.

191. P. M. **Convert's Farewell.**

Convert's Farewell. — REVIVAL MELODIES.

1 FAREWELL, dear friends, I may not stay;
The home I seek is far away;
Where Christ is not, I cannot be —
This land is not the land for me.
This world is not my home,
This world is not my home;
This world is all a wilderness,
This world is not my home.

2 I've found the winding path of sin
A rugged path to travel in;
Beyond the chilly waves I see
The land my Saviour bought for me.
This world, &c.

3 Praise be to God! our hope on high;
The angels sing, and so will I;
Where seraphs bow and bend the knee,
O, that's the land — the land for me.
This world, &c.

REVIVAL.

192. 8s. 7s. & 4s. Greenville.

Prayer for a Revival. — NEWTON.

1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain!
All will come to desolation
Unless thou return again.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.

2 Keep no longer at a distance;
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent;
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power;
Turn the stony heart to flesh;
And begin from this good hour
To revive thy work afresh.
Lord, revive us;
All our help must come from thee.

193. P. M. The Revival.

The Revival. — Robert Turnbull.

1 Sinners are bending
Low at the throne,
Jesus is sending
His Spirit down,
Sunlight is beaming
Soft from the sky;
Bright are the visions
That gleam on the eye.

2 Angels are watching
Over the place,
Glad souls are singing
Wonders of grace;
Mercy is shedding
Bliss from on high,
Freed hearts are soaring
Away to the sky!

194. S. M. Olmutz.

Prayer for a Revival. — Hastings.

1 O Lord! thy work revive
In Zion's gloomy hour;
And make our feeble graces thrive,
By thy restoring power.

2 O let thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer!
Their solemn vows again renew,
And walk in filial fear.

3 Thy Spirit then will speak,
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break, —
Till rebels shall obey.

4 Now lend thy gracious ear,
Now listen to our cry;
O come, and bring salvation near! —
Our souls on thee rely.

195. L. M. **Wells.**

Prayer for the Increase of the Church. — DODDRIDGE.

1 HEAR, gracious Sovereign, from thy throne,
And send thy various blessings down:
While by thy children thou art sought,
Attend the prayer thy word hath taught.

2 Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill the coldest heart with love;
Soften to flesh the flinty stone,
And let thy gracious power be known.

3 O, let the joyful converts wait
Numerous around thy temple-gate;
Each pressing on with zeal, to be
A living sacrifice to thee.

196. 8s. & 7s. **Sicily.**

Prayer for spiritual Influence. — BURDER'S COLL.

1 HOLY GHOST, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of nature's night;
Come, thou source of joy and gladness,
Breathe thy life and spread thy light.

2 Hear, O hear our supplication,
Blesséd Spirit! God of peace!
Rest upon this congregation,
With th' abundance of thy grace.

3 Author of our new creation,
Bid us all thine influence prove;
Make our souls thy habitation;
Shed abroad the Saviour's love.

197. C. M. Auld Lang Syne.

Christian Union in Revival.

1 Hail! sweetest, dearest tie that binds
Our glowing hearts in one;
Hail! sacred hope, that tunes our minds
To harmony divine.
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given —
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven;
We all shall meet in heaven at last,
We all shall meet in heaven;
The hope, when days and years are past,
We all shall meet in heaven.

2 What though the northern wintry blast
Shall howl around our cot;
What though beneath an eastern sun
Be cast our distant lot;
Yet still we share the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given, &c.

3 From Burmah's shores, from Afric's strand,
From India's burning plain,
From Europe, from Columbia's land,
We hope to meet again.
It is the hope, the blissful hope,
Which Jesus' grace has given, &c.

4 No lingering look, no parting sigh,
Our future meeting knows;
There friendship beams from every eye,
And home immortal grows.
O, sacred hope, O, blissful hope!
Which Jesus' grace has given, &c.

198. C. M. **Dundee.**

Converting Grace implored. — N. COLVER.

1 COME, Lord, in mercy come again,
With thy converting power;
The fields of Zion thirst for rain,
O send a gracious shower!

2 Our hearts are filled with sore distress,
While sinners all around
Are pressing on to endless death,
And no relief is found.

3 Dear Saviour, come with quick'ning power,
Thy mourning people cry;
Salvation bring in mercy's hour,
Nor let the sinner die.

4 Once more let converts throng thy house,
And shouts of victory raise;
Then shall our griefs be turned to joy,
And sighs, to songs of praise.

199. L. M. **Park Street.**

Rejoicing in Revival. — DODDRIDGE.

1 REJOICE, for Christ, the Saviour reigns;
He spreads his triumphs all abroad,
And sinners, cleansed from all their stains,
Own him their Saviour and their God.

2 His sons and daughters from afar
Daily at Zion's gate arrive;
Those who were dead in sin before
By sov'reign grace are made alive.

3 O, may his conquests still increase,
And ev'ry foe his power subdue!
While angels celebrate his praise,
And saints his growing glories show.

200. **S. M.** **St. Theodulph.**

Praise for a Revival.—Swain.

1 Who can forbear to sing,
Who can refuse to praise,
When Zion's high, celestial King
His saving power displays?

2 When sinners at his feet,
By mercy conquered, fall?
When grace, and truth, and justice meet,
And peace unites them all?

3 Who can forbear to praise,
When angel-notes prolong,
O'er sinners turning from their ways,
The high, seraphic song?

201. **7s.** **Nuremburg.**

The little Cloud.—I Kings xviii. 44.—Village Hymns.

1 Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land!

2 Lo, the promise of a show'r,
Drops already from above!
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the blessings of his love.

3 When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day;
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its wid'ning way.

4 Sons of God, your Saviour praise;
He the door hath opened wide;
He hath given the word of grace;
Jesus' word is glorified.

202. 7s. Wilmot.

Praise for a Revival. — R. Palmer.

1 Fount of everlasting love!
Rich thy streams of mercy are —
Flowing purely from above;
Beauty marks their course afar.

2 Lo, thy church, thy garden now
Blooms beneath the heavenly shower!
Sinners feel, and melt, and bow:
Mild, yet mighty, is thy power.

3 God of grace, before thy throne
Here our warmest thanks we bring;
Thine the glory — thine alone:
Loudest praise to thee we sing.

4 Hear, O hear, our grateful song;
Let thy Spirit still descend;
Roll the tide of grace along,
Widening, deepening, to the end.

203. 7s. Hendon.

The favored Hour. — E. Bradford.

1 'T is the blest, the favored hour —
Now to seek thy God begin;
'T is the Spirit's voice divine,
Woos thee from the paths of sin.

2 'T is the blest, the favored hour —
Jesus offers pardon free;
Mildly pointing to the cross,
Where his blood was shed for thee.

3 Soon the favored hour may pass —
Soon the Spirit take its flight;
Hasten while the Saviour calls —
O no longer mercy slight.

205. H. M. **Bethesda.**

Effects of a Revival. — DODDRIDGE.

1 PRAISE to the Lord on high,
Who spreads his triumphs wide!
While Jesus' fragrant name
Is breathed on every side;
Balmy and rich the odors rise,
And fill the earth and reach the skies.

2 Poor, sinful, dying souls
Its influence feel — and live;
Sweeter than vital air
The incense they receive:
They breathe anew, and rise and sing —
Jesus, the Lord, their conquering King.

3 But they, who scorn the grace
That brings salvation nigh,
And turn away their face,
Must faint, and fall, and die:
So sad a doom, ye saints, deplore;
For O, they fall to rise no more!

206. L. M. **Uxbridge.**

O Sun of Righteousness, arise. — VILLAGE HYMNS.

1 O SUN of righteousness, arise!
With gentle beams on Zion shine;
Dispel the darkness from our eyes,
And souls awake to life divine.

2 On all around, let grace descend,
Like heavenly dew, or copious showers;
That we may call our God our friend, —
That we may hail salvation ours.

207. C. M. Hosanna.

Spirit of Holiness. — BATHURST.

1 SPIRIT of holiness, look down,
Our fainting hearts to cheer;
And, when we tremble at thy frown,
O, bring thy comforts near.

2 The fear which thy convictions wrought,
O, let thy grace remove;
And may the souls which thou hast taught
To weep, now learn to love.

3 Now let thy saving mercy heal
The wounds it made before;
Now on our hearts impress thy seal,
That we may doubt no more.

4 Complete the work thou hast begun,
And make our darkness light,
That we a glorious race may run,
Till faith be lost in sight.

5 Then, as our wondering eyes discern
The Lord's unclouded face,
In fitter language we shall learn
To sing triumphant grace.

208. L. M. Duke Street.

Zion's Increase prayed for. — WINCHELL'S SUP.

1 REVIVE thy churches, Lord, with grace;
Forgive our sins and grant us peace;
Rouse us from sloth, our hearts inflame;
Kindle our zeal for Jesus' name.

2 May young and old thy word receive;
Poor sinners hear thy voice and live,
The wounded conscience healing find,
And joy refresh each drooping mind.

209. 11s. **Portuguese Hymn.**

Why sleep ye? — MILLENNIAL HARP.

1 WHY sleep ye, my brethren? come, let us arise;
O, why should we slumber in sight of the prize?
Salvation is nearer, our days are far spent;
O, let us be active; awake! and repent.

2 O, how can we slumber! the Master is come,
And calling on sinners to seek them a home;
The Spirit and Bride now in concert unite,
The weary they welcome, the careless invite.

3 O, how can we slumber! when so much was done,
To purchase salvation, by Jesus the Son!
Now mercy is proffered, and justice displayed,
Now God can be honored, and sinners be saved.

210. S. M. **St. Thomas.**

A brighter Day in Prospect. — VILLAGE HYMNS.

1 THE day is drawing nigh,
Still brighter far than this,
When converts like a cloud shall fly
To seek the realms of bliss.

2 What blesséd scenes of joy
Shall burst upon our sight,
When sinners up to Zion's hill
Like doves shall speed their flight.

3 Beneath thy balmy wing,
O Son of righteousness,
These happy souls shall sit and sing
The wonders of thy grace.

CHRISTIAN EXPERIENCE AND PRACTICE.

GRACE.

211. 8s. & 7s. **Bavaria.**

Debtor to Grace. — ROBINSON.

1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise:
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount — O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I 'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I 'm constrained to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here 's my heart; Lord, take and seal it;
Seal it from thy courts above.

212. S. M. **Shirland.**

Abba, Father. — WATTS.

1 BEHOLD, what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our Head.

3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure;
May purify our souls from sin,
As Christ, the Lord, is pure.

213. S. M. **Silver Street.**

Salvation all of Grace. — DODDRIDGE.

1 GRACE! 't is a charming sound;
Harmonious to the ear;
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived the way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet,
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

214. C. M. **Dundee.**

Depending on Grace. — NEWTON.

1 AMAZING grace — how sweet the sound! —
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found, —
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'T was grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come;
'T is grace hath brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 Yea, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
And mortal life shall cease,
I shall possess, within the veil,
A life of joy and peace.

215. C. M. **Dundee.**

Prayer for Grace. — DODDRIDGE.

1 SOVEREIGN of all the worlds on high,
Allow my humble claim;
Nor, when I raise my guilty head,
Disdain a father's name.

2 My Father — God! how sweet the sound!
How tender, and how dear!
Not all the harmony of heaven
Could so delight the ear.

3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart;
And show that in Jehovah's grace,
I share a filial part.

SELF-DENIAL.

216. C. M. **Dundee.**

Self-Denial. — RIPPON.

1 AND must I part with all I have,
My dearest Lord, for thee?
It is but right, since thou hast done
Much more than this for me.

2 Yes, let it go; one look from thee
Will more than make amends
For all the losses I sustain,
Of credit, riches, friends.

3 Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives,
How worthless they appear,
Compared with thee, supremely good,
Divinely bright and fair!

4 Saviour of souls, could I from thee
A single smile obtain,
Though destitute of all things else,
I 'd glory in my gain.

217. C. M. **Newton.**

Necessity of Self-Denial. — WATTS.

1 STRAIT is the way — the door is strait,
That leads to joys on high:
'T is but a few that find the gate,
While crowds mistake and die.

2 Beloved self must be denied,
The mind and will renewed,
Passion suppressed — and patience tried,
And vain desires subdued.

3 Lord, can a feeble, helpless worm
Fulfil a task so hard?
Thy grace must all the work perform,
And give the free reward.

FAITH.

218. C. M. Dedham.

The Power of Faith. — TURNER.

1 FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss,
And saves me from its snares;
Its aid in every duty brings,
And softens all my cares; —

2 Extinguishes the thirst of sin,
And lights the sacred fire
Of love to God and heavenly things,
And feeds the pure desire.

3 The wounded conscience knows its power
The healing balm to give:
That balm the saddest heart can cheer,
And make the dying live.

4 Wide it unveils celestial worlds,
Where deathless pleasures reign;
And bids me seek my portion there,
Nor bids me seek in vain; —

5 Shows me the precious promise, sealed
With the Redeemer's blood;
And helps my feeble hope to rest
Upon a faithful God.

219. L. M. **Duke Street.**

Faith, our Guide. — WATTS.

1 'T is by the faith of joys to come,
We walk through deserts dark as night;
Till we arrive at heaven, our home,
Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
She makes the pearly gates appear;
Far into distant worlds she pries,
And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
While faith inspires a heavenly ray;
Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
And rocks and dangers fill the way.

220. C. M. **Woodland.**

Increase of Faith desired. — STEELE.

1 ALAS! what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven O let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

2 O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

3 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When foes and fears prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.

4 O keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

[illegible] S. M. [illegible]

Faith in Christ our Sacrifice. — WATTS.

1 Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine, —
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursed tree;
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

[illegible] 8s. & 7s. [illegible]

Faith I need. — COLLYER.

1 Faith I need; O Lord, bestow it;
Give my laboring mind relief;
Oft, alas! I doubt — I know it —
Help, O help my unbelief!

2 Dearest Saviour, by thy merit,
May I gain a future crown;
Guide, O guide me by thy Spirit,
Till these storms are overblown.

223. C. M. St. Martin's.

Faith, the Evidence of Things not seen. — WATTS.

1 FAITH is the brightest evidence
Of things beyond our sight;
It pierces through the veil of sense,
And dwells in heavenly light.

2 It sets time past in present view,
Brings distant prospects home,
Of things a thousand years ago,
Or thousand years to come.

3 By faith we know the world was made
By God's almighty word;
We know the heavens and earth shall fade,
And be again restored.

4 Abraham obeyed the Lord's command,
From his own country driven;
By faith he sought a promised land,
But found his rest in heaven.

5 Thus through life's pilgrimage we stray,
The promise in our eye;
By faith we walk the narrow way,
That leads to joy on high.

224. S. M. Pentonville.

Preciousness of Faith. — Eph. ii. 8. — DODDRIDGE.

1 FAITH — 't is a precious grace,
Where'er it is bestowed;
It boasts of a celestial birth,
And is the gift of God.

2 Jesus it owns as King
And all-atoning Priest;
It claims no merit of its own,
But looks for all in Christ.

3 To him it leads the soul,
When filled with deep distress;
Flies to the fountain of his blood,
And trusts his righteousness.

4 Since 't is thy work alone,
And that divinely free;
Lord, send the Spirit of thy Son,
To work this faith in me.

225. C. M. **Mear.**

Prayer for strong Faith. — BATH COLL.

1 O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe; —

2 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That when in danger knows no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt; —

3 That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That seas of trouble cannot drown,
Nor Satan's arts beguile; —

4 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Lights up a dying bed.

5 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We 'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

226. C. M. Ballerma.

Faith the Gift of God.—PERCY CHAPEL COLL.

1 FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee;
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go?

2 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
O, may I now receive that gift!
My soul, without it, dies.

227. 6s. & 4s. Olivet.

Faith looking to Christ.—R. PALMER.

1 MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary;
Saviour divine;
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee,
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll;
Blest Saviour, then in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
O bear me safe above —
A ransomed soul.

228. S. H. M. **Moulton.**

Excellence of Faith. — Ch. Watchman.

1 Faith is the Christian's prop,
Whereon his sorrows lean;
It is the substance of his hope,
His proof of things unseen;
It is the anchor of his soul
When tempests rage and billows roll.

2 Faith is the polar star
That guides the Christian's way,
Directs his wanderings from afar
To realms of endless day;
It points the course where'er he roam,
And safely leads the pilgrim home.

3 Faith is the rainbow's form
Hung on the brow of heaven,
The glory of the passing storm,
The pledge of mercy given;
It is the bright, triumphal arch,
Through which the saints to glory march.

4 The faith that works by love,
And purifies the heart,
A foretaste of the joys above
To mortals can impart;
It bears us through this earthly strife,
And triumphs in immortal life.

HOPE.

229. C. M. **Newton.**

Hoping, yet trembling. — STEWARD.

1 My soul would fain indulge a hope
To reach the heavenly shore,
And when I drop this dying flesh
That I shall sin no more.

2 I hope to hear, and join, the song
That saints and angels raise,
And, while eternal ages roll,
To sing eternal praise.

3 But O this dreadful heart of sin!
It may deceive me still,
And, while I look for joys above,
May plunge me down to hell.

4 Come, then, O blessed Jesus, come!
To me thy Spirit give;
Shine through a dark, benighted soul,
And bid a sinner live.

230 C. M. **Woodland.**

The precious Hope.

1 There is a hope, a precious hope,
The world can never give,
And when all other hopes are fled,
This blesséd hope shall live.

2 This world is not its native place;
'T is not by mortals given;
It enters that within the veil —
'T is anchored fast in heaven.

3 'T is built upon the Saviour's blood,
And on his dying love;
It points the lonely wanderer here
Up to a home above.

4 It whispers in the sinner's ear
Of crimes and sins forgiven,
And promises his weary soul
A peace and rest in heaven.

5 Nor time, nor space, nor life, nor death,
Shall e'er this hope remove;
Eternity's unceasing years
Its endless life shall prove.

LOVE.

231. C. M. **Ballerma.**

Holy Love. — WATTS.

1 HAPPY the heart where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast;
Love is the brightest of the train,
And strengthens all the rest.

2 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'T is this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.

3 Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our smiling God.

232. S. M. Shirland

Influence of Love. — HYMNS OF ZION.

1 LOVE is the strongest tie
That can our hearts unite;
Love makes our service liberty,
Our every burden light.

2 We run in God's commands,
When love directs the way;
With willing hearts, and active hands,
Our Maker's will obey.

3 Love softens all our toil,
And makes our bondage blest;
The gloomy desert wears a smile
When love inspires the breast.

4 When we ascend the skies,
And see the Saviour's face,
Love will to full perfection rise,
And reign through all the place.

233. L. M. Duke Street

Penitential Love. — REED.

1 O THAT I could like Mary dwell
Forever at my Saviour's feet,
And view the form I love so well,
And all his tender words repeat!

2 The world shut out from all my soul,
And heaven brought in with all its bliss;
O, is there aught from pole to pole,
One moment to compare with this?

3 This is the hidden life I prize,
A life of penitential love,
When most my follies I despise,
And raise the highest thoughts above.

224. C. M. Woodstock.

Supreme Love to Christ. — STEELE.

1 Ye earthly vanities, depart;
Forever hence remove:
Jesus alone deserves my heart,
And every thought of love.

2 His heart, where love and pity dwelt
In all their softest forms,
Sustained the heavy load of guilt
For lost, rebellious worms.

3 Can I my bleeding Saviour view,
And yet ungrateful prove?
And pierce his wounded heart anew,
And grieve his injured love?

4 Dear Lord, forbid! — O bind this heart —
This roving heart of mine
So firm, that it may ne'er depart,
In chains of love divine.

225. L. M. Hebron.

Love to Christ.

1 Of all the joys we mortals know,
Jesus, thy love exceeds the rest;
Love, the best blessing here below,
The highest rapture of the blest.

2 While we are held in thine embrace
There's not a thought attempts to rove;
Each smile that's seen upon thy face
Fixes, and charms, and fires our love.

3 When of thine absence we complain,
And long, and weep, and humbly pray;
There's a strange pleasure in the pain;
Those tears are sweet which mourn thy stay.

[illegible]. C. M. [illegible]

Love for Christ. — DODDRIDGE.

1 JESUS, I love thy charming name,
'T is music to my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That earth and heaven might hear.

2 Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust:
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.

3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In thee doth richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.

4 I 'll speak the honors of thy name,
With my last laboring breath;
And dying, clasp thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

[illegible]. S. M. Pentonville.

My God, my Love. — WATTS.

1 MY God, my life, my love,
To thee, to thee I call;
I cannot live, if thou remove,
For thou art all in all.

2 Nor earth, nor all the sky
Can one delight afford;
No, not a drop of real joy,
Without thy presence, Lord.

3 Thou art the sea of love,
Where all my pleasures roll;
The circle, where my passions move,
And centre of my soul.

238. C. M. Nichols.

Love of Christ celebrated. — SMELL.

1 To our Redeemer's glorious name
Awake the sacred song!
O, may his love — immortal flame —
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach?
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch,
In wonder, dies away.

3 Dear Lord! while we adoring pay
Our humble thanks to thee,
May every heart with rapture say, —
"The Saviour died for me!"

JOY.

239. C. P. M. Foster.

The Christian's Peace. — WINCHELL.

1 How peaceful is the Christian's breast!
Though by distressing cares oppressed,
How bright his prospects shine!
If comforts fly, or friends decay,
Or clouds obstruct the cheering ray
Which lights him on his heavenly way,
He sees the hand divine.

2 He knows, in heaven there dwells a friend,
Who lives, though life and time shall end,
And nature's reign be o'er;
Whose smiles the weary soul shall share;
Whose love shall crown the pilgrim there;
Nor aught of anguish, aught of care,
Disturb his passions more.

240. L. M. Uxbridge.

Rising to God. — GIBBONS.

1 Now let our souls, on wings sublime,
Rise from the vanities of time;
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

2 Children of a heavenly birth,
Why should we grovel here on earth?
Why grasp at these alluring toys,
In sight of heaven's eternal joys?

3 To dwell with God, to feel his love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
And the sweet expectation now
Is like the dawn of heaven below.

241. 7s. Nuremburg.

The joyful Traveller. — CENNICK.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Sing, ye little flock, and blest;
You near Jesus' throne shall rest;
There your seats are now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.

4 Lord! submissive make us go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

242. C. M. [illegible]

Rejoicing in God, our Father. — HEINBOTHAM.

1 COME, shout aloud the Father's grace,
And sing the Saviour's love;
Soon shall you join the glorious theme,
In loftier strains above.

2 God, the eternal, mighty God,
To dearer names descends;
Calls you his treasure and his joy,
His children and his friends.

3 My Father, God! and may these lips
Pronounce a name so dear?
Not thus could heaven's sweet harmony
Delight my listening ear.

243. C. M. Downs.

Humble Gratitude. — TAYLOR.

1 SINCE we, and all our treasures too,
Are his who reigns above;
Then is there nothing we can do,
To prove our grateful love?

2 A broken heart he 'll not despise —
It is his chief delight;
This is a humble sacrifice,
Well pleasing in his sight.

3 Though treasures brought before his throne
Would no acceptance find;
He kindly condescends to own
A meek and lowly mind.

4 This is an offering we may bring,
However mean our store;
The poorest child, the greatest king,
Can give him nothing more.

244. C. M. Mear.

The happy Christian. — WATTS.

1 O HAPPY soul that lives on high,
While men lie grovelling here!
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

2 His conscience knows no secret stings,
While grace and joy combine
To form a life whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

3 He waits in secret on his God;
His God in secret sees;
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.

4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world of time,
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

245. C. M. Dedham.

Christian Joy. — NEWTON.

1 Joy is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil;
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.

2 But where the Lord has planted grace,
And made his glories known,
There fruits of heavenly joy and peace
Are found, and there alone.

3 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pardoning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Gives joys like those above.

4 These are the joys which satisfy,
And sanctify the mind;
Which make the spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

246. C. M. **Marlow.**

Joy in God. — STEELE.

1 FROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise
In rapture-breathing sounds,
Range o'er the limits of the skies,
O'er heaven's eternal bounds.

2 There joys unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.

3 Lord, send a beam of light divine
To guide our upward aim;
With one reviving touch of thine,
Our languid hearts inflame.

4 O, then, on faith's sublimest wing,
Our ardent hope shall rise
To those bright scenes where pleasures spring
Immortal in the skies.

247. C. M. **Arlington.**

Delight in God. — DR. RYLAND.

1 O LORD, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.

2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same:
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name.

3 No good in creatures can be found
But may be found in thee;
I must have all things and abound,
While God is God to me.

4 O Lord, I cast my care on thee,
I triumph and adore;
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and praise thee more.

248. S. M. **Silver Street.**

Heavenly Joy on Earth. — WATTS.

1 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banished from the place;
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King
Should sound his praise abroad.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We 're marching through Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

249. C. M. Nichols.

Sun of Righteousness. — BEDDOME.

1 RISE, glorious Sun, supremely bright,
Diffuse thy rays abroad;
Scatter the shades of gloomy night,
And show the heavenly road.

2 With healing in thy wings, arise
On this dark soul of mine;
O pour thy glories from the skies,
And give me life divine.

3 Though painful thorns and fatal snares
Beset the path I go,
One ray of thine dispels my fears,
And guides me safely through.

250. 7s. Nuremburg

Rejoicing in Jesus. — MADAN'S COLL.

1 Now begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name;
Ye, who his salvation prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.

2 Ye, who see the Father's grace
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move,
Praise, and bless redeeming love.

3 Mourning souls, dry up your tears;
Banish all your sinful fears;
See your guilt and curse remove,
Cancelled by redeeming love.

4 Welcome all, by sin oppressed,
Welcome to his sacred rest!
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.

251. C. M. **Peterboro'.**

God's Presence is Light in Darkness. — WATTS.

1 My God! the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights;
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning-star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The opening heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his love is mine,
And whispers I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word,
And run with joy the shining way,
To me t my gracious Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith
Shall bear me conqueror through.

252. S. M. **Dover.**

Rejoicing. — DODDRIDGE.

1 Now let our voices join,
To form a sacred song;
Ye pilgrims, in Jehovah's ways
With music pass along.

2 All honor to his name,
Who marks the shining way;
To him who leads his followers on
To realms of endless day.

PRAYER.

253. C. M. **Mear.**

Prayer. — Beddome.

1 Prayer is the breath of God in man,
Returning whence it came;
Love is the sacred fire within,
And prayer the rising flame.

2 It gives the burdened spirit ease,
And soothes the troubled breast;
Yields comfort to the mourners here,
And to the weary rest.

3 When God inclines the heart to pray,
He hath an ear to hear;
To him there 's music in a groan,
And beauty in a tear.

4 The humble suppliant cannot fail
To have his wants supplied,
Since He for sinners intercedes
Who once for sinners died.

254. L. M. **Ward.**

The Mercy-Seat. — N. Butler.

1 How sweet, when worn with cares of life,
From all its busy scenes to flee;
To leave a while its toil and strife,
And hold communion, Lord, with thee!

2 When the tired spirit seeks its rest,
'T is there a sure repose I meet;
Tis there my wearied soul is blest,
Kneeling before thy mercy-seat.

3 When sin o'ercasts with clouds my sky,
And Jesus hides his face from me,
Then to thy mercy-seat I fly,
And bow in humble prayer to thee.

4 There, all the clouds of earth depart,
And heaven itself I almost see;
The Saviour whispers to my heart,
And shows his smiling face to me.

5 There Jesus' voice of love I hear;
There glory sheds its light around;
Eye never looked on things so fair;
Ear never heard so sweet a sound.

6 Thou Lamb of God! O, let me dwell
Forever at thy sacred feet,
To hear the voice I love so well,
And ne'er forsake the mercy-seat.

255. C. M. **Woodland.**

Walking with God. — COWPER.

1 OH, for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame,
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is that soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their mem'ry still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

256. C. M. **Ballerma.**

The Nature of Prayer. — MONTGOMERY.

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Unuttered or expressed,
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer the sublimest strains that reach
The majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gate of death —
He enters heaven with prayer.

257. C. M. **Dundee.**

Prayer for Sincerity. — SOCIAL HYMNS.

1 LORD, when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
O may we feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

2 Our contrite spirits pitying see; —
True penitence impart;
And let a healing ray, from thee,
Beam hope on every heart.

3 When we disclose our wants in prayer,
O, let our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.

4 Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts — 't is goodness still
That grants it, or denies.

258. C. M. **Arlington.**

Desires for Holiness. — CH. PSALMODY.

1 O, COULD I find, from day to day,
A nearness to my God,
Then would my hours glide sweet away,
While leaning on his word.

2 Lord, I desire with thee to live
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
And make me wholly thine,
That I may never more depart,
Nor grieve thy love divine.

259. L. M. Ware.

The Mercy-Seat. — STOWELL.

1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat —
'T is found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place, of all on earth most sweet —
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far — by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle-wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more,
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

260. L. M. Hebron.

Design of Prayer. — ANON.

1 PRAYER is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray;
For 't is by earnest prayer they live.

2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject; if sin distress;
In every case, still watch and pray.

3 'T is prayer supports the soul that 's weak:
Though thought be broken, language lame,
Pray if thou canst, or canst not speak;
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

261. L. M. **Hamburgh.**

Self-Examination. — DAVIES.

1 O WHAT am I? My soul, awake,
And search with care, there 's much at stake;
Does no dark sign, no ground of fear,
In practice or in heart appear?

2 What image does my spirit bear?
Is Jesus formed and living there?
Say, do his lineaments divine
In thought, and word, and action shine?

3 Searcher of hearts! O search me still;
The secrets of my soul reveal;
My fears remove; let me appear
To God and my own conscience clear.

4 Scatter the clouds that o'er my head
Thick glooms of dubious terrors spread;
Lead me into celestial day,
And, to myself, myself display.

262. C. M. **Naomi.**

The Request — Contentment. — STEELE.

1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise.

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that I am thine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end."

[illegible]. S. M. [illegible]

Christ will hear Prayer. — NEWTON.

1 JESUS, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us, all our griefs to tell,
To pray, and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear, —
We never plead in vain;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray, and pray again.

3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
His chosen when they cry;
Yes, though he may a while forbear,
He 'll help them from on high.

4 Then let us earnest cry,
And never faint in prayer;
He sees, he hears, and, from on high,
Will make our cause his care.

[illegible]. 7s. [illegible]

Cleaving to Christ. — HOWE'S HYMNS.

1 HOLY Jesus, lovely Lamb,
Thine, and only thine, I am;
Take my body, spirit, soul,
Only thou possess the whole.

2 Thou my dearest object be,
Let me ever cleave to thee;
Let me choose the better part,
Let me give thee all my heart.

3 Whom have I on earth below?
Only thee I wish to know;
Whom have I in heaven but thee?
Thou art all in all to me.

205. C. M. Dedham.

Refuge in God. — STEELE.

1 DEAR Father, to thy mercy-seat
My soul for shelter flies:
'T is here I find a safe retreat
When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,
If thou, my God, art near;
Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
And banish every fear.

3 My great Protector, and my Lord,
Thy constant aid impart;
O let thy kind, thy gracious word
Sustain my trembling heart.

4 O never let my soul remove
From this divine retreat;
Still let me trust thy power and love,
And dwell beneath thy feet.

206. C. M. Lanesboro'.

Devotion to God. — SELECT HYMNS.

1 ETERNAL Father, God of love!
To thee our hearts we raise;
Thy all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

2 Thine, wholly thine, we want to be;
Our sacrifice receive;
Made, and preserved, and saved by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

3 Come, Holy Ghost, the Saviour's love
Shed in our hearts abroad;
So shall we ever live and move,
And be with Christ in God.

267. L. M. **Hebron.**

Holy Aspirations. — WATTS.

1 My God, permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee:
Amid a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour go?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense;
One sovereign word can draw me thence:
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;
Let noise and vanity be gone:
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

268. 8s. 7s. & 4s. **Greenville.**

Pilgrim's Prayer. — OLIVER.

1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Bear me through the raging current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

269. C. M. Welford.

Desires for a pure Heart. — LYRA.

1 O FOR a heart to praise my God —
A heart from sin set free;
A heart made clean by thy rich blood,
So freely shed for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within.

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good —
A copy, Lord, of thine.

270. 7s. Hendon.

Fleeing to Christ. — WESLEY.

1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly;
While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high!

2 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide:
O receive my soul at last!

3 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me.

4 All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

271. S. M. **Laban.**

Watch and Pray. — HEATH.

1 My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
And hosts of sin are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou hast gained thy crown.

272. S. M. **Boylston.**

Attachment to Christ. — DODDRIDGE.

1 DEAR Saviour, we are thine,
By everlasting bonds;
Our names, our hearts, we would resign;
Our souls are in thy hands.

2 To thee we still would cleave
With ever-growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
O let them ne'er prevail.

3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee, our Head;
Shall form us to thy image bright,
That we thy paths may tread.

4 Since Christ and we are one,
Why should we doubt or fear?
If he in heaven has fixed his throne,
He 'll fix his members there.

273. S. M. **St. Thomas.**

Encouragement to Faithfulness. — MONTGOMERY.

1 OUR Captain leads us on;
He beckons from the skies;
He reaches out a starry crown,
And bids us take the prize.

2 "Be faithful unto death,
Partake my victory,
And thou shalt wear this glorious wreath,
And thou shalt reign with me."

3 Who conquer in his might
The victor's meed receive;
They claim a kingdom in his right,
Which God will freely give.

274. C. M. Dedham.

The Christian Soldier. — WATTS.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

275. C. M. Ballerma.

The Christian encompassed by Foes. — MONTGOMERY.

1 Encompassed by ten thousand ills,
And prest by angry foes;
I lift mine eyes unto the hills
From whence salvation flows.

2 My help is from the Lord, who made
And governs earth and sky;
I look to his Almighty aid,
And ever watching eye.

3 He who thy soul in safety keeps
Shall drive destruction hence;
The Lord, thy keeper, never sleeps,
The Lord is thy defence.

276. L. M. Uxbridge.

War proclaimed. — STENNETT.

1 JESUS, my King, proclaims the war:
"Awake! the powers of hell are near;
To arms! to arms!" I hear him cry;
"'T is yours to conquer, or to die."

2 Roused by the animating sound,
I cast my eager eyes around,
I haste to gird my armor on,
And bid each trembling fear begone.

3 Hope is my helmet, faith my shield,
The word of God the sword I wield;
With sacred truth my loins are girt,
And holy zeal inspires my heart.

4 Thus armed, I venture on the fight,
Resolved to put my foes to flight,
While Jesus kindly deigns to spread
His conquering banner o'er my head.

5 In him I hope, in him I trust;
His bleeding cross is all my boast:
Through troops of foes he 'll lead me on
To victory, and the victor's crown.

277. C. M. Mear.

Foes without and within. — DODDRIDGE.

1 AWAKE, my drowsy soul, awake,
And view the threatening scene;
Legions of foes encamp thee round,
And treason lurks within.

2 'T is not this mortal life alone
These enemies assail;
All thine eternal hopes are lost
If their attempts prevail.

3 Now to the work of God awake;
Thy Master never sleeps,
But holds thy deeds in full survey;
His hand the record keeps.

4 Tremendous thought! how it should urge
My soul to watch and pray;
The slumber from my spirit shake,
And onward speed my way.

278. 7s. & 6s. "Scots wha hae."

Soldiers, arise. — J. B. W.

1 Soldiers of the cross, arise!
Lo! your leader, from the skies,
Waves before you glory's prize,
The prize of victory.
Seize your armor — gird it on;
Now the battle will be won;
See! the strife will soon be done;
Then struggle manfully.

2 Jesus conquered when he fell,
Met and vanquished earth and hell;
Now, he leads you on, to swell
The triumphs of his cross.
Though all earth and hell appear,
Who will doubt, or who can fear?
God our strength and shield is near;
We cannot lose our cause.

3 Onward, then, ye hosts of God!
Jesus points the victor's rod —
Follow where your Leader trod;
You soon shall see his face.
Soon, your enemies all slain,
Crowns of glory you shall gain;
Rise to join that glorious train,
Who shout their Saviour's praise.

278. S. M. **St. Thomas.**

Hold fast the Shield. — METHODIST HYMNS.

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, lay hold
On faith's victorious shield;
Armed with that adamant and gold,
Be sure to win the field:

2 If faith surround your heart,
Satan shall be subdued,
Repelled his every fiery dart,
And quenched with Jesus' blood.

3 Jesus hath died for you!
What can his love withstand?
Believe, hold fast your shield, and who
Shall pluck you from his hand?

4 To keep your armor bright,
Attend with constant care;
Still walking in your Captain's sight,
And watching unto prayer.

279. C. M. **Marlow.**

The Soldier encouraged. — HYMNS OF ZION.

1 HARK! 't is our heavenly Leader's voice,
From his triumphant seat;
Midst all the war's tumultuous noise,
How powerful and how sweet!

2 "Fight on, my faithful band," he cries,
"Nor fear the mortal blow;
Who first in such a warfare dies,
Shall speediest victory know.

3 "I have my days of combat known,
And in the dust was laid;
But thence I mounted to my throne,
And glory crowns my head.

4 "That throne and glory you shall share,
My hands the crown shall give;
And you the radiant honors wear,
While God himself shall live."

281. 7s. & 6s. **Morning light.**

Confidence in God. — MONTGOMERY.

1 GOD is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My light, my help, is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm in the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul, with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate;
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.

282. S. M. **Olmutz.**

Christ, the Truth and the Way. — METHODIST COLL.

1 JESUS, my truth, my way,
My sure, unerring light,
On thee my feeble soul I stay,
Which thou wilt lead aright.

2 My wisdom, and my guide,
My counsellor thou art;
O never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart.

283. S. M. **Pentonville.**

The Christian's Warfare. — C. WESLEY.

1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And gird your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son;

2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
But take to arm you for the fight
The panoply of God:

4 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

284. C. M. **Nichols.**

The whole Armor. — PSALMIST.

1 O SPEED thee, Christian, on thy way,
And to thy armor cling;
With girded loins the call obey
That grace and mercy bring.

2 There is a battle to be fought,
An upward race to run,
A crown of glory to be sought,
A victory to be won.

3 The shield of faith repels the dart
That Satan's hand may throw;
His arrow cannot reach thy heart,
If Christ control the bow.

4 O, faint not, Christian, for thy sighs
Are heard before his throne;
The race must come before the prize,
The cross before the crown.

285. L. M. **Sterling.**

The Christian Warfare. — WATTS.

1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird the gospel armor on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where Jesus, thy great Captain's gone.

2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course;
But hell and sin are vanquished foes;
Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,
And sung the triumph when he rose.

3 Then let my soul march boldly on, —
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And glittering robes for conquerors wait.

4 There shall I wear a starry crown,
And triumph in almighty grace;
While all the armies of the skies
Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

CHRISTIAN RACE.

286. L. M. **Uxbridge.**

The heavenly Race. — WATTS.

1 AWAKE, our souls; away, our fears;
Let every trembling thought be gone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

2 True, 't is a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
Who feeds the strength of every saint.

3 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a full supply;
While those who trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

4 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We 'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid the heavenly road.

287. C. M. **Marlow.**

The Christian Race. — Doddridge.

1 Awake, my soul; stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'T is God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'T is his own hand presents the prize
To thine uplifted eye; —

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

288. 7s. & 6s. **Amsterdam.**

The Pilgrim's Song. — WHITEFIELD.

1 RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
Thy better portion trace;
Rise from transitory things
Toward heaven, thy native place:
Sun, and moon, and stars decay,
Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste away,
To seats prepared above.

2 Cease, ye pilgrims, cease to mourn,
Press onward to the prize;
Soon your Saviour will return,
Triumphant in the skies:
Yet a season, and you know
Happy entrance will be given;
All your sorrows left below,
And earth exchanged for heaven.

289. C. M. **Woodland.**

Not ashamed of Christ.

1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.

2 Jesus, my God! I know his name,
His name is all my trust;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.

3 Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.

4 Then will he own my worthless name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

WATCHFULNESS AND ZEAL.

290. S. M. **Dover.**

Christian Watchfulness. — C. WESLEY.

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky: —

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil, —
O, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thy grace rely,
To guard me safe through all the way,
To rest with thee on high.

291. 8s. & 7s. **Sicily.**

Sowing and Reaping. — CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

1 HE that goeth forth with weeping,
Bearing still the precious seed,
Never tiring, never sleeping,
All his labor shall succeed.

2 Then will fall the rain of heaven,
Then the sun of mercy shine;
Precious fruits will then be given,
Through an influence all divine.

3 Sow thy seed, be never weary,
Nor let fears thy mind employ;
Be the prospect ne'er so dreary,
Thou mayest reap the fruits of joy.

4 Lo, the scene of verdure brightening,
See the rising grain appear;
Look again! the fields are whitening;
Sure the harvest time is near.

292. 8s. & 7s. **Bavaria.**

The watchful Servants. — Cong. Mag.

1 Earthly joys no longer please us,
Here would we renounce them all,
Seek our only rest in Jesus —
Him our Lord and Master call.
Faith, our languid spirits cheering,
Points to brighter worlds above,
Bids us look for his appearing,
Bids us triumph in his love.

2 May our lights be always burning,
And our loins be girded round,
Waiting for our Lord's returning,
Longing for the welcome sound!
Thus the Christian life adorning,
Never will we be afraid;
Should he come at night or morning,
Early dawn or evening shade.

203. S. M. **Skirland.**

No Labor in vain. — MONTGOMERY

1 Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

2 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garners in the sky.

3 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry "harvest home!"

204. 6s. & 5s. **Portuguese Hymn.**

Be firm and be faithful. — ANON.

1 BE firm and be faithful,
Desert not the right,
The brave become bolder
The darker the night!
Then up and be doing,
Though cowards may fail;
Thy duty pursuing,
Dare all, and prevail.

2 If scorn be thy portion,
If hatred and loss,
If stripes and if prisons,
Remember the Cross!
Desert life or treasure,
But never the right;
The pain shall give pleasure,
And God shall requite.

BACKSLIDING.

295. L. M. **Hebron.**

The Wanderer called. — COLLYER.

1 RETURN, O wandering soul, return,
And seek an injured Father's face;
Those warm desires that in thee burn
Were kindled by redeeming grace.

2 Return, O wandering soul, return,
And seek a Father's melting heart;
His pitying eyes thy grief discern,
His heavenly balm shall heal thy smart.

3 Return, O wandering soul, return;
Thy dying Saviour bids thee live;
Go, view his bleeding side, and learn
How freely Jesus can forgive.

4 Return, O wandering soul, return,
And wipe away the falling tear;
"'T is God who says, "No longer mourn;"
'T is mercy's voice invites thee near.

296. S. M. **Olmutz.**

Backslider's Prayer. — METHODIST COLL.

1 O JESUS! full of grace,
To thee I make my moan;
Let me again behold thy face;
Call home thy banished one.

2 Again my pardon seal,
Again my soul restore,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And bid me sin no more.

3 Wilt thou not bid me rise?
Speak, and my soul shall live;
Forgive, my broken spirit cries,
Abundantly forgive.

4 Again thy love reveal,
Restore that inward heaven:
O grant me once again to feel,
Through faith, my sins forgiven.

297. C. M. **Woodland.**

Peace returning. — NEWTON.

1 Oh speak that gracious word again,
And cheer my drooping heart!
No voice but thine can soothe my pain,
And bid my fears depart.

2 And wilt thou still vouchsafe to own
A worm so vile as I?
And may I still approach thy throne,
And Abba, Father, cry?

3 My Saviour, by his powerful word,
Hath turned my night to day;
And all those heavenly joys restored
Which I had sinned away.

4 Dear Lord! I wonder and adore;
Thy grace is all divine;
O keep me, that I sin no more
Against such love as thine.

AFFLICTION.

298. 7s. **Hendon.**

Benefits of Trials. — COWPER.

1 'T is my happiness below,
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's power to know,
Sanctifying every loss.

2 Trials must and will befall;
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.

3 Trials make the promise sweet,
Trials give new life to prayer;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low, and keep me there.

299. C. M. **Dundee.**

How can I sink? — WATTS.

1 How can I sink with such a prop
As my eternal God,
Who bears the earth's huge pillars up,
And spreads the heavens abroad?

2 How can I die while Jesus lives,
Who rose and left the dead?
Pardon and grace my soul receives
From my exalted Head.

3 All that I am, and all I have,
Shall be forever thine;
Whate'er my duty bids me give,
My cheerful hands resign.

300. 8s. & 7s. **Mount Vernon.**

Prayer in Affliction. — S. Songs.

1 Gently, Lord, O gently lead us,
Through this lowly vale of tears;—
Through what trials yet await us,
Till our last great change appears.

2 When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

3 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear.

4 And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest;
Till by angel bands attended,
We awake among the blest.

301. C. M. **Ballerma.**

Submission, a Duty. — Beddome.

1 My times of sorrow and of joy,
Great God! are in thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.

2 If thou should'st take them all away,
Yet I ought not repine;
Before they were possessed by me,
They were entirely thine.

3 Nor should I drop a murmuring word,
Though the whole world were gone;
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.

302. C. M. **Downs.**

It is the Lord. — 1 Sam. iii. 18. — Green.

1 It is the Lord — enthroned in light,
Whose claims are all divine;
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.

2 It is the Lord — should I distrust,
Or contradict his will?
Who cannot do but what is just,
And must be righteous still?

3 It is the Lord — who can sustain
Beneath the heaviest load,
From whom assistance I obtain
To tread the thorny road.

4 It is the Lord — whose matchless skill
Can from afflictions raise
Matter, eternity to fill
With ever-growing praise.

303. L. M. **Hebron.**

Sanctified Affliction. — Watts.

1 Father, I bless thy gentle hand;
How kind was thy chastising rod,
That forced my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wandering soul to God.

2 Foolish and vain, I went astray
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord;
I left my guide, and lost my way;
But now I love and keep thy word.

3 'T is good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell;
'T is good to bear my Father's stroke,
That I might learn his statutes well.

304. C. M. **Dundee.**

The chastening Rod. — WATTS.

1 YES, I have found 't is good for me
To bear my Father's rod;
Afflictions make me learn thy law,
And live upon my God.

2 Had not thy word been my delight
When earthly joys were fled,
My soul, oppressed with sorrow's weight,
Had sunk among the dead.

3 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
Though they may seem severe;
The sharpest sufferings I endure
Flow from thy faithful care.

4 Before I knew thy chastening rod,
My feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
Nor wander from thy way.

305. C. M. **Lancshore's.**

The Lord gracious in Afflictions. — MONTGOMERY.

1 LORD, though thy wisdom takes away,
I 'll not arraign thy will;
No, rather let me meekly say,
The Lord is gracious still.

2 A pilgrim through the earth I roam,
Of nothing long possessed,
And all must fail when I go home,
For this is not my rest.

3 Write but my name upon the roll
Of thy redeemed above;
Then with my heart, and strength, and soul,
I 'll love thee for thy love.

206. S. M. **Boylston.**

The High Rock a Protection. — WATTS.

1 WHEN, overwhelmed with grief,
My heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all relief,
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 O lead me to the rock
That 's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
Forever I 'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

207. C. M. **Lancsboro'.**

Trust in God. — STEELE.

1 MY God, my Father, blissful name!
O may I call thee mine!
May I with sweet assurance claim
A portion so divine?

2 This only can my fears control,
And bid my sorrows fly;
What harm can ever reach my soul
Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er thy providence denies,
I calmly would resign,
For thou art good, and just, and wise;
O bend my will to thine.

4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
O give me strength to bear;
And let me know my Father reigns,
And trust his tender care.

308. 8s. & 7s. **Mount Vernon.**

"Thy Will be done."—MOTHERS' HYMN BOOK.

1 JESUS, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
Let us, at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say, "Thy will be done."

2 Though cast down, we 're not forsaken;
Though afflicted, not alone;
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken;
Blessed Lord, thy will be done.

3 Fill us now with deep contrition;
Take away these hearts of stone;
While we all, with true submission,
Meekly say, "Thy will be done."

4 Though to-day we 're filled with mourning,
Mercy still is on the throne;
With thy smiles of love returning,
We can sing, "Thy will be done."

309. C. M. **Ballerma.**

"Lord, remember me."—HAWEIS.

1 O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
O Lord, remember me.

2 When, with an aching, burdened heart,
I seek relief of thee,
Thy pardon grant, new peace impart;
O Lord, remember me.

3 When trials sore obstruct my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
O, let my strength be as my day;
O Lord, remember me.

4 When, in the solemn hour of death,
I wait thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath,
O Lord, remember me.

5 And when before thy throne I stand,
And lift my soul to thee,
Then, with the saints at thy right hand,
O Lord, remember me.

310. 8s. 7s. & 4s. **Greenville.**

God tries, yet loves, his People. — KELLY.

1 ZION stands with hills surrounded—
Zion, kept by power divine:
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine:
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish;
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish;
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee—
God, thine everlasting light.

311. 7s. **Hendon.**

Strength equal to the day. — Deut. xxxiii. 25. — Gems.

1 Wait, my soul, upon the Lord,
To his gracious promise flee,
Laying hold upon his word,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

2 If the sorrows of thy case
Seem peculiar, still to thee
God has promised needful grace;
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

3 Days of trial, days of grief,
In succession thou may'st see,
This is still thy sweet relief,
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

4 Rock of Ages, I 'm secure,
With thy promise full and free;
Faithful, positive, and sure —
"As thy days thy strength shall be."

312. C. M. **Welford.**

Fear not. — Beddome.

1 Ye trembling souls, dismiss your fears;
Be mercy now your theme —
Mercy which like a river flows
In one perpetual stream.

2 Fear not that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone;
He 's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.

3 Fear not the power of earth or hell:
God will those powers restrain;
His arm shall all their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

4 Fear not the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting:
He will from endless wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring.

313. L. M. **Rockingham.**

God will comfort you. — ANON.

1 IN God let all his saints rejoice,
With thankful heart and cheerful voice;
Thus saith his word, so kind, so true—
I, even I, will comfort you.

2 Sweet words!—O let us bless his name,
And joyful all his praise proclaim;
These words shall foes and fears subdue—
I, even I, will comfort you.

3 Do sore afflictions on you lay,
And pungent sorrows day by day?
Look to this word, 't will bear you through—
I, even I, will comfort you.

4 If death in gloomy form appear,
And overwhelm your souls with fear,
Let this sweet word your faith renew—
I, even I, will comfort you.

5 And when each happy soul attains
That blissful state where glory reigns,
This song shall all his powers employ—
God is my comfort and my joy.

314. C. M. **Naomi.**

Resignation. — MONTGOMERY.

1 ONE prayer I have,—all prayers in one,
When I am wholly thine;
Thy will, my God, thy will be done,
And let that will be mine.

2 All-wise, Almighty, and All-good,
In thee I firmly trust;
Thy ways, unknown or understood,
Are merciful and just.

3 May I remember that to thee
Whate'er I have I owe;
And back in gratitude from me
May all thy bounties flow.

4 And, though thy wisdom takes away,
Shall I arraign thy will?
No, let me bless thy name and say,
"The Lord is gracious still."

315. C. M. **Downs.**

"Thy will be done." — PERCY CHAPEL COLL.

1 FATHER, I know thy ways are just,
Although to me unknown;
O, grant me grace thy love to trust,
And cry, "Thy will be done."

2 If thou shouldst hedge with thorns my path,
Should wealth and friends be gone,
Still, with a firm and lively faith,
I'll cry, "Thy will be done."

3 Although thy steps I cannot trace,
Thy sovereign right I'll own;
And, as instructed by thy grace,
I'll cry, "Thy will be done."

5 'T is sweet thus passively to lie
Before thy gracious throne,
Concerning everything to cry,
"My Father's will be done."

THE CHURCH.

316. L. M. **Wilmot.**

A Welcome to Christian Fellowship. — KELLY.

1 COME in, thou blessed of the Lord!
O! come in Jesus' precious name;
We welcome thee, with one accord,
And trust the Saviour does the same.

2 Those joys which earth cannot afford,
We 'll seek in fellowship to prove;
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.

3 And, while we pass this vale of tears,
We 'll make our joys and sorrows known;
We 'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's cares our own.

317. C. M. **Dedham.**

After hearing Converts. — HOWE'S HYMNS.

1 DEAR Saviour, we rejoice to hear
Poor sinners sweetly tell
How thou art pleased to save from sin,
From sorrow, death, and hell.

2 Lord, we unite to praise thy name
For grace so freely given;
Still may we keep in Zion's road,
And dwell at last in heaven.

318. L. M. **Rockingham.**

God the Defence of his Church. — COWPER.

1 As birds their infant brood protect,
And spread their wings to shelter them,
Thus saith the Lord to his elect,
"So will I guard Jerusalem."

2 Jehovah founded it in blood,
The blood of his incarnate Son;
There dwell the saints, once foes to God,
The sinners whom he calls his own.

3 There, though besieged on every side,
Yet much beloved, and guarded well;
From age to age they have defied
The utmost force of earth and hell.

4 Let earth repent, and hell despair;
This city has a sure defence;
Her name is called, "The Lord is there;"
And who has power to drive them thence?

319. L. M. **Hebron.**

Admission of Members. — BEDDOME.

1 BELIEVING souls, of Christ beloved,
Who have yourselves to him resigned,
Your faith and practice both approved,
A hearty welcome here shall find.

2 Now saved from sin and Satan's wiles,
Though by a scorning world abhorred,
Now share with us the Saviour's smiles;
Come in, ye ransomed of the Lord.

3 In fellowship we join our hands,
And you an invitation give;
Unite with us in sacred bands;
The pledges of our love receive.

4 Do thou, who art the church's Head,
This union with thy blessing crown;
And still, O Lord, revive the dead,
Till thousands more thy name shall own.

320. L. M. Wells.

On receiving new Members. — NEWTON.

1 KINDRED in Christ! for his dear sake,
A hearty welcome here receive;
May we together now partake
The joys which only he can give.

2 May he, by whose kind care we meet,
Send his good Spirit from above;
Make our communications sweet,
And cause our hearts to burn with love.

3 Forgotten be each worldly theme,
When Christians see each other thus:
We only wish to speak of him,
Who lived, and died, and reigns for us.

4 We 'll talk of all he did and said.
And suffered for us here below;—
The path he marked for us to tread,
And what he 's doing for us now.

5 Thus, as the moments pass away,
We 'll love, and wonder, and adore;
And hasten on the glorious day
When we shall meet to part no more.

CHRISTIAN UNION.

321. 8s. **Union Hymn.**

The Union Hymn. — Dr. Baldwin.

1 From whence doth this union arise,
That conquers our hatred by love;
That fastens our souls in such ties,
As nature and time can't remove?

2 It cannot in Eden be found,
Nor yet in a paradise lost;
It grows on Immanuel's ground,
And Jesus' rich blood it did cost.

3 My friends are so dear unto me,
Our hearts are united in love;
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,
In yonder bright mansions above.

4 Then why so unwilling to part,
Since there we shall all meet again?
Engraved on Immanuel's heart,
At distance we cannot remain.

5 With Jesus we ever shall reign,
And all his bright glories shall see;
And sing Hallelujah, Amen!
Amen, even so let it be.

322. H. M. **Lischer.**

Fraternal Union. — Christian Psalmist.

1 How beautiful the sight
Of brethren who agree
In friendship to unite,
And bands of charity!
'T is like the precious ointment shed,
In sacred rite, on Aaron's head.

2 'T is like the dews that fill
The cups of Hermon's flowers;
Or Zion's fruitful hill,
Bright with the drops of showers;
Where mingling odors breathe around,
And notes of grateful joy resound.

3 For there the Lord commands
Blessings in boundless store,
From his unsparing hands —
E'en life for evermore:
Thrice happy they who meet above,
To spend eternity in love.

323. S. M. **Shirland.**

Attachment to the Church. — DWIGHT.

1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The church our blest Redeemer saved,
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy church, O God;
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joys
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Jesus, thou Friend divine,
Our Saviour and our King,
Thy hand, from every snare and foe,
Shall great deliverance bring.

324. C. M. **Woodland.**

Brotherly Love. — SWAIN.

1 How sweet, how heavenly, is the sight,
When those that love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And thus fulfil his word! —

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart! —

3 When free from self-exalting pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love!

4 Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he 's an heir of heaven that finds
His bosom glow with love.

325. C. M. **Dedham.**

Brotherly Love. — WATTS.

1 Lo! what an entertaining sight
Those friendly brethren prove,
Whose cheerful hearts in bands unite
Of piety and love!

2 Where streams of bliss, from Christ the spring,
Descend to every soul;
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole.

3 'T is like the oil, divinely sweet,
On Aaron's rev'rend head;
The trickling drops perfumed his feet,
And o'er his garments spread.

4 'T is pleasant as the morning dews,
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his milder glory shows,
And makes his grace distil.

326. S. M. **Boylston.**

Christian Fellowship. — FAWCETT.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims, are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

327. L. M. **Wilmer.**

Blessedness of Union. — BARBAULD.

1 How blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, congenial minds!
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts and faith and hopes are one!

2 To each, the soul of each how dear!
What tender love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth and cleanse from sin!

3 Together oft they seek the place
Where God reveals his awful face;—
At length they meet in realms above,
A heaven of joy, because of love.

328. C. M. **Arlington.**

Union of Earth and Heaven. — MONTGOMERY.

1 In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above
Their bliss and glory find.

2 Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song;
There, through one bright eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.

DIVINE ATTRIBUTES.

329. C. P. M. **Rapture.**

The Love of God. — H. MOORE.

1 My God, thy boundless love I praise!
How bright on high its glories blaze!
How sweetly bloom below!
It streams from thine eternal throne;
Through heaven its joys forever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.

2 'T is love that paints the purple morn,
And bids the clouds, in air upborne,
Their genial drops distil;
In every vernal beam it glows,
And breathes in every gale that blows,
And glides in every rill.

3 But in the gospel it appears
In sweeter, fairer characters,
And charms the ravished breast:
There, love immortal leaves the sky,
To wipe the drooping mourner's eye,
And give the weary rest.

4 Then let the love that makes me blest
With cheerful praise inspire my breast,
And ardent gratitude;
And all my thoughts and passions tend
To thee, my Father and my Friend,
My soul's eternal good.

330. C. M. **St. Ann's.**

God's Love unchangeable. — CHURCH PSALMODY.

1 FAITHFUL, O Lord, thy mercies are;
A Rock that cannot move:
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

2 Throughout the universe it reigns,
It stands forever sure;
And while thy truth, O God, remains,
Thy goodness shall endure.

331. S. M. **St. Thomas.**

God's Mercies. — WATTS.

1 MY soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great;
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

2 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

3 His power subdues our sins;
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.

332. C. M. **Marlow.**

Power, Wisdom, and Goodness. — WATTS.

1 WE sing the mighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

2 We sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

3 We sing the goodness of the Lord,
Who fills the earth with food;
He formed the creatures by his word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 Lord! how thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er we turn the eye;
If we survey the ground we tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.

333. C. M. **Mear.**

God the Source of all Things. — WALLACE.

1 THERE 's not a star whose twinkling light
Shines on the distant earth,
And cheers the silent gloom of night,
But goodness gave it birth.

2 There 's not a cloud whose dews distil
Upon the parching clod,
And clothe with verdure vale and hill,
That is not sent by God.

3 There 's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean's deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,
For God is everywhere.

4 Around, beneath, below, above,
Wherever space extends,
There God displays his boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.

334. C. M. **Nichols.**

Love of God. — G. BURDER.

1 COME, let us join to praise the Lord,
And raise our thoughts above;
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing that — God is love.

2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
While Christ, th' atoning Lamb, appears,
To show that — God is love.

3 Behold his loving-kindness waits
For those who from him rove,
And calls of mercy reach their hearts,
To teach them — God is love.

4 Oh! may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Shall shout that — God is love.

335. S. M. **Boylston.**

God's Compassion. — WATTS.

1 THE pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

2 He knows we are but dust,
Scattered by every breath;
His anger, like a rising wind,
Can send us swift to death.

3 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

4 But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

336. C. M. **Dedham.**

The Wonders of Divine Love. — STEELE.

1 YE humble souls, approach your God,
With songs of sacred praise;
For he is good — immensely good,
And kind are all his ways.

2 All nature owns his guardian care;
In him we live and move;
But nobler benefits declare
The wonders of his love.

3 He gave his well-beloved Son,
To save our souls from sin;
'T is here he makes his goodness known,
And proves it all divine.

4 To this sure refuge, Lord, we come,
And here our hope relies;
A safe defence — a peaceful home,
When storms of trouble rise.

337. 8s. & 7s. **Sicily.**

God is Wisdom, God is Love. — BOWRING.

1 GOD is love; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove;
Bliss he wakes and woe he lightens;
God is wisdom, God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Man decays, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom his brightness streameth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above:
Everywhere his glory shineth;
God is wisdom, God is love.

338. C. M. **Mear.**

God over All. — H. K. White.

1 The Lord our God is Lord of all;
His station who can find?
I hear him in the waterfall;
I hear him in the wind.

2 If in the gloom of night I shroud,
His face I cannot fly;
I see him in the evening cloud,
And in the morning sky.

3 He lives, he reigns in every land,
From winter's polar snows,
To where, across the burning sand,
The blasting meteor glows.

4 He smiles, we live; he frowns, we die;
We hang upon his word;
He rears his mighty arm on high,
We fall before his sword.

5 He bids his gales the fields deform;
Then, when his thunders cease,
He paints his rainbow on the storm,
And lulls the winds to peace.

239. C. M. **Ballerma.**

God everywhere. — WATTS.

1 In all my vast concerns with thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thine all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest;
My public walks, my private ways,
And secrets of my breast.

3 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie,
Enclosed on every side.

4 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from every ill,
Secured by sovereign love.

240. C. M. **St. Ann's.**

God Almighty and Omnipresent. — SCOTT.

1 Great God, thy penetrating eye
Pervades my inmost powers;
With awe profound my wondering soul
Falls prostrate and adores.

2 To be encompassed round with God,
The holy and the just;
Armed with omnipotence to save,
Or crumble me to dust—

3 O, how tremendous is the thought!
Deep may it be impressed;
And may thy Spirit firmly grave
This truth within my breast.

341. L. M. Brentford.

Omniscience of God. — WATTS.

1 LORD, thou hast searched and seen me through;
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there.

342. C. M. Dundee.

Divine Omniscience. — VILLAGE HYMNS.

1 THE eye of God is everywhere,
To watch the sinner's ways;
He sees who join in humble prayer,
And who in solemn praise.

2 One glance of thine, eternal Lord,
Can pierce and search us through;
Nor heaven, or earth, or hell afford
A shelter from thy view.

3 The universe, in every part,
At once before thee lies;
And every thought of every heart
Is open to thine eyes.

THE SAVIOUR.

343. 8s. & 7s. **Sicily.**

Christ, the Saviour, born. — EPIS. COLL.

1 HAIL, thou long-expected Jesus!
Born to set thy people free;
From our sins and fears release us;
Let us find our rest in thee.

2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints thou art;
Long-desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.

3 Born, thy people to deliver,—
Born a child, yet God our King,—
Born to reign in us forever,—
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.

4 By thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

344. S. M. **Pentonville.**

The Nativity of Christ. — WATTS.

1 BEHOLD the grace appear—
The blessing promised long!
Angels announce the Saviour near,
In their triumphant song:—

2 "Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth;
Good-will to men—to angels joy,
At the Redeemer's birth."

3 In worship so divine
Let saints employ their tongues;
With the celestial hosts we join,
And loud repeat their songs:—

4 "Glory to God on high,
And heavenly peace on earth;
Good-will to men—to angels joy,
At our Redeemer's birth."

345. 7s. **Nuremburg.**

Song of the Angels. — VILLAGE HYMNS.

1 HARK!—the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."

2 Mild, he lays his glory by;
Born, that man no more may die;
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies.

3 "Glory to the new-born King!"
Let us all the anthem sing—
"Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled."

346. C. M. **Ballerma.**

Repentance in View of the Cross. — HEGINBOTHAM.

1 AND can mine eyes, without a tear,
A weeping Saviour see?
Shall I not weep his groans to hear,
Who groaned and died for me?

2 Blest Jesus, let those tears of thine
Subdue each stubborn foe;
Come, fill my heart with love divine,
And bid my sorrows flow.

347. C. M. **Coronation.**

The Messiah's Coming and Kingdom. — WATTS.

1 JOY to the world! the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

348. C. M. **Marlow.**

The Advent of Christ.— DODDRIDGE.

1 HARK, the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long:
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

349. L. M. **Hebron.**

The Example of Christ. — WATTS.

1 My dear Redeemer, and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern, make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

350. L. M. **Hamburg.**

Christ expiring upon the Cross. — STENNETT.

1 "'T is finished!" — so the Saviour cried,
And meekly bowed his head and died:
'T is finished! — yes, the race is run,
The battle fought, the victory won.

2 'T is finished! — this his dying groan
Shall sins of deepest hue atone,
And millions be redeemed from death
By Jesus' last, expiring breath.

3 'T is finished!—Heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled;
Peace, love, and happiness, again
Return and dwell with sinful men.

4 'T is finished!—let the joyful sound
Be heard through all the nations round:
'T is finished!—let the triumph rise,
And swell the chorus of the skies.

351. S. M. **Boylston.**

Christ on the Cross.—DODDRIDGE.

1 BEHOLD th' amazing sight,
The Saviour lifted high;
Behold the Son of God's delight
Expire in agony.

2 For whom, for whom, my heart,
Were all these sorrows borne?
Why did he feel that painful smart,
And meet that various scorn?

3 For us he hung and bled,
For us in torture died;
'T was love that bowed his fainting head,
And oped his gushing side.

4 I see, and I adore
In sympathy of love;
I feel the strong, attractive power
To lift my soul above.

5 Drawn by such cords as these,
Let all the earth combine,
With cheerful ardor, to confess
The energy divine.

352. C. M. **Dundee.**

Behold the Lamb of God. — PSALMIST.

1 BEHOLD the Lamb of God, who bore
Thy guilt upon the tree,
And paid in blood the dreadful score,
The ransom due for thee.

2 Behold him till the sight endears
The Saviour to thy heart;
His piercéd feet bedew with tears,
Nor from his cross depart.

3 Behold him till his dying love
Thy every thought control;
Its vast, constraining influence prove
O'er body, spirit, soul.

4 Behold him, as the race you run,
Your never-failing Friend;
He will complete the work begun,
And grace in glory end.

353. C. M. **Peterboro'.**

The Saviour's Charms. — STEELE.

1 THE Saviour! O what endless charms
Dwell in the blissful sound!
Its influence every fear disarms,
And spreads sweet comfort round.

2 Here pardon, life, and joys divine,
In rich effusion flow,
For guilty rebels lost in sin,
And doomed to endless woe.

3 O! the rich depths of love divine,
Of bliss a boundless store;
Dear Saviour! let me call thee mine;
I cannot wish for more.

254. 8s. 7s. & 4s. **Zion.**

"It is finished."—FRANCIS.

1 HARK! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary;
See! it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
"It is finished!"
Hear the dying Saviour cry.

2 "It is finished!" O what pleasure
Do these charming words afford!
Heavenly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
"It is finished!"
Saints, the dying words record.

3 Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
Join to sing the pleasing theme;
All on earth and all in heaven
Join to praise Immanuel's name!
Hallelujah!
Glory to the bleeding Lamb!

255. C. M. **Dedham.**

Christ came to give Life.—John iii. 16, 17.—WATTS.

1 COME, happy souls, approach your God
With new melodious songs;
Come, render to Almighty grace
The tribute of your tongues.

2 The hands of Jesus were not armed
With an avenging rod,
Some dread commission to perform
From an offended God.

3 So strange, so boundless was his love
To guilty, dying men,
The Father sent his equal Son,
To give them life again.

4 Ye sinners, come and heal your wounds,
And let your tears be dry;
Trust in the mighty Saviour's name,
And you shall never die.

356. L. M. **Duke Street.**

Salvation by Grace in Christ. — WATTS.

1 Now to the power of God supreme,
Be everlasting honors given;
He saves from hell, we bless his name—
He calls our wand'ring feet to heaven.

2 Not for our duties or deserts,
But of his own abounding grace,
He works salvation in our hearts,
And forms a people for his praise.

3 'T was his own purpose that begun
To rescue rebels doomed to die;
He gave us grace in Christ his Son,
Before he spread the starry sky.

4 Jesus the Lord appears at last,
And makes his Father's counsels known,
Declares the great transactions past,
And brings immortal blessings down.

5 He died; and in that dreadful night
Did all the powers of hell destroy;
Rising, he brought our heaven to light,
And took possession of the joy.

357. 8s. & 7s. **Greenville.**

The best of Friends. — NEWTON.

1 ONE there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end;
They who once his kindness prove,
Find it everlasting love!

2 Which of all our friends to save us
Could or would have shed his blood?
But this Saviour died to save us,
Reconciled in him to God;
It was boundless love to bleed;
Jesus is a Friend indeed.

3 O, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above;
When to heaven our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

358. L. M. **Park Street.**

Christ our High Priest and King. — WATTS.

1 Now to the Lord, that makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honors paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.

2 'T was he that cleansed our foulest sins,
And washed us in his richest blood;
'T is he that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us, rebels, near to God.

3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our superior King,
Be everlasting power confessed.
And every tongue his glory sing.

359. C. M. **Cambridge.**

Salvation. — WATTS.

1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound!
'T is pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
At hell's dark door we lay;
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

360. L. M. **Ward.**

Physician of Souls. — STEELE.

1 DEEP are the wounds which sin has made;
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is nature's aid;
The work exceeds all nature's power.

2 And can no sovereign balm be found?
And is no kind physician nigh,
To ease the pain, and heal the wound,
Ere life and hope forever fly?

3 There is a great Physician near:
Look up, O fainting soul, and live;
See, in his heavenly smiles appear
Such ease as nature cannot give.

4 See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss abundant flow;
'T is only this dear, sacred flood
Can ease thy pain, and heal thy woe.

361. C. M. **Dedham.**

Christ the Way, the Truth, the Life. — DOANE.

1 JESUS, to thee, to thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek him, Lord, by thee.

2 Thou art the Truth — thy word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst for sin atone,
And purify the heart.

3 Thou art the Life — the rending tomb
Proclaims thy conquering arm,
And those who put their trust in thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life;
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to taste,
Whose joys eternal flow.

362. L. M. **Uxbridge.**

Divine Attributes illustrated in the Death of Christ. — WATTS.

1 SALVATION is forever nigh
The souls who fear and trust the Lord;
And grace, descending from on high,
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
Since Christ the Lord came down from heaven;
By his obedience, so complete,
Justice is pleased, and peace is given.

3 Now truth and honor shall abound,
Religion dwell on earth again,
And heavenly influence bless the ground,
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

362. C. M. **Naomi.**

Remembering Christ. — NOEL.

1 If human kindness meets return,
And owns the grateful tie;
If tender thoughts within us burn,
To feel a friend is nigh;—

2 O! shall not warmer accents tell
The gratitude we owe
To him, who died, our fears to quell—
And save from endless woe?

3 While yet his anguished soul surveyed
Those pangs he would not flee,
What love his latest words displayed—
"Meet and remember me!"

4 Remember thee!—thy death, thy shame,
Our sinful hearts to share!—
O mem'ry! leave no other name
But his recorded there.

363. C. M. **Nichols.**

Praising the Lamb. — WATTS.

1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus;"
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings, more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine.

365. L. M. **Hamburg.**

Trusting in the Blood of Christ. — SKENNETT.

1 How shall the sons of men appear,
Great God, before thine awful bar?
How may the guilty hope to find
Acceptance with th' eternal mind?

2 Not vows, nor groans, nor broken cries—
Not the most costly sacrifice—
Nor infant blood, profusely spilt—
Will expiate a sinner's guilt.

3 The blood of Jesus Christ alone
Hath sovereign virtue to atone;
Here we will rest our only plea,
When we approach, great God, to thee.

366. H. M. **Lenox.**

The Jubilee. — TOPLADY.

1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly, solemn sound!
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound:
The year of Jubilee is come,
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood,
Through all the lands proclaim:
The year of Jubilee, &c.

3 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive;
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And, blest in Jesus, live:
The year of Jubilee, &c.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of pard'ning grace;
Ye happy souls, draw near;
Behold your Saviour's face:
The year of Jubilee, &c.

5 Jesus, our great High-Priest,
Has full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad:
The year of Jubilee is come, &c.

367. C. M. **Coronation.**

Coronation. — DUNCAN.

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
A remnant weak and small,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye Gentile sinners, ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall!
We 'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

368. C. M. **Ballerma.**

Praise to the Redeemer. — WATTS.

1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,
We wretched sinners lay,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimmering day.

2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief;
He saw, and — O! amazing love! —
He ran to our relief.

3 Down from the shining seats above
With joyful haste he fled,
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O! for this love let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues
The Saviour's praises speak.

THE CROSS.

369. L. M. **Hebron.**

Desiring the Influence of the Cross. — CHRISTIAN MELODY.

1 WHEN, O my Saviour, shall this heart
So feel the influence of thy grace,
That from thy cross 't will ne'er depart;
But live around that hallowed place?

2 The brightest scenes of earth are dim,
If Jesus be not with me there;
All worldly joys, compared with him,
Seem vain as fleeting shadows are.

3 O could I live beneath his smile,
And lean upon his sacred breast,
No fond allurement should beguile
A heart so privileged — so blest.

4 Come then, my Saviour, and constrain
This wayward soul, nor let it rove;
Recall me to thine arms again,
And bind me there with cords of love.

370. L. M. **Uxbridge.**

Wonders of the Cross. — WATTS.

1 NATURE with open volume stands
To spread her Maker's praise abroad;
And every labor of his hands
Shows something worthy of a God.

2 But in the grace that rescued man
His brightest form of glory shines;
Here, on the cross, 't is fairest drawn,
In precious blood and crimson lines.

3 Here I behold his inmost heart,
Where grace and justice strangely join;
Piercing his Son with sharpest smart,
To make the purchased pleasures mine.

4 O! the sweet wonders of that cross,
Where God, the Saviour, loved and died;
Her noblest life my spirit draws
From his dear wounds and bleeding side.

5 I would forever speak his name,
In sounds to mortal ears unknown;
With angels join to praise the Lamb,
And worship at his Father's throne.

371. L. M. **Wilmot.**

Salvation by the Cross. — WATTS.

1 HERE at thy cross, incarnate God!
I lay my soul beneath thy love,—
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,
Jesus!—nor shall it e'er remove.

2 Should worlds conspire to drive me hence,
Moveless and firm this heart should lie;
Resolved,—for that 's my last defence,—
If I must perish, here to die.

3 But speak, my Lord! and calm my fear;
Am I not safe beneath thy shade?
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,
Nor Satan dare my soul invade.

4 Yes, I 'm secure beneath thy blood,
And all my foes shall lose their aim;
Hosanna to my Saviour God,
And my best honors to his name!

372. H. M. **Lischer.**

The Cross celebrated. — REED.

1 YE saints, your music bring,
And swell the rapturous sound;
Strike every trembling string,
Till earth and heaven resound:
The triumphs of the cross we sing,—
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

2 The cross — the cross alone —
Subdued the powers of hell;
Like lightning from his throne,
The prince of darkness fell:
The triumphs of the cross we sing,—
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

3 The hand of wrath is stayed,
In its pursuit of blood;
The cross our debt has paid,
And made our peace with God.
The triumphs of the cross we sing,—
Awake, ye saints, each joyful string.

4 The cross hath power to save
From all the foes that rise;
The cross hath made the grave
A passage to the skies:
Angels and saints its power shall sing,
Till heaven's eternal arches ring.

373. 8s. 7s. & 4s. **Oliphant.**

Hallowed Cross. — COLVER.

1 HALLOWED cross, my God revealing,
Hail, thou strange, mysterious tree!
Hallowed fount of love unsealing—
Love of infinite degree—
Love amazing;
God incarnate dies for me.

2 Where the sword of justice gleaming,
Waited for the sinner's blood,
Shines the cross, with mercy beaming,
Mercy from the throne of God—
Bleeding mercy
Pours the sin-atoning flood.

3 Precious cross! my soul subduing,
'Neath thy shadow let me hide;
Mind, and will, and heart renewing,—
Banish all my sinful pride;
All my glory
Be my Saviour crucified.

374. S. M. **Pentonville.**

Joy at beholding the Cross. — COLVER.

1 WHAT raptures fill the mind,
When we the cross can view!
We hail thee, Lord, as strangely kind,
And all our vows renew.

2 Like showers of gentle rain,
He sends his Spirit down;
Our dying graces live again,
And seeds of bliss are sown.

3 The spices yield perfume
When dews of grace are given;
The plants of grace are all in bloom,
And fragrance smells to heaven.

4 Dear Lord, we wait for thee;
Our spirits pant for God;
Permit us, Lord, thy face to see;
Come, shed thy love abroad.

375. L. M. **Brentford.**

The Offence of the Cross. — COLVER.

1 WHY should the cross of Christ offend?
That cross is but a glass divine,
Where more than rainbow beauties blend,
Where God's perfections meet and shine.

2 Why is it that the cross offends?
True, it proclaims the guilt of sin,—
A storm of dreadful wrath portends,
But pours the blood that makes us clean.

3 Why should the cross of Christ offend?
True, it proclaims our helplessness;
But points to an almighty Friend,
And speaks of free and sovereign grace.

4 My God, thy cross did once offend
My guilty heart; but now no more;
Subdued before the cross I bend,
And thy redeeming grace adore.

376. 8s. & 7s. **Bavaria.**

Forsaking all to follow Christ. — GRANT.

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence my all shalt be;
And whilst thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me;
Show thy face, and all is bright.

2 Man may trouble and distress me;
'T will but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me;
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O, 't is not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me!
O, 't were not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee!

377. C. M. **Ballerma.**

Viewing the Cross. — PRATT'S COLL.

1 ASSIST us, Lord, to view thy cross,
Where all our griefs were borne;
To look on thee whom we have pierced,
To look on thee and mourn.

2 While thus we mourn, we would rejoice,
And, as thy cross we see,
May each exclaim, in faith and hope,
"The Saviour died for me!"

278. C. M. **Welford.**

Gazing at the Cross. — DODDRIDGE.

1 BLEST Jesus, while in mortal flesh
I hold my frail abode,
Still would my spirit rest on thee,
My Saviour and my God.

2 On thy dear cross I fix my eyes,
Then raise them to thy seat;
Till love dissolves my inmost soul,
At my Redeemer's feet.

3 Be dead, my heart, to worldly charms;
Be dead to every sin;
And tell the boldest foe without,
That Jesus reigns within.

279. 8s. & 7s. **Sicily.**

Glorying in the Cross. — BOWRING.

1 IN the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds new lustre to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

380. C. M. **Woodland.**

Christ bearing the Cross. — Mark viii. 38. — KIRKHAM.

1 DIDST thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame,
And bear the cross for me?
And shall I fear to own thy name,
Or thy disciple be?

2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should dread
To suffer shame or loss;
O, let me in thy footsteps tread,
And glory in thy cross!

3 Inspire my soul with life divine,
And holy courage bold;
Let knowledge, faith, and meekness, shine—
Nor love, nor zeal grow cold.

381. 8s. & 7s. **Wilmot.**

Rejoicing before the Cross. — ROBINSON.

1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend;
Life and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Truly blesséd is this station,
Low before his cross to lie;
While I see divine compassion
Beaming in his gracious eye.

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I 'll bathe;
Constant still, in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.

4 May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go;
Prove his wounds each day more healing,
And himself more fully know.

378. C. M. Watts.

Gazing at the Cross. — Devotion.

1 Blessed Jesus, while in mortal flesh
I hold my frail abode,
Still would my spirit rest on thee,
My Saviour and my God.

2 On thy dear cross I fix my eyes,
Then raise them to thy seat;
Till love dissolves my inmost soul,
At my Redeemer's feet.

3 Be dead, my heart, to worldly charms,
Be dead to every sin;
And tell the boldest foe without,
That Jesus reigns within.

379. 8s. & 7s.

Glorying in the Cross. — Bowring.

1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sub

2 When the woes of life o'erta
Hopes deceive, and fears
Never shall the cross forsake
Lo! it glows with

3 When the sun of
Light and lov
From the cross
Adds

4

of nature mine,
.ent far too small;
divine,
my life, my all.

M. **Duke Street.**

Cross. — WATTS.

God! I boast no more
s I have done;
i held before,
erits of thy Son.

e I bear his name,
y gain, I count my loss;
e I call my shame,
y glory to his cross.

must, and will esteem;
but loss for Jesus' sake,
my soul be found in him,
his righteousness partake.

obedience of my hands
can appear before thy throne;
can answer thy demands,
pending what my Lord has done.

C. M. **Mear**

Christ. — SCOTCH COLL.

oved the souls of men,
us in his blood,
mised our head,
priests to God,—

ry tongue be praise,
eart be love;
nors paid on earth,
ongs above.

382. L. M. **Hamburg.**

The Believer's Experience like Christ's. — N. E. J.

1 CHRIST had his sorrows; so must thou
Who treadst the path that Jesus trod;
O, then, like him, submissive bow;
Adore the sovereignty of God.

2 Christ had his joys; and so hath he
Who feels the Spirit in his heart—
Who yields, O God, his all to thee,
And loves thy name for what thou art.

3 Christ had his foes; and so, if thou
Shalt with him walk and near him live,
The cruel world will hate thee now,
And thou shalt suffer—and forgive!

4 Christ had his friends; and his are thine,
If thou to him hast bowed the knee;
And where those ransomed millions shine
Shall thy eternal mansion be.

383. L. M. **Windham.**

Crucifixion to the World. — WATTS.

1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord! that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See,—from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love, so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

384. L. M. **Duke Street.**

Confiding in the Cross. — WATTS.

1 No more,—my God! I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of thy Son.

2 Now, for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain, I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shame,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes,—and I must, and will esteem;
All things but loss for Jesus' sake,
O! may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake.

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

385. C. M. **Mear**

Praise to Christ. — SCOTCH COLL.

1 To him who loved the souls of men,
And washed us in his blood,
To royal honors raised our head,
And made us priests to God,—

2 To him let every tongue be praise,
And every heart be love;
All grateful honors paid on earth,
And nobler songs above.

386. L. M. **Wimo.**

The Cross. — PSALMIST.

1 INSCRIBED upon the cross we see,
In glowing letters, "God is love;"
He bears our sins upon the tree;
He brings us mercy from above.

2 The cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup;—

3 The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love;
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angel's theme in heaven above.

387. C. M. **Peterboro'.**

Different Receptions of the Cross. — WATTS.

1 CHRIST and his cross is all our theme;
The mysteries that we speak
Are scandal in the Jew's esteem,
And folly to the Greek.

2 But souls enlightened from above,
With joy receive the word;
They see what wisdom, power, and love,
Shine in their dying Lord.

3 The vital savor of his name
Restores their fainting breath;
But unbelief perverts the same
To guilt, despair, and death.

4 Till God diffuse his graces down,
Like showers of heavenly rain,
In vain Apollos sows the ground,
And Paul may plant in vain.

388. 7s. Nuremburg.

Christ's Resurrection. — CUDWORTH.

1 HARK! the herald angels say,
Christ, the Lord, is risen to-day!
Raise your joys and triumphs high,
Let the glorious tidings fly!

2 Love's redeeming work is done—
Th' battle 's fought, the vict'ry won;
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ has burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ hath opened paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save;
Where 's thy vict'ry, boasting grave?

389. 7s. Hendon.

The Resurrection. — COLLYER.

1 MORNING breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus scatters all its gloom;
Day of triumph through the skies,—
See the glorious Saviour rise!

2 Ye who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scattered shade;
Drive your anxious cares away;
See the place where Jesus lay!

3 Christian! dry your flowing tears,
Chase your unbelieving fears;
Look on his deserted grave;
Doubt no more his power to save.

200. 8s. & 7s. **Shelly.**

Jesus exalted to the Throne. — BURDER'S COLL.

1 JESUS, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly host adore thee
Seated at thy Father's side.

2 There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare;
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

3 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive:
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.

4 Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing your Saviour's merits, —
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

201. L. M. **Uxbridge.**

Glory and Grace in Christ. — WATTS.

1 Now to the Lord a noble song!
Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue!
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face, —
The brightest image of his grace!
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 Grace! — 't is a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens! reflect it to the ground.

4 O! may I reach that happy place
Where he unveils his lovely face;
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

HOLY SPIRIT.

392. C. M. **Old Northfield.**

Breathing after the Holy Spirit. — WATTS.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys;
Our souls do neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs;
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great!

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

203. S. M. **Sabinal.**

Sanctifying Influence. — HART.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come;
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.

2 Convince us all of sin;
Then lead to Jesus' blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The mercies of our God.

3 Revive our drooping faith;
Our doubts and fears remove,
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

4 Possess and rule our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and thee.

204. 7s. **Wilmot.**

Influences of the Spirit. — STOCKER.

1 GRACIOUS Spirit! Love divine!
Let thy light within me shine;
Let my guilty fears remove;
Fill me with thy heavenly love.

2 Speak thy pard'ning word to me;
Set the burdened sinner free:
Lead me to the Lamb of God;
Wash me in his precious blood.

3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

395. C. M. **Woodland.**

Reviving Spirit. — PRATT'S COLL.

1 ETERNAL Spirit, God of truth,
Our contrite hearts inspire;
Revive the flame of heavenly love,
And feed the pure desire.

2 'T is thine to soothe the sorrowing mind,
With guilt and fear oppressed;
'T is thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.

3 Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be,
That we, with humble, holy heart,
May worship only thee.

4 Then with our spirits witness bear
That we are sons of God,
Redeemed from sin, from death, and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

396. L. M. **Hebron.**

Preparation for Worship. — BURDER'S COLL.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, calm each mind,
And fit us to approach our God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead us to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to our souls
A living spark of holy fire?
O! kindle now the sacred flame;
Make us to burn with pure desire.

3 Still brighter faith and hope impart,
And let us now our Saviour see;
O! soothe and cheer each burdened heart,
And bid our spirits rest in thee.

397. C. M. **Newton.**

Regeneration by the Spirit. — WATTS.

1 Not all the outward forms on earth,
Nor rites that God has given;
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,
Can raise a soul to heaven.

2 The sovereign will of God alone,
Creates us heirs of grace,
Born in the image of his Son,
A new, peculiar race.

3 The Spirit, like some heavenly wind,
Breathes on the sons of flesh;
Creates anew the carnal mind,
And forms the man afresh.

4 Our quickened souls awake and rise
From the long sleep of death;
On heavenly things we fix our eyes,
And praise employs our breath.

398. L. M. **Hebron.**

Invocation of the Spirit. — HEGINBOTHAM.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly guest,
And make thy mansion in my breast;
Dispel my doubts, my fears control,
And heal the anguish of my soul.

2 Come, make thy constant dwelling here;
Fill me with hope, dispel my fear;
Still let thy presence cheer my heart,
Nor sin compel thee to depart.

3 Thou God of love and peace divine,
O make thy light within me shine!
Forgive my sins, my guilt remove,
And send the tokens of thy love.

399. S. M. **Dover.**

The Holy Spirit invoked. — BEDDOME.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, come,
With energy divine,
And on this poor, benighted soul
With beams of mercy shine.

2 From the celestial hills,
Life, light, and joy dispense;
And may I daily, hourly feel
Thy quickening influence.

3 Melt, melt this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

4 Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee will I devote
The remnant of my days.

400. S. M. **Olmutz.**

Dependence on the Spirit. — MONTGOMERY.

1 'T IS God the Spirit leads
In paths before unknown;
The work to be performed is ours,
The strength is all his own.

2 Supported by his grace,
We still pursue our way;
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.

3 'T is he that works to will;
'T is he that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too.

401. C. M. **Ballerma.**

The Necessity of renewing Grace. — MRS. STEELE.

1 How helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart, unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught, beneath a power divine,
The stubborn will subdue?
'T is thine, eternal Spirit, thine,
To form the heart anew.

3 'T is thine, the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall
From reason's darkened eyes;—

4 To chase the shades of death away,
And bid the sinner live;
A beam of heaven—a vital ray,
'T is thine alone to give.

5 O! change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

402. H. M. **Lischer.**

Pleading the Promise of the Spirit. — CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

1 O THOU that hearest prayer,
Attend our humble cry;
And let thy servants share
Thy blessing from on high:
We plead the promise of thy word;
Grant us thy Holy Spirit, Lord.

2 If earthly parents hear
Their children when they cry;
If they, with love sincere,
Their varied wants supply:
Much more wilt thou thy love display,
And answer when thy children pray.

3 Our heavenly Father, thou;
We, children of thy grace;
O let thy Spirit now
Descend and fill the place:
So shall we feel the heavenly flame,
And all unite to praise thy name.

403. C. M. **Peterboro'.**

The Outpouring and Offices of the Spirit. — CotterIll.

1 Let songs of praises fill the sky!
Christ, our ascended Lord,
Sends down his Spirit from on high,
According to his word.

2 The Spirit, by his heavenly breath,
New life creates within;
He quickens sinners from the death
Of trespasses and sin.

3 The things of Christ the Spirit takes,
And to our heart reveals;
Our bodies he his temple makes,
And our redemption seals.

4 Come, Holy Spirit, from above,
With thy celestial fire;
Come, and with flames of zeal and love
Our hearts and tongues inspire.

404. L. M. **Wilmer.**

The Guidance of the Spirit. — BROWN.

1 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be thou our guardian, thou our guide;
O'er every thought and step preside.

2 Conduct us safe, conduct us far
From every sin and hurtful snare;
Lead to thy word, that rules must give,
And teach us lessons how to live.

3 Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God;
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from his pastures stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
In his enjoyment to be blest;
Lead us to heaven, the seat of bliss,
Where pleasure in perfection is.

405. S. M. **Pentonville.**

Blest Comforter Divine. — CLELAND'S HYMNS.

1 BLEST Comforter divine!
Let rays of heavenly love
Amidst our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.

2 Draw, with thy "still small voice,"
From every sinful way;
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.

3 By thine inspiring breath
Make every cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.

4 O fill thou every heart
With love to all our race!
Great Comforter! to us impart
These blessings of thy grace.

406. 7s. **Hendon.**

Prayer for Light and Sanctification. — REED.

1 HOLY GHOST! with light divine
Shine upon this heart of mine;
Chase the shades of night away;
Turn my darkness into day.

2 Holy Ghost! with power divine
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine;
Long hath sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost! with joy divine
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart;
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine!
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down every idol-throne;
Reign supreme, and reign alone.

407. 7s. **Nuremburg.**

Prayer for the Spirit. — BURDER'S COLL.

1 COME, divine and peaceful guest,
Enter each devoted breast;
Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Kindle there the gospel fire.

2 Bid our sin and sorrow cease;
Fill us with thy heavenly peace;
Joy divine we then shall prove,
Light of truth — and fire of love.

408. C. M. **Newton.**

Spirit of Holiness. — S. F. SMITH.

1 SPIRIT of holiness, descend;
Thy people wait for thee;
Thine ear, in kind compassion, lend;
Let us thy mercy see.

2 Behold, thy weary churches wait,
With wishful, longing eyes;
Let us no more lie desolate;
O, bid thy light arise.

3 Thy light, that on our souls hath shone,
Leads us in hope to thee;
Let us not feel its rays alone—
Alone thy people be.

4 O, bring our dearest friends to God;
Remember those we love;
Fit them, on earth, for thine abode;
Fit them for joys above.

5 Spirit of holiness, 't is thine
To hear our feeble prayer;
Come,—for we wait thy power divine,—
Let us thy mercy share.

409. C. M. **Lanesboro'.**

Sovereignty of the Spirit. — BEDDOME.

1 THE blesséd Spirit, like the wind,
Blows when and where he please;
How happy are the men who feel
The soul-enlivening breeze!

2 He moulds the carnal mind afresh,
Subdues the power of sin,
Transforms the heart of stone to flesh,
And plants his grace within.

3 He sheds abroad the Father's love,
Applies redeeming blood,
Bids both our guilt and fear remove,
And brings us home to God.

4 Lord, fill each dead, benighted soul
With light, and life, and joy;
None can thy mighty power control,
Or shall thy work destroy.

410. L. M. **Ward.**

Desiring Sanctification. — VESTRY HYMNS.

1 THY healing Spirit, Lord, impart;
Refine and sanctify my heart;
And with reflected beauty fair,
Impress thy sacred image there.

2 O train me for the seats of rest,
Where, in eternal glory blest,
My soul shall see thy lovely face,
And sing the triumphs of thy grace.

411. C. M. **Welford.**

The Spirit's Presence desired. — REED.

1 SPIRIT divine, attend our prayer,
Now make this place thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious power;
O come, great Spirit, come!

2 Come as the light; to us reveal
Our sinfulness and woe,
And lead us in the paths of life,
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire, and purge our hearts
Like sacrificial flame;
Let every soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as a dove, and spread thy wings,—
The wings of peaceful love,—
And let the church on earth become
Blest as the church above.

THE TRINITY.

412. L. M. **Hamburg.**

Prayer to the Trinity. — PRATT'S COLL.

1 FATHER of heaven! whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,—
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy pard'ning love extend.

2 Almighty Son—incarnate Word—
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy saving grace extend.

3 Eternal Spirit! by whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,—
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
To us thy quickening power extend.

4 Jehovah!—Father, Spirit, Son!—
Mysterious Godhead—Three in One!
Before thy throne we sinners bend;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

412. 6s. & 4s. **America.**

Invocation. — MADAN'S COL.

1 COME, thou almighty King!
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father! all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days!

2 Come, thou incarnate Word!
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend:
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness!
On us descend.

3 Come, holy Comforter!
Thy sacred witness bear
In this glad hour:
Thou, who almighty art,
Now rule in every heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
Spirit of power!

4 To the great One in Three,
The highest praises be,
Hence evermore!
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

THE SCRIPTURES.

414. C. M. **St. Martin's.**

Light and Glory of the Word. — COWPER.

1 WHAT glory gilds the sacred page!
Majestic, like the sun,
It gives a light to every age;
It gives — but borrows none.

2 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise — but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

415. L. M. **Brentford.**

Excellence of the Scriptures. — WATTS.

1 LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;
For thou hast brought salvation down,
And stored its blessings in thy word.

2 In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With deep despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

3 How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy commands!
Thy promises, how large and free!
Firm on this ground our comfort stands.

4 Should all the schemes that men devise
Assault my faith with treacherous art;
I 'd count them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

416. C. M. **Marlow.**

The Word of God. — STEELE.

1 FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast:
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

4 O, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

417. C. M. **Dundee.**

The Holy Scriptures. — WATTS.

1 LADEN with guilt, and full of fears,
I fly to thee, my Lord;
And not a gleam of hope appears,
But in thy written word.

2 The volume of my Father's grace
Does all my grief assuage;
Here I behold my Saviour's face
In every sacred page.

3 Here is the Judge that ends the strife
When human reasonings fail;
Here is the guide to endless life
Through all this gloomy vale.

4 O may thy counsels, mighty God,
My roving feet command,
And keep me in the narrow road
That leads to thy right hand.

418. L. M. **Duke Street.**

Delight in the Scriptures. — MAXWELL'S COLL.

1 I LOVE the sacred book of God;
No other can its place supply:
It points me to the saints' abode,
And lifts my joyful thoughts on high.

2 Blest book! in thee my eyes discern
The image of my absent Lord:
From thine instructive page I learn
The joys his presence will afford.

3 But while I 'm here, thou shalt supply
His place, and tell me of his love:
I 'll read with faith's discerning eye,
And thus partake of joys above.

MISSIONS.

419. 8s. 7s. & 4s. **Oliphant.**

Truth spreading. — KELLY.

1 Look, ye saints! the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand;
God, the mighty God, is speaking
By his word in every land:
Day advances —
Darkness flies at his command.

2 God of Jacob, high and glorious!
Let thy people see thy power;
Let the gospel be victorious
Through the world forevermore:
Then shall idols
Perish, while thy saints adore.

420. L. M. **Uxbridge.**

Prayer for Divine Aid. — SLINN.

1 Arise, in all thy splendor, Lord;
Let power attend thy gracious word;
Unveil the beauties of thy face,
And show the glories of thy grace.

2 Send forth thy messengers of peace;
Make Satan's reign and empire cease;
Let thy salvation, Lord, be known,
That all the world thy power may own.

421. L. M. **Sterling.**

Arm of the Lord, awake. — BURDER'S COLL.

1 ARM of the Lord, awake! awake!
Put on thy strength, the nation shake!
And let the world adoring see
Triumphs of mercy wrought by thee.

2 Let Zion's time of favor come;
O! bring the tribes of Israel home;
And let our wondering eyes behold
Gentiles and Jews in Jesus' fold.

3 Almighty God! thy grace proclaim,
In every clime of every name;
Let adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Saviour Lord of all.

422. 7s. & 6s. **Missionary Hymn.**

Missionary Field. — HEBER.

1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand:
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown;
The heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Can we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

423. 7s. & 6s. **Morning Light.**

Universal Hallelujah. — MANUAL OF PSALMODY.

1 WHEN shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley, ringing
With one triumphant song,
Proclaim the contest ended,
And Him, who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign?

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly,
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply:
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
The hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound.

424. 8s. 7s. & 4s. **Greenville.**

Prayer for those in Darkness. — WILLIAMS.

1 O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness
Look, my soul — be still, and gaze.
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace.
Blessed jubilee,
Let thy glorious morning dawn.

2 Kingdoms wide, that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the glorious light;
And from eastern coast to western
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchased, win the day.

3 May the glorious day approaching
Thine eternal love proclaim,
And the everlasting gospel
Spread abroad thy holy name
O'er the borders
Of the great Immanuel's land.

425. L. M. **Duke Street.**

Christ's Kingdom among the Gentiles. — WATTS.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 For him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

3 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

4 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud amen.

426. C. M. **Nichols.**

Prayer for the Enlargement of the Church. — WATTS.

1 SHINE, mighty God, on Zion shine,
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal thy power through every land,
And show thy smiling face.

2 When shall thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound through the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God?

3 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands;
Sing loud, with joyful voice;
Let every tongue exalt his praise,
And every heart rejoice.

427. 8s. & 7s. **Sicily.**

Consecration to the Work. — SELECT HYMNS.

1 WHILE the heralds of salvation
God's abounding grace proclaim,
Let his friends of every station
Gladly join to spread his name.

2 May his kingdom be promoted;
May the world the Saviour know:
Be my all to him devoted;
To my Lord my all I owe.

3 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations;
Praise him, all ye hosts above;
Shout, with joyful acclamations,
His divine, victorious love.

428. L. M. Hebron.

Encouragements. — YOKE.

1 BEHOLD the expected time draw near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appear;
Behold the wilderness assume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom.

2 Events with prophecies conspire
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire:
The ripening fields, already white,
Present a harvest to our sight.

3 The untaught heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow;
The exiled slave waits to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

4 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In this blest labor share a part;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring,
To aid the triumphs of our King.

429. L. M. Brentford.

Universal Reign of Christ on Earth. — WATTS.

1 GREAT God, whose universal sway
The known and unknown worlds obey;
Now give the kingdom to thy Son;
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hand;
All heaven submits to his command;
His justice shall avenge the poor,
And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 The heathen lands, that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

4 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Drest in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace like a river from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

430. S. M. **Shirland.**

Prayer for all Lands. — VILLAGE HYMNS.

1 O GOD of sovereign grace,
We bow before thy throne,
And plead for all the human race
The merits of thy Son.

2 Spread through the earth, O Lord,
The knowledge of thy ways;
And let all lands with joy record
The great Redeemer's praise.

431. 7s. & 6s. **Mendebras.**

The Light is gleaming. — ANON.

1 BEHOLD, the light is gleaming
From distant lands afar;
Ye see, by its bright beaming,
The risen morning Star:
Where once the lands were shrouded,
Enwrapped in shades of night,
Their skies are now unclouded,
Illumed with heavenly light.

2 Yet some are still benighted,
Nor see the truth's bright ray;
One gleam, and they are lighted,
And night is turned to day:
Then haste with your commission,
Ye messengers of flame;
Fly, fly to every region,
To tell Messiah's name.

432. 7s. & 6s. **Morning Light.**

Prayer for Missionaries while on their Voyage. — WORCESTER'S SEL.

1 ROLL on, thou mighty ocean;
And as thy billows flow,
Bear messengers of mercy
To every vale of woe:
Arise, ye gales, and waft them
Safe to their destined shore;
That men may sit in darkness
And death's deep shade no more.

2 O thou eternal Ruler,
Who holdest in thine arm
The tempests of the ocean,
Deliver them from harm!
Thy presence still be with them
Wherever they may be;
Though far from those who love them,
Let them be nigh to thee.

433. 11s. & 10s. **Hail to the Brightness.**

Dawn of the Millennium. — S. SONGS.

1 HAIL to the brightness of Zion's glad morning;
Joy to the lands that in darkness have lain;
Hushed be the accents of sorrow and mourning;
Zion in triumph begins her mild reign.

2 Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning,
Long by the prophets of Israel foretold;
Hail to the millions from bondage returning;
Gentiles and Jews the blest vision behold.

3 Lo, in the desert rich flowers are springing,
Streams ever copious are gliding along;
Loud from the mountain-tops echoes are ringing,
Wastes rise in verdure and mingle in song.

4 See from all lands, from the isles of the ocean,
Praise to Jehovah ascending on high;
Fall'n are the engines of war and commotion;
Shouts of salvation are rending the sky.

424. C. M. **Mear.**

Spread of the Gospel. — GIBBONS.

1 GREAT God, the nations of the earth
Are by creation thine;
And in thy works, by all beheld,
Thy radiant glories shine.

2 But, Lord, thy richer love has sent
Thy gospel to mankind;
Unveiling what rich stores of grace
Are treasured in thy mind.

3 Lord, when shall these glad tidings spread
The spacious earth around,
Till every tribe and every soul
Shall hear the joyful sound.

4 Smile, Lord, on each divine attempt
To spread the gospel rays;
And build, on sin's demolished throne,
The temples of thy praise.

425. 8s. & 7s. **Sicily.**

Christ Victorious. — HYMNS OF ZION.

1 ZION'S King shall reign victorious;
All the earth shall own his sway;
His dominion shall be glorious,
Nor shall ever pass away.

2 Mighty King, thy love revealing,
Now thy holy cause maintain;
Bring the nations, humbly kneeling,
Now to own thy blessed reign.

436. L. M. **Peterboro'.**

Thy Kingdom come. — Matt. vi. 10. — Beddome.

1 Ascend thy throne, almighty King,
And spread thy glories all abroad;
Let thy own arm salvation bring,
And be thou known, the gracious God.

2 Let millions bow before thy seat;
Let humble mourners seek thy face;
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
Subdued by thy victorious grace.

3 O, let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord;
Let saints and angels praise thy name;
Be thou through heaven and earth adored.

437. S. M. **St. Thomas.**

Diffusion of the Gospel. — Wardlaw's Coll.

1 O Lord, our God, arise,
The cause of truth maintain,
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessèd reign.

2 Thou Prince of Life, arise,
Nor let thy glory cease;
Far spread the conquest of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.

3 Spirit of grace, arise,
Extend thy healing wing;
And o'er a dark and ruined world
Let light and order spring.

4 Let all on earth arise,
To God the Saviour sing;
From shore to shore, from earth to heaven,
Let echoing anthems ring.

428. H. M. **Lenox.**

Blessings on Zion. — DODDRIDGE.

1 O ZION, tune thy voice,
And lift thy hands on high;
Tell all the earth thy joys,
And shout salvation nigh;
Cheerful in God, arise and shine,
While all abroad stream rays divine.

2 He gilds thy mourning face
With beams that cannot fade;
His all-resplendent grace
He pours around thy head.
The nations round thy form shall view,
Divinely crowned with lustre new.

3 In honor to his name
Reflect that sacred light;
And loud that grace proclaim,
Which makes thy darkness bright:
Pursue his praise till sovereign love
Thy glory raise, in worlds above.

439. H. M. **Lischer.**

Christian Effort. — PRATT'S COLL.

1 RISE, gracious God! and shine
In all thy saving might,
And prosper each design
To spread thy glorious light:
Let healing streams of mercy flow,
That all the earth thy truth may know.

2 Put forth thy glorious power!
The nations then will see,
And earth present her store,
In converts born of thee:
God, our own God, his church will bless,
And earth shall yield her full increase.

440. L. M. Scarlet.

The Time to favor Zion. — SOCIAL HYMNS.

1 SOVEREIGN of worlds, display thy power;
Be this thy Zion's favored hour;
Bid the bright morning-star arise,
And point the nations to the skies.

2 Set up thy throne where Satan reigns,
On Afric's shore, on India's plains;
Far let the gospel's sound be known,
And claim the nations for thy own.

3 Speak — and the world shall hear thy voice;
Speak — and the desert shall rejoice;
Scatter the gloom of heathen night;
Bid every nation hail the light.

441. 7s. & 6s. **Missionary Hymn.**

The Gospel Banner. — HASTINGS.

1 Now be the gospel banner,
In every land, unfurled;
And be the shout "Hosanna!"
Re-echoed through the world;
Till every isle and nation,
Till every tribe and tongue,
Receive the great salvation,
And join the happy throng.

2 What though the embattled legions
Of earth and hell combine?
His arm, throughout their regions,
Shall soon resplendent shine:
Ride on, O Lord! victorious,
Immanuel, Prince of peace!
Thy triumph shall be glorious, —
Thy empire still increase.

3 Yes — thou shalt reign forever,
O Jesus, King of kings!
Thy light, thy love, thy favor,
Each ransomed captive sings:
The isles for thee are waiting,
The deserts learn thy praise;
While hills and valleys greeting,
The song responsive raise.

442. L. M. **Uxbridge.**

Departure of Missionaries. — WINCHELL'S SUP.

1 YE Christian heroes, go, proclaim
Salvation in Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the rose of Sharon there.

2 He 'll shield you with a wall of fire;
With holy zeal your hearts inspire;
Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And calm the savage breast to peace.

3 And when our labors all are o'er,
Then shall we meet to part no more;
Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall,
And crown our Jesus, Lord of all.

443. 8s. & 7s. **Mount Vernon.**

The Heathen crying for Help. — CAWOOD.

1 HARK! what mean those lamentations,
Rolling sadly through the sky?
'T is the cry of heathen nations, —
"Come and help us or we die!"

2 Hear the heathen's sad complaining;
Christians! hear their dying cry;
And the love of Christ constraining,
Haste to help them, ere they die.

444. L. M. **Duke Street.**

The Heathen rejoicing. — TAPPAN.

1 HARK! from yon wilds is heard the strain
Of joy and praise ascending high;
The song of Zion cheers the plain;
The desert breathes the contrite's sigh.

2 Now true religion rears her throne
Where superstition darkly trod;
And, where his altar was unknown,
Unnumbered temples rise to God.

3 Raise your glad songs, ye choirs, on high:
Salvation to the heathen flows!
Let anthems roll along the sky:
The desert blossoms like the rose.

445. 8s. **Emmett.**

On the Death of a Missionary. — S. SONGS.

1 WEEP not for the saint that ascends
To partake of the joys of the sky;
Weep not for the seraph that bends
With the worshipping chorus on high;
Weep not for the spirit now crowned
With the garlands to martyrdom given;
O weep not for him, he has found
His reward and his refuge in heaven.

2 But weep for their sorrows who stand
And lament o'er the dead by his grave;
Who sigh when they muse on the land
Of their home far away o'er the wave:
And weep for the nations that dwell
Where the light of the truth never shone;
Where anthems of peace never swell,
And the love of the Lord is unknown.

[illegible] 7s. & 6s. **Morning Light.**

Morning Light is breaking. — S. F. Smith.

1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour:
Each cry to heaven going,
Abundant answer brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing, —
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home,
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come."

447. 8s. & 7s. **Greenville.**

Heathen calling for Help. — ANON.

1 HARK! a distant voice is calling;
Mournfully it meets the ear;
Louder still those accents falling,
Fill each heart with thoughtful fear;
Let us listen, —
Now the cry of grief is near.

2 'T is the groan of spirits dying;
Lost in sin's dark night they stray;
'T is the call of thousands crying,
"Ye who know the living way,
Come and guide us
To the land of perfect day."

3 We would help them, O our Father!
Thou hast bid us freely give;
Wilt thou not these wanderers gather?
Shall not dying sinners live?
Hear our pleading,
And our past neglect forgive.

4 Let us send to every nation
News of light and life divine;
And to spread thy great salvation,
Freely all our powers resign;
Take the first fruits,
Then our lives shall all be thine.

448. L. M. **Uxbridge.**

On receiving favorable Intelligence. — WINCHELL'S SUP.

1 GREAT God, with wonder and with joy,
Thy mercies all our souls employ;
And to thy name, thy grace, we raise
Our grateful songs, our loudest praise.

2 Still shall our distant brethren share
Our cordial love, our fervent prayer;
Lord, with thy choicest mercies bless,
And crown their mission with success.

3 O may thy glory rise, and smile
On every distant heathen isle:
Let Satan and his kingdom fall,
And Jesus Christ be all in all.

449. S. M. **Shirland.**

Ordination and Departure of Missionaries. — VOKE.

1 Ye messengers of Christ,
His sovereign voice obey;
Arise, and follow where he leads,
And peace attend your way.

2 The Master whom you serve
Will needful strength bestow;
Depending on his promised aid,
With sacred courage go.

3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
And hell in vain oppose;
The cause is God's, and must prevail,
In spite of all his foes.

4 Go, spread a Saviour's fame,
And tell his matchless grace
To the most guilty and depraved
Of Adam's numerous race.

5 We wish you, in his name,
The most divine success,
Assured that he who sends you forth
Will your endeavors bless.

450. 7s. **Nuremburg.**

Christ's Reign upon Earth. — SPIRIT OF THE PSALMS.

1 HASTEN, Lord, the glorious time,
When, beneath Messiah's sway,
Every nation, every clime,
Shall the gospel call obey.

2 Highest kings his power shall own;
Heathen tribes his name adore;
Satan and his host o'erthrown,
Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.

3 Then shall wars and tumults cease,
Then be banished grief and pain;
Righteousness, and joy, and peace,
Undisturbed, shall ever reign.

451. 8s. & 7s. **Sicily.**

The dark World enlightened. — URWICK'S COLL.

1 O THOU Sun of glorious splendor,
Rise with healing in thy wing;
Chase away these shades of darkness,
Holy light and comfort bring.

2 Take thy power, almighty Saviour;
Claim the nations for thine own;
Reign, thou Lord of life and glory,
Till each heart becomes thy throne.

452. 6s. & 4s. **America.**

Encouragement to Missionaries. — VILLAGE HYMNS.

1 SOUND, sound the truth abroad;
Bear ye the word of God
Through the wide world:
Tell what our Lord has done,
Tell how the day is won,
And from his lofty throne
Satan is hurled.

2 Speed on the wings of love;
Jesus, who reigns above,
Bids us to fly:
They who his message bear
Should neither doubt nor fear;
He will their friend appear;
He will be nigh.

3 When on the mighty deep
He will their spirits keep,
Stayed on his word;
When in a foreign land,
No other friend at hand,
Jesus will by them stand,—
Jesus, their Lord.

4 Ye who, forsaking all
At your loved Master's call,
Comforts resign—
Soon will your work be done;
Soon will the prize be won;
Brighter than yonder sun
Then shall ye shine.

453. 8s. 7s. & 4s. **Oliphant.**

The Missionary's Farewell.—S. F. Smith.

1 Yes, my native land, I love thee;
All thy scenes. I love them well:
Friends, connections, happy country,
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

2 Home, thy joys are passing lovely—
Joys no stranger-heart can tell:
Happy home, indeed I love thee:
Can I, can I say, "Farewell?"
Can I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

3 Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell;
Richest, brightest, sweetest treasure,
Can I say a last farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

4 Yes, I hasten from you gladly—
From the scenes I loved so well:
Far away, ye billows, bear me:
Lovely native land, farewell!
Pleased I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell!

5 In the deserts let me labor;
On the mountains let me tell
How he died—the blesséd Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell:
Let me hasten,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

6 Bear me on, thou restless ocean;
Let the winds my canvass swell:
Heaves my heart with warm emotion,
While I go far hence to dwell:
Glad I bid thee,
Native land, farewell, farewell!

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

454. C. M. **Dedham.**

The Young exhorted.—DODDRIDGE.

1 YE hearts with youthful vigor warm,
In smiling crowds draw near,
And turn from every mortal charm,
A Saviour's voice to hear.

2 He, Lord of all the worlds on high,
Stoops to converse with you;
And lays his radiant glories by,
Your friendship to pursue.

3 The soul that longs to seek his face,
Is sure his love to gain;
And those that early seek his grace
Shall never seek in vain.

455. 7s. & 6s. **Missionary Hymn.**

Remember thy Creator.—S. F. SMITH.

1 REMEMBER thy Creator
While youth's fair spring is bright,
Before thy cares are greater,
Before comes age's night;
While yet the sun shines o'er thee,
While stars the darkness cheer,
While life is all before thee,
Thy great Creator fear.

2 Remember thy Creator
Ere life resigns its trust,
Ere sinks dissolving nature,
And dust returns to dust;
Before with God, who gave it,
The spirit shall appear,
He cries, who died to save it,
"Thy great Creator fear."

456. C. M. Welford.

Instruction of Youth. — STRAPHAM.

1 CHILDREN our kind protection claim,
And God will well approve
When they are taught to fear his name,
And their Creator love.

2 Be ours the bliss in wisdom's way
To guide untutored youth;
To lead the mind, that went astray,
To virtue and to truth.

3 Almighty God, thy influence shed,
And prosper our design;
The honors of thy name be spread;
Be all the glory thine.

457. C. M. Dewitt.

Lasting Pleasures. — TAYLOR.

1 COME, let us now forget our mirth,
And think that we must die;
What are our best delights on earth,
Compared with those on high!

2 Our pleasures here will soon be past—
Our brightest joys decay;
But pleasures there forever last,
And cannot fade away.

458. C. M. **Dundee.**

The Teacher's Prayer for Grace. — HOWE'S HYMNS.

1 TEACH us, O Lord, we earnest pray,
Let grace to us be given,
To point our rising charge the way
To happiness and heaven.

2 O, that with wisdom from above
Our minds may be imbued;
With patience, tenderness, and love,
And zeal in doing good.

3 The Saviour's mind may we possess,
And in his strength be strong;
Through disappointment and success
Pass steadily along.

4 And in that day when worlds shall stand
Before thy judgment throne,
Smile, Saviour, on this youthful band,
And claim them for thine own.

459. 7s. **Hendon.**

Prayer for Help. — J. M. HEWES.

1 HOLY Lord, lend now thine ear,
While our grateful song we raise;
May devotion, pure, sincere,
Mingle with our notes of praise.

2 Help us at this sacred hour;
Send the cares of earth away;
May we feel thy Spirit's power
While we chant our solemn lay.

3 Fill our hearts with holy fear,
While we feel thy presence nigh;
Let contrition's gentle tear
Moisten every youthful eye.

4 As we learn thy blessed truth,
May we feel its power within,
Guiding us,—weak, wayward youth,
Saving from the paths of sin.

460. C. M. **Woodland.**

Wise Reflections. — S. S. HYMN BOOK.

1 WHY should we spend our youthful days
In folly and in sin?
When wisdom shows her pleasant ways,
And bids us walk therein.

2 Folly and sin our peace destroy;
They glitter, then are past;
They yield a moment's fleeting joy,
And end in death at last.

3 But if true wisdom we possess,
Our joys shall never cease;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.

4 O may we now, in youthful days,
Attend to wisdom's voice;
And make her holy, happy ways
Our own delightful choice.

461. 7s. **Nuremburg.**

Sabbath Reflections.

1 SOON will set the Sabbath sun;
Soon the sacred day be done;
But a sweeter rest remains,
Where the glorious Saviour reigns.

2 Pleasant is the Sabbath chime,
Borne upon the breeze sublime;
Kind our teachers are to-day,—
In the school we love to stay.

3 But a music sweeter far,
Breathes where angel spirits are;
Higher far than earthly strains,
Where the rest of God remains.

4 Shall we ever rise to dwell
Where immortal praises swell;
And can ever children go
Where eternal Sabbaths glow?

5 Yes, that rest our own may be,—
All the good shall Jesus see;
For the good a rest remains,
Where the glorious Saviour reigns.

462. 8s. 7s. & 4s. . **Greenville.**

Children exhorted. — UNION MINSTREL.

1 SINNERS, hear the melting story
Of the Lamb that once was slain;
'T is the Lord of life and glory;
Shall he plead with you in vain?
O receive him,
And salvation now obtain.

2 Yield no more to sin and folly,
So displeasing in his sight;
Jesus loves the pure and holy,
They alone are his delight;
Seek his favor,
And your hearts to him unite.

3 All your sins to him confessing
Who is ready to forgive;
Seek the Saviour's richest blessing,
On his precious name believe;
He is waiting;
Will you not his grace receive?

463. S. M. Pentonville.

The Guide of Youth.

1 From earliest dawn of life,
Thy goodness we have shared;
And still we live to sing thy praise,
By sovereign mercy spared.

2 To learn and do thy will,
O Lord, our hearts incline;
And o'er the path of future life
Command thy light to shine.

3 While taught thy word of truth,
May we that word receive;
And when we hear of Jesus' name,
In that blest name believe.

4 O let us never tread
The broad, destructive road;
But trace those holy paths which lead
To glory and to God.

464. S. M. Olmutz.

The Kingdom of God is within.

1 Lord, let thy kingdom come;
Let thy good Spirit find
A calm abode, a peaceful home,
A temple in our mind.

2 In us reveal thy laws,
And teach us all thy will;
That we, devoted to thy cause,
Thy pleasure may fulfil.

3 Let peace, and joy, and love,
Be fully, freely given,
And may our youthful hearts improve
Till we are fit for heaven.

465. 8s. & 7s. **Hail.**

Sabbath Welcome.

1 Welcome, welcome, quiet morning;
Welcome is this holy day;
Now the Sabbath morn, returning,
Says a week has passed away.

2 Let me think how time is passing:
Soon the longest life departs;
Nothing human is abiding,
Save the love of humble hearts.

3 Father, now one prayer I raise thee:
Give an humble, grateful heart;
Never let me cease to praise thee,—
Never from thy fear depart.

466. L. M. **Hebron.**

Prayer for a Blessing.

1 Father, we come with filial fear
To seek a blessing from thy throne;
Our supplications kindly hear,
Our humble songs be pleased to own.

2 While here, direct our thoughts aright;
Let heavenly truth our minds impress;
When in thy temple we unite,
The hour of worship deign to bless.

3 Through all this day of sacred rest
Thy holy presence we implore;
Let no vain care our peace molest;
Our feet from sinful ways restore.

4 Forgive our sins; our follies hide;
Subdue our hearts thy name to love;
On earth our wand'ring footsteps guide,
And bring us to thy courts above.

467. C. M. **Dundee.**

Children's Prayer to God.

1 LORD, we address thy heavenly throne;
Call us, poor children, thine;
O! hear us when we pray to thee,
And form our hearts divine.

2 Give us an humble, active mind,
From sloth and folly free:
Give us a cheerful heart, inclined
To truth and piety.

3 A faithful memory bestow;
With useful learning store;
And still, O Lord, as more we know,
May we obey thee more.

468. 7s. **Nuremburg.**

Leaving School for Church. — BOYLSTON COLL.

1 To thy temple I repair;
Lord, I love to worship there;
Abba! Father! give me grace
In thy courts to seek thy face.

2 While thy glorious praise is sung,
Touch my lips, unloose my tongue;
While the prayers of saints ascend,
God of love, to mine attend.

3 While thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon in thy name,
While I hearken to thy law,
Fill my soul with humble awe.

4 From thy house when I return,
May my heart within me burn;
And at evening let me say,
"I have walked with God to-day."

469. L. M. Hamburg.

Art thou my Father?

1 Great God, and wilt thou condescend
To be my Father and my Friend?
I, a poor child, and thou so high,
The Lord of earth, and air, and sky.

2 Art thou my Father? let me be
A meek, obedient child to thee;
And try, in word, and deed, and thought,
To serve and please thee as I ought.

3 Art thou my Father? I 'll depend
Upon the care of such a Friend;
And only wish to do and be
Whatever seemeth good to thee.

4 Art thou my Father? then at last,
When all my days on earth are past,
Send down, and take me in thy love,
To be thy better child above.

470. C. M. Ballerma.

Early Piety. — Logan.

1 How happy is the child who hears
Instruction's warning voice;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

2 Wisdom has treasures greater far
Than east or west unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
Than is the gain of gold.

3 She guides the young with innocence
In pleasure's path to tread;
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

471. 7s. & 6s. Mendelssohn.

Remember thy Creator. — ANON.

1 O COME in life's gay morning,
Ere in thy sunny way
The flowers of hope have withered,
And sorrow ends thy day;
Come while from joy's bright fountain
The streams of pleasure flow;
Come, ere thy buoyant spirits
Have felt the blight of woe.

2 Remember thy Creator
Now in thy youthful days,
And he will guide thy footsteps
Through life's uncertain maze.
Remember thy Creator,
He calls in tones of love,
And offers deathless glories
In brighter worlds above.

3 And in the hour of sadness,
When earthly joys depart,
His love shall be thy solace,
And cheer thy drooping heart:
And when life's storm is over,
And thou from earth art free,
Thy God will be thy portion
Throughout eternity.

472. 8s. & 7s. Greenville.

Supplication.

1 LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we know no help but thee:
Still possessing every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

2 Saviour! breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness thou dost know;
Thou didst tread the world before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary, weak and weary,
Through the desert thou didst go!

3 Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with kind affection blending,—
Pleasures time can never cloy.
Thus provided, pardoned, guided,
Nothing shall our peace destroy.

473. 8s. & 7s. **Silver Lake.**

Christ's Blessing sought.

1 Holy Saviour, thou hast told us,
When we meet to hear of thee,
With thy love thou wilt behold us,
And amongst us thou wilt be.

2 Lord of hosts, to seek thy blessing
We are gathered here to-day;
Help us, all our sins confessing,
Saviour, teach thy flock to pray.

3 May the words we hear direct us
How to learn and do thy will;
May thy Spirit's aid protect us,
And with faith our bosoms fill.

4 And when death dissolves the union,
Which to us on earth is given,
May we spend, in blest communion,
An eternity in heaven

474. L. M. **Ward.**

We are but young.

1 We are but young—yet we may sing
The praises of our heavenly King;
He made the earth, the sea, the sky,
And all the starry worlds on high.

2 We are but young—we need a guide;
Jesus, in thee we would confide:
O lead us in the path of truth,
Protect and bless our helpless youth.

3 We are but young—yet God has shed
Unnumbered blessings on our head;
Then let our youth in riper days
Be all devoted to his praise.

4 We are but young—yet we must die;
Perhaps our latter end is nigh;
Lord, may we early seek thy grace,
And find in Christ a hiding-place.

475. S. M. **Olmutz.**

"Lord, teach us how to pray."

1 Lord, teach us how to pray,
And give us hearts to ask;
Or all we think or do or say
Will be a useless task.

2 Thy Holy Spirit send,
Our bosoms to inspire;
Then shall our praise to thee ascend
With pure and warm desire.

3 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Present our prayers above;
And spread abroad, o'er all thou see'st,
The mantle of thy love.

476. 7s. & 6s. **Morning Light.**

Anniversary Hymn.

1 We come, O God, with gladness,
Our humble thanks to bring;
With hearts yet free from sadness,
Our hymns of praise we sing:
Along our path are glowing
The tokens of thy love;
Like streams of bounty flowing,
Thy mercies from above.

2 Here, then, in childhood's morning,
Our hymns to thee we raise;
Thy love, our lives adorning,
Shall fill our hearts with praise.
Thy will henceforth, forever,
Shall be our only guide;
From duty may we never,
O, never, turn aside!

477. 8s. & 7s. **Silver Lake.**

Rural Celebration.

1 Here we meet with joy together,
'Neath the shade of leafy trees,
While the branches make sweet music
Rustling in the summer breeze.

2 Filled with love, each heart rejoices,
Breathing forth the secret prayer;
While young children's sweet-toned voices
Float upon the balmy air.

3 Hour of gladness, scene of beauty!
Radiant all around, above;
Speaking to the soul of duty,
Hope, and faith, and heavenly love.

4 Every bosom beats with gladness;
Brightly beams each glancing eye;
Banish gloomy care and sadness,
As the hours roll gaily by.

5 Day of happiness and pleasure,
Ne'er wilt thou forgotten be!
But 'mid memory's choicest treasure,
We will guard and cherish thee.

478. L. M. **Hamburg.**

Death of a Teacher. — E. BRADFORD.

1 In vain we wait his presence now;
He comes not to his wonted seat;
No more with us in prayer he 'll bow,
Or join our tuneful numbers sweet.

2 No more his youthful charge he 'll lead
Along the straight and narrow way;
Urge them true wisdom's voice to heed,
And seek their God without delay.

3 For him in vain his class will seek,—
His empty seat but mocks their gaze;
He will not come from his long sleep
Till God's last trump his dust shall raise.

4 But though from these loved scenes withdrawn,
And from the earthly Sabbath's light,
We trust his spirit hails the dawn
Of heaven's eternal Sabbath bright.

5 Thus, one by one, we all shall go,
And leave our places vacant here;
But in the better land, we know
They never shed the parting tear.

479. C. M. **Ballerma.**

Death of a Scholar.

1 Death has been here, and borne away
A brother from our side;
Just in the morning of his day,
As young as we, he died.

2 We cannot tell who next may fall
Beneath thy chastening rod;
One must be first, but let us all
Prepare to meet our God.

3 All needful strength is thine to give;
To thee our souls apply
For grace to teach us how to live,
And make us fit to die.

4 Then to thy wisdom and thy care
We would resign our days;
Content to live and serve thee here,
Or die and sing thy praise.

480. C. M. **Dedham.**

The Gentle Shepherd. — Doddridge.

1 See Israel's gentle Shepherd stand
With all-engaging charms;
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in his arms.

2 Permit them to approach, he cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 't was to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.

3 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear;
Ye children seek his face;
And fly with transport to receive
The blessings of his grace.

481. C. M. **Norwich.**

Importance of the Bible to the Young. — WATTS.

1 How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

3 'T is like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night
A lamp to lead our way.

4 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

482. S. M. **Boylston.**

Saviour, hear our Prayer. — J. M. HEWES.

1 DEAR Saviour, hear our prayer, —
We bow before thy throne;
O may we find acceptance there,
And peace before unknown.

2 Dear Saviour, hear our prayer, —
O turn not thou away;
For in temptation's fearful hour
Thou art our only stay.

3 Dear Saviour, hear our prayer, —
No other power but thine
Can fill our souls with heavenly joy,
With rays of light divine.

4 Dear Saviour, hear our prayer,—
On thee alone we call;
O keep our feet in wisdom's way,
That we may never fall.

483. 7s. & 6s. **Morning Light.**

"The Seraphs bright are hovering."

1 The seraphs bright are hovering
Around the throne above;
Their harps are ever tuning
To thrilling tones of love.
Or through the azure soaring,
Or poised on snowy wing,
With glowing hearts adoring,
Sweet choral notes they sing.

2 From earth is daily rising
A rich, harmonious song,
From sunny, perfumed flowers
By breezes borne along.
From hills in sunlight glittering,
From smooth, deep emerald seas,
A cloud of praise is rising,
Like incense on the breeze.

3 And childhood's voice is chanting
A full, harmonious song;
When morning light is breaking,
Or evening sweeps along.
For should we fail proclaiming
Our great Redeemer's praise,
The stones, our silence shaming,
Would their hosannas raise.

484. 8s. 7s. & 4s. **Greenville.**

Close of School.

1 Now is done the time of teaching;
Ended is the hour we love;
Still the voice of friends beseeching
Bids us seek the joys above,—
Precious Sabbaths!
Swiftly, O they swiftly move!

2 Wake, then, every tender feeling,
Ere from school we go away;
Saviour, come, thy grace revealing,
Every troubled thought allay;
Make us holy,
On the sacred Sabbath day.

3 Soon our Sabbaths will be ended,
All our Sabbath-schools be past,
Like the leaf, to earth descended,
Withered in the autumn blast;
Life is passing,—
We must see the grave at last.

4 Then may heaven be beaming o'er us,
With its sunny glories bright;
And with millions, saved before us,
May we join in worlds of light,
Praising Jesus,
Where the Sabbath knows no night.

485. 8s. & 7s. **Silver Lake.**

Hark! the Sabbath Bells.

1 Hark! the Sabbath bells are ringing!
Let us haste without delay;
Prayers of thousands now are winging
Up to heaven their silent way.

2 'T is an hour of happy greeting,
When we meet for praise and prayer;
But the hour is short and fleeting;
Let us, then, be early there.

3 Do not keep our teachers waiting,
While you tarry by the way;
Nor disturb the school reciting;
'T is the holy Sabbath day.

4 Children, haste; the bells are ringing,
And the morning 's bright and fair;
Thousands now are joined in singing;
Thousands, too, in solemn prayer.

486. L. M. **Ward.**

Welcome to the Sabbath.

1 I LOVE to have the Sabbath come;
I love to rise and quit my home,
And haste to school with cheerful air,
To meet my friends and teachers there.

2 'T is here I 'm always taught to pray
That God would bless me day by day;
And safely guard and guide me still,
And ever help to do his will.

3 'T is here I sing a Saviour's love,
That brought him from his throne above;
'T is here I seek my Father's face;
'T is here I learn each Christian grace.

4 This day be given to God alone;
He claims the Sabbath as his own;
O may we all the time improve,
To grow in wisdom and in love.

487. 8s. 7s. & 4s. **Zion.**

The Song of Children. — Mrs. T. P. S.

1 Once was heard the song of children
By the Saviour when on earth;
Joyful in the sacred temple
Shouts of youthful praise had birth,
And hosannas
Loud to David's Son broke forth.

2 Palms of victory strewn around him,
Garments spread beneath his feet,
Prophet of the Lord they crowned him,
In fair Salem's crowded street;
While hosannas
From the lips of children greet.

3 Blesséd Saviour, now triumphant,
Glorified and throned on high,
Mortal lays from man or infant,
Vain to tell thy praises try;
But hosannas
Swell the chorus of the sky.

4 God o'er all in heaven reigning,
We this day thy glory sing;
Not with palms thy pathway strewing;
We would loftier tribute bring—
Glad hosannas
To our Prophet, Priest, and King.

5 O, though humble is our offering,
Deign accept our grateful lays;
These from children once proceeding,
Thou didst deem "perfected praise."
Now hosannas,
Saviour, Lord, to thee we raise.

OCCASIONAL.

MATERNAL MEETINGS.

488. C. M. **Lanesboro'.**

Prayer for Children's Conversion. — MOTHER'S HYMN BOOK.

1 O LORD, behold us at thy feet,
A needy, sinful band;
As suppliants round thy mercy-seat,
We come at thy command.

2 'T is for our children we would plead,
The offspring thou hast given;
Where shall we go, in time of need,
But to the God of heaven?

3 We ask not for them wealth or fame,
Amid the worldly strife;
But, in the all-prevailing Name,
We ask eternal life.

4 We crave the Spirit's quickening grace,
To make them pure in heart;
That they may stand before thy face,
And see thee as thou art.

489. C. M. **Dundee.**

Parental Solicitude. — Esther viii. 6. — CHRISTIAN PSALMIST.

1 How can we see the children, Lord,
Thou hast in mercy given,
Remain regardless of thy word,
Without a hope of heaven?

2 How can we see them tread the path
That leads to endless death;
Thus adding to thy fearful wrath,
With every moment's breath?

3 Lord, hear the parents' earnest cry,
And save our children dear;
Now send thy Spirit from on high,
And fill them with thy fear.

4 Oh, make them love thy holy law,
And joyful walk therein:
Their hearts to new obedience draw;
Save them from every sin.

490. C. M. **Welford.**

Prayer for Children. — MOTHER'S HYMN BOOK.

1 WITHIN these quiet walls, O Lord,
A fond maternal band
Have met, thy goodness to record,
And seek thy guiding hand.

2 Oft when we talk, our burning hearts
Break from the earth away;
While faith its holy strength imparts,
And hope its heavenly ray.

3 If e'er a mother's prayerful strain
Hath gained thy listening ear,
O! Saviour, now in mercy deign
Our ardent cry to hear.

4 'T is for our children, Lord, we plead,—
Dear objects of our care:
Dangers on every side are spread;
Save them from every snare.

SHORTNESS OF TIME.

491. C. M. **Ballerma.**

Time is short. — HOSKINS.

1 THE time is short! the season near,
When death will us remove,
To leave our friends, however dear,
And all we fondly love.

2 The time is short! let us beware,
Nor trifle time away;
The word of great salvation hear,
While it is called to-day.

3 The time is short! O let us now
To Christ the Lord submit;
To mercy's golden sceptre bow,
And fall at Jesus' feet.

4 The time is short! ye saints rejoice —
The Lord will quickly come:
Soon shall you hear the Bridegroom's voice,
To call you to your home.

492. C. M **Dundee.**

Earth receding. — M. S.

1 EARTH's stormy night will soon be o'er;
The raging wind shall cease;
The Christian's bark will reach the shore
Of heaven's eternal peace.

2 E'en now the distant rays appear,
To chase the gloom of night;
The Sun of Righteousness is near,
And terrors take their flight.

493. L. M. **Ware.**

Eternity. — FREEMAN'S SEL.

1 ETERNITY is just at hand!
And shall I waste my ebbing sand,
And careless view departing day,
And throw my inch of time away?

2 But an eternity there is
Of endless wo, or endless bliss;
And swift as time fulfils its round,
We to eternity are bound.

3 What countless millions of mankind
Have left this fleeting world behind!
They're gone! but where?—ah, pause and see!
Gone to a long eternity.

4 Sinner! canst thou forever dwell
In all the fiery deeps of hell?
Has death no warning sound for thee?
O turn, and to the Saviour flee.

494. C. M. **Woodland.**

Life but a Vapor. — HYMNS OF ZION.

1 LIFE but a fleeting vapor is;
How soon its dreams are past!
However bright its scenes of bliss,
We feel they cannot last.

2 Time hasteth, as a post, away,
Or, like an arrow, flies;
The flower that brightly blooms to-day,
To-morrow droops and dies!

3 Yet, gracious God! our fleeting days
Thy constant favors share;
And blessings, in thy truth and grace,
Thou ever dost prepare.

4 In all thy doings thou art good,
And all thy ways are love;
Thou sheddest on our pilgrim-road
The day-spring from above.

495. S. M. **Boylston.**

Fleeting Time must be improved. — WATTS.

1 LORD, what a feeble piece
Is this, our mortal frame!
Our life — how poor a trifle 't is,
That scarce deserves the name!

2 Our moments fly apace,
Our feeble powers decay;
Swift as a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

3 But if our days must fly,
We 'll keep their end in sight;
We 'll spend them all in wisdom's ways,
And let them speed their flight.

4 They 'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea;
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

496. S. M. **Shirland.**

Importance of To-day. — DODDRIDGE.

1 TO-MORROW, Lord, is thine,
Lodged in thy sovereign hand;
And if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by thy command.

2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away;
O, make thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.

3 Since on this fleeting hour
Eternity is hung,
Awake, by thine almighty power,
The aged and the young.

4 One thing demands our care;
O, be that still pursued,
Lest, slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renewed.

5 To Jesus may we fly,
Swift as the morning light;
Lest life's young, golden beams should die
In sudden, endless night.

497. L. M. **Ward.**

Work while it is Day. — ANON.

1 As flies the shuttle o'er the loom,
So mortals hasten to the tomb;
As ships that skim the raging sea,
Or eagles darting on their prey.

2 As vanishes the fleeting shade;
As flowers before the evening fade:
Such is the life of feeble man;
His days are measured by a span.

3 I would not wish on earth to stay
Beyond this short uncertain day;
But, Lord, prepare my soul to do
The work appointed me below.

4 With willing heart and active hands,
Lord, I would practise thy commands;
Improve the moments as they fly,
And live as I would wish to die.

CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

498. L. M. **Wilmot.**

The departed Year. — DODDRIDGE.

1 God of my life, thy constant care
With mercy crowns the opening year;
And while the months and days prolong,
I 'll raise to thee my grateful song.

2 How many precious souls have fled
To the vast regions of the dead,
Since the departed year began,
While suns and moons in circles ran!

3 Our breath is thine, eternal God;
'T is thine to fix the soul's abode;
We hold our life from thee alone,
On earth and in the world unknown.

4 To thee our souls we here resign;
O make us, Lord, forever thine;
So may we smile, secure from fear,
Though death should blast the rising year.

499. C. M. **Peterborough.**

Close of the Year. — DODDRIDGE.

1 Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
And raise your voices high;
Awake and praise that sovereign love
That shows salvation nigh.

2 On all the wings of time it flies;
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome, each declining day!
Welcome, each closing year!

3 Not many years their rounds shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand revealed
To our admiring eyes.

500. C. M. **Welford.**

Swiftness of Time. — DODDRIDGE.

1 REMARK, my soul, the narrow bound
Of the revolving year;
How swift the weeks complete their round!
How short the months appear!

2 So fast eternity comes on —
And that important day,
When all that mortal life hath done,
God's judgment shall survey.

3 Yet, like an idle tale, we pass
The swift revolving year;
And study artful ways to increase
The speed of its career.

4 Waken, O God, my careless heart,
Its great concerns to see;
That I may act the Christian part,
And give the year to thee.

501. C. M. **Dundee.**

Frailty of Life. — WATTS.

1 THEE we adore, Eternal Name,
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms are we!

2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
As months and days increase;
And every beating pulse we tell,
Leaves but the number less.

3 The year rolls round and steals away
The breath that first it gave;
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
We 're travelling to the grave.

4 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense
To walk this dangerous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May they be found with God.

502. L. M. **Duke Street.**

Reviewing the past Year. — DODDRIDGE.

1 OUR helper, God! we bless thy name,
Whose love forever is the same;
The tokens of thy gracious care
Open, and crown, and close the year.

2 Amid ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by thy guardian hand;
And see, when we review our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

3 Thus far thine arm has led us on;
Thus far we make thy mercy known;
And while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

4 Our grateful souls, on Jordan's shore,
Shall raise one sacred pillar more;
Then bear, in thy bright courts above,
Inscriptions of immortal love.

503. C. M. **Ballerma.**

The fruitless Fig-tree. — HARBOTTLE.

1 SEE how the fruitless fig-tree stands
Beneath the owner's frown;
The axe is lifted in his hands,
To cut the cumberer down.

2 "Year after year I come," he cries,
"And still no fruit is shown;
I see but empty leaves arise;
Then cut the cumberer down.

3 "The axe of death, at one sharp stroke,
Shall make my justice known;
Each bough shall tremble at the shock
Which cuts the cumberer down."

4 Sinner, beware! — the axe of death
Is raised, and aimed at thee:
Awhile thy Maker spares thy breath;
Beware, O barren tree!

THE NEW YEAR.

504. L. M. **Uxbridge.**

A Song for the opening Year. — DODDRIDGE.

1 GREAT God! we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand;
The opening year thy mercy shows, —
Let mercy crown it till it close.

2 By day, by night — at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future — all to us unknown —
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

4 In scenes exalted or depressed,
Be thou our joy, and thou our rest;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored, through all our changing days.

505. C. M. **Dewan.**

The New Year. — NEWTON.

1 Now, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known;
Make us the Saviour's presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

2 From all the guilt of former sin
May mercy set us free;
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with thee.

3 Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more;
That sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.

4 And when before thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise thee in our room.

506. 7s. **Hendon.**

The New Year. — NEWTON.

1 SEE! another year is gone!
Quickly have the seasons passed!
This we enter now upon
May to many prove their last.

2 Mercy hitherto has spared:
But have mercies been improved?
Let us ask, "Am I prepared
Should I be this year removed?"

3 Some we now no longer see,
Who their mortal race have run,
Seemed as fair for life as we,
When the former year begun.

4 Some (but who God only knows)
Who are here assembled now,
Ere the present year shall close,
To the stroke of death must bow.

5 If from guilt and sin set free
By the knowledge of thy grace,
Welcome, then, the call will be
To depart and see thy face.

6 To thy saints, while here below,
With new years, new mercies come;
But the happiest year they know
Is their last, which leads them home.

507. 7s. **Benevento.**

Uncertainty of Life. — NEWTON.

1 WHILE with ceaseless course the sun
Hasted through the former year,
Many souls their race have run,
Never more to meet us here.
Fixed in an eternal state,
They have done with all below;
We a little longer wait,
But how little none can know.

2 As the wingéd arrow flies
Speedily the mark to find —
As the lightning from the skies
Darts and leaves no trace behind —
Swiftly thus our fleeting days
Bear us down life's rapid stream.
Upwards, Lord, our spirits raise:
All below is but a dream.

3 Thanks for mercies past receive;
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us henceforth how to live
With eternity in view.
Bless thy word to young and old;
Fill us with a Saviour's love;
And when life's short tale is told,
May we dwell with thee above.

DEATH.

508. L. M. **Wells.**

Life the Day of Grace and Hope. — WATTS.

1 LIFE is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to ensure the great reward;
And while the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return.

2 Life is the hour that God hath given
To 'scape from hell, and fly to heaven;
The day of grace, and mortals may
Secure the blessings of the day.

3 Then what my thoughts design to do,
My hands with all your might, pursue;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

4 There are no acts of pardon passed
In the cold grave to which we haste;
But darkness, death, and long despair
Reign in eternal silence there.

509. **C. M.** **Woodstock.**

Death of a young Person. — STEELE.

1 WHEN blooming youth is snatched away
By death's resistless hand,
Our hearts the mournful tribute pay
Which pity must demand.

2 And while we raise the tearful eye,
With mourning thoughts impressed,
Oh may this truth — "I too must die," —
Sink deep in every breast.

3 Let this vain world engage no more;
Behold the gaping tomb!
It bids us seize the present hour;
To-morrow death may come.

4 O let us fly, to Jesus fly,
Whose powerful arm can save;
Then shall our hopes ascend on high,
And triumph o'er the grave.

510. **L. M.** **Hamburg.**

The Death of the Righteous. — BARBAULD.

1 How blest the righteous when they die,
When holy souls retire to rest!
How mildly beams the closing eye!
How gently heaves the expiring breast!

2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 Farewell conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell;
How bright the unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

511. C. M. **Welford.**

Death and immediate Glory. — WATTS.

1 THERE is a house not made with hands,
Eternal and on high;
And here my spirit waiting stands
Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Shall be dissolved and fall;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly Father's call.

3 'T is he, by his almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven;
And as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come:
Faith lives upon his word:
But while the body is our home,
We 're absent from the Lord.

5 'T is pleasant to believe thy grace,
But sweeter far to see:
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

512. C. M. **Ballerma.**

A Warning from the Grave. — HEBER.

1 BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given:
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven!

2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

3 Turn, mortal, turn! — thy danger know:
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!

4 Turn, Christian, turn! — thy soul apply
To truths which hourly tell
That they who underneath thee lie
Shall live in heaven or hell!

513. C. M. **Dedham.**

Death of a Minister. — DODDRIDGE.

1 Now let our mourning hearts revive,
And all our tears be dry;
Why should those eyes be drowned in grief,
Which view a Saviour nigh?

2 Though earthly shepherds dwell in dust,
The aged and the young —
The watchful eye in darkness closed,
And mute th' instructive tongue; —

3 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart;
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates our heart.

4 "Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord;
"My church shall safe abide;
For I will ne'er forsake my own,
Whose souls in me confide."

5 Through every scene of life and death,
This promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song
When we are cold in dust.

514. C. M. **Mear.**

God's Presence makes Death easy. — WATTS.

1 DEATH cannot make our souls afraid,
If God be with us there;
We may walk through its darkest shade,
And never yield to fear.

2 I could renounce my all below,
If my Redeemer bid;
And run, if I were called to go,
And die, as Moses did.

3 Might I but climb to Pisgah's top,
And view the promised land,
My flesh itself would long to drop,
And welcome the command.

4 Clasped in my heavenly Father's arms,
I would forget my breath,
And lose my life among the charms
Of so divine a death.

515. C. M. **Nichols.**

Victory over Death. — WATTS.

1 O FOR an overcoming faith,
To cheer my dying hours,
To triumph o'er the monster Death,
And all his frightful powers!

2 Joyful, with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips should sing —
"Where is thy boasted victory, Grave?
And where, O Death, thy sting?"

3 If sin be pardoned, I 'm secure;
Death has no sting beside:
The law gives sin its damning power;
But Christ, my ransom, died.

4 Now to the God of victory
Immortal thanks be paid,
Who makes us conquerors, while we die,
Through Christ, our living head.

516. L. M. **Ware.**

Sleeping in Jesus. — MACKAY.

1 ASLEEP in Jesus! blesséd sleep!
From which none ever wake to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! O, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death hath lost its venomed sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest;
No fear — no wo, shall dim that hour,
That manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O, for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie;
Waiting the summons from on high.

517. C. M. **Downs.**

Death of the Christian. — NEWTON.

1 IN vain my fancy strives to paint
The moment after death;
The glories that surround a saint
When yielding up his breath.

2 One gentle sigh his fetters break;
We scarce can say "He 's gone!"
Before the willing spirit takes
Its mansion near the throne.

3 Thus much, and this is all, we know,
Saints are completely blest;
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.

4 On harps of gold they praise his name;
His face they always view:
Then let us followers be of them,
That we may praise him too.

518. C. M. **Woodland.**

Death always near. — HEBER.

1 DEATH floats on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

2 We daily see the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay:
And life depart in sudden night,
Ere scarce has dawned the day.

3 Look downward, then; thy danger know;
Where now thy foot may tread,
List to the warning from below,—
There lie the buried dead.

4 Look upward, too; by faith apply
The truth divinely given;
On Jesus and his word rely,
And fit thy soul for heaven.

519. S. M. **Boylston.**

The Resurrection. — WATTS.

1 AND must this body die?
This mortal frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?

2 God my Redeemer lives,
And from the bending skies
Still watches o'er the sleeping dust,
Till he shall bid it rise.

3 Arrayed in glorious grace,
Our bodies then will shine,
And every shape and every face
Look heavenly and divine.

4 These lively hopes we owe
To Jesus' dying love;
We would adore his grace below,
And sing his power above.

JUDGMENT.

520. S. M. **Olmutz.**

Anticipation of the Judgment. — DODDRIDGE.

1 How will my heart endure
The terrors of that day,
When earth and heaven, before the Judge,
Astonished, shrink away!

2 But ere that trumpet shakes
The mansions of the dead,
Hark! from the gospel's cheering sound,
What joyful tidings spread!

3 Ye sinners, seek his grace,
Whose wrath ye cannot bear;
Fly to the shelter of his cross,
And find salvation there.

4 So shall that curse remove
By which the Saviour bled;
And the last awful day shall pour
His blessings on your head.

521. C. M. **Ballerma.**

That awful Day. — WATTS.

1 THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before my Judge,
And pass the solemn test.

2 Jesus, thou source of all my joys,
Thou ruler of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"

3 O! wretched state of deep despair—
To see my God remove,
And fix my doleful station where
I must not taste his love!

4 Jesus! I throw my arms around,
And hang upon thy breast;
Without one gracious smile from thee
My spirit cannot rest.

5 O! tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise in thy book,
Where my salvation stands.

522. C. P. M. **Ganges.**

Solemnity of eternal Things. — WESLEY.

1 O GOD, my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtless heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me ere it be too late:
Wake me to righteousness.

2 Before me place, in bright array,
The pomp of that tremendous day,
When thou with clouds shalt come
To judge the nations at thy bar;
And tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?

3 Be this my one great business here,
With serious industry and fear,
To make my calling sure!
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!

[illegible]. C. M. **Dundee.**

I must go to the Judgment.—S. S. Hymns.

1 And must I be to judgment brought,
And answer, in that day,
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?

2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.

3 How careful, then, ought I to live;
With what religious fear;
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here!

4 Thou mighty Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,
In all I speak or do.

524. C. P. M. Foster.

Pleading for Acceptance. — PSALMIST.

1 WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But — can I bear the piercing thought? —
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou my only hiding-place,
In this, th' accepted day;
Thy pard'ning voice, O, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 And when the final trump shall sound,
Among thy saints let me be found,
To bow before thy face;
Then in triumphant strains I 'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With praise of sovereign grace.

525. L. M. Windham.

The Day of Judgment. — SCOTT.

1 THE day of wrath! that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away!
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day? —

2 When, shrivelling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
And, louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead?

3 O! on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be thou, O Christ! the sinner's stay,
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

HEAVEN.

526. 8s. & 6s. Woodland.

The Hour of Rest. — TAPPAN.

1 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distressed,
A balm for every wounded breast;
'T is found alone in heaven.

2 There is a home for weary souls,
By sins and sorrows driven;
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,
And all is drear — 't is heaven.

3 There faith lifts up the tearless eye,
The heart with anguish riven, —
It views the tempest passing by,
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in heaven.

4 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom;
Beyond the dark and narrow tomb
Appears the dawn of heaven.

527. C. M. **Peterboro'.**

Land of pure Delight. — WATTS.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

4 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

5 O! could we make our doubts remove,—
Those gloomy doubts that rise,—
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes;—

6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,—
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

528. L. M. **Rockingham.**

We've no abiding city here. — KELLY.

1 WE'VE no abiding city here;
This may distress the worldly mind,
But should not cost the saint a tear,
Who hopes a better rest to find.

2 We've no abiding city here;
Sad truth, were this to be our home:
But let this thought our spirits cheer,—
We seek a city yet to come.

3 We've no abiding city here;
Then let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not the world our rest appear;
But let us haste from all below.

4 We've no abiding city here;
We seek a city out of sight:
Zion its name; the Lord is there;
It shines with everlasting light.

529. C. M. St. Ann's.

Holiness of Heaven. — WATTS.

1 Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,
Nor sense nor reason known,
What joys the Father has prepared
For those that love his Son.

2 But the good Spirit of the Lord
Reveals a heaven to come;
The beams of glory in his word
Allure and guide us home.

3 Pure are the joys above the sky,
And all the region peace;
No wanton lips, nor envious eye,
Can see or taste the bliss.

4 Those holy gates forever bar
Pollution, sin, and shame;
And none shall gain admittance there
But followers of the Lamb.

530. C. M. **The Happy Land.**

Prospect of Heaven. — STENNETT.

1 On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 O the transporting, rapturous scene,
That rises to my sight!
Sweet fields arrayed in living green
And rivers of delight!

3 All o'er those wide-extended plains
Shines one eternal day;
There God, the Sun, forever reigns,
And scatters night away.

4 No chilling winds or poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
Are felt and feared no more.

5 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be forever blest?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest?

531. C. M. **Dundee.**

Freedom from Sin and Misery in Heaven. — WATTS.

1 Our sins, alas! how strong they be!
And, like a raging sea,
They break our duty, Lord, to thee,
And hurry us away.

2 The waves of trouble, how they rise!
How loud the tempests roar!
But death shall land our weary souls
Safe on the heavenly shore.

3 There, to fulfil his sweet commands,
Our speedy feet shall move:
No sin shall clog our winged zeal,
Or cool our burning love.

4 There shall we sit, and sing and tell
The wonders of his grace;
Till heavenly raptures fire our hearts,
And smile in every face.

5 Forever his dear, sacred name
Shall dwell upon our tongue;
And Jesus and salvation be
The close of every song.

532. C. M. Auld Lang Syne.

Hope of Heaven our Support on Earth. — WATTS.

1 WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall;
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all:—

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

533. C. M. Ballerma.

The Peace of Heaven. — BEDDOME.

1 THERE is a world of perfect bliss
Above the starry skies;
Oppressed with sorrows and with sins,
I thither lift my eyes.

2 'T is there the weary are at rest,
And all is peace within;
The mind, with guilt no more oppressed,
Is tranquil and serene.

3 Discord and strife are banished thence,
Distrust and slavish fear;
No more we hear the pensive sigh,
Or see the falling tear.

534. L. M. Ward.

The Christian's Prospect. — WATTS.

1 WHAT sinners value I resign;
Lord, 't is enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

2 This life 's a dream — an empty show;
But that bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere:
When shall I wake and find me there?

3 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God,
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of my soul.

4 My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound,
Then burst the chains, with glad surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

535. C. M. Arlington.

Victory through the Lamb. — WATTS.

1 GIVE me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 I ask them whence their vict'ry came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

3 They marked the footsteps he had trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

4 Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

536. C. M. Dedham.

Earthly and heavenly Good. — MRS. STEELE.

1 How vain a thought is bliss below!
'T is all an airy dream;
How empty are the joys that flow
On pleasure's smiling stream!

2 O! let my nobler wishes soar
Beyond these realms of night;
In heaven substantial bliss explore,
And permanent delight.

3 No fleeting landscape cheers the gaze,
Nor airy form beguiles;
But everlasting bliss displays
Her undissembled smiles.

4 Adieu to all below the skies;
Celestial Guardian, come;
On thy kind wing my soul would rise
To her celestial home.

537. C. M. **Naomi.**

Heaven. — W. B. Tappan.

1 There is an hour of hallowed peace
For those with cares oppressed,
When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease,
And all be hushed to rest.

2 'T is then the soul is freed from fears,
And doubts which here annoy;
Then they that oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

3 There is a home of sweet repose,
Where storms assail no more;
The stream of endless pleasure flows
On that celestial shore.

4 There purity with love appears,
And bliss without alloy;
There they that oft had sown in tears
Shall reap again in joy.

538. 8s. & 6s. **Woodland.**

Nothing true but Heaven. — Wesleyan Psalmist.

1 This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;
The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow,—
There 's nothing true but heaven.

2 And false the light on glory's plume,
As fading hues of even;
And genius' bud and beauty's bloom,
Are blossoms gathered for the tomb;—
There 's nothing bright but heaven.

3 Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
From wave to wave we 're driven;
And fancy's flash and reason's ray,
Serve but to light the troubled way;—
There 's nothing calm but heaven.

4 In vain do mortals sigh for bliss,
Without their sins forgiven;
True pleasure, everlasting peace,
Are only found in God's free grace;—
There 's nothing good but heaven.

539. 8s. & 6s. **Woodland.**

Heaven on Earth. — WESLEYAN PSALMIST.

1 THIS world 's not "all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given;"
He that hath soothed a widow's woe,
Or wiped the orphan's tear, doth know
There 's something here of heaven;

2 And he that walks life's thorny way,
With feelings calm and even;
Whose path is lit from day to day
By virtue's bright and steady ray,
Hath something felt of heaven.

3 He that the Christian's course hath run,
And all his foes forgiven—
Who measures out life's little span,
In love to God, and love to man,
On earth has tasted heaven.

4 From such as walk in wisdom's road,
Corroding fears are driven;
They 're washed in Christ's atoning blood,
Enjoy communion with their God,
And find their way to heaven.

540. C. M. **Merch.**

My Father's House. — R. TURNBULL.

1 THERE is a place of sacred rest,
Far, far beyond the skies,
Where beauty smiles eternally,
And pleasure never dies; —
My Father's house, my heavenly home,
Where "many mansions" stand,
Prepared, by hands divine, for all
Who seek the better land.

2 In that pure home of tearless joy
Earth's parted friends shall meet,
With smiles of love that never fade,
And blessedness complete;
There, there adieus are sounds unknown;
Death frowns not on that scene,
But life, and glorious beauty, shine
Untroubled and serene.

541. C. M. **Merch.**

My Father's House. — John xiv. 2. — COLYER.

1 MY Father's house, my Father's house!
O there is rest for me;
A mansion where my Father dwells,
I soon with joy shall see.
Rush on, thou troubled stream of life,
Nor spare my weary soul;
Your noise and rage and hurrying strife
But speed me to my goal.

2 My Father's house, my Father's house!
Blest Jesus, thou art there;
And there are those I loved on earth,
His boundless bliss to share;
O how I long to reach the place
Where my best kindred dwell;
Where I shall sing among the rest,
And love the mansion well.

3 My Father's house, my Father's house!
I love to think of home,
In all my lonely hours of night,
While here on earth I roam;
Nor storm, nor care, nor grief is known,
Throughout those blissful plains;
And I shall worship near that throne
Where God, my Saviour, reigns.

542. S. M. **Olmutz**

Rest for the weary Soul. — MONTGOMERY.

1 OH, where shall rest be found,—
Rest for the weary soul?
'T were vain the ocean depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh!
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death, to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

4 There is a death whose pang
Outlasts the fleeting breath;
O what eternal horrors hang
Around the second death!

5 Lord God of truth and grace,
Teach us that death to shun;
Lest we be driven from thy face,
And evermore undone.

543. L. M. **Brentford.**

The Land of Glory. — Tuck.

1 There is a region lovelier far
Than sages tell or poets sing;
Brighter than noon-day glories are,
And softer than the tints of spring.

2 It is not fanned by summer's gale;
'T is not refreshed by vernal showers;
It never needs the moonbeam pale,
For there are known no evening hours.

3 No; for that world is ever bright
With purest radiance all its own;
The streams of uncreated light
Flow round it from th' eternal throne.

4 It is all holy and serene,
The land of glory and repose;
No cloud obscures the radiant scene;
There not a tear of sorrow flows.

5 In vain the curious, searching eye
May seek to view the fair abode,
Or find it in the starry sky:
It is the dwelling-place of God.

544. C. M. **Lancashire.**

The heavenly Jerusalem. — MONTGOMERY.

1 JERUSALEM! my glorious home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?

2 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,
Or feel, at death, dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Jerusalem! my glorious home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

545. L. M. **Wilmer.**

The Land without a Shadow. — PSALMIST.

1 THERE is a land mine eye hath seen,
In visions of enraptured thought,
So bright that all which spreads between
Is with its radiant glory fraught; —

2 A land upon whose blissful shore
There rests no shadow, falls no stain;
There those who meet shall part no more,
And those long parted meet again.

3 Its skies are not like earthly skies,
With varying hues of shade and light;
It hath no need of suns to rise,
To dissipate the gloom of night.

4 There sweeps no desolating wind
Across that calm, serene abode;
The wanderer there a home may find
Within the paradise of God.

FAST DAYS.

546. C. M. **Ballerma.**

Humility under Affliction. — BREVIARY.

1 O SINNER, bring not tears alone,
Or outward form of prayer;
But let it in thy heart be known
That penitence is there.

2 To smite the breast, the clothes to rend,
God asketh not of thee:
Thy secret soul he bids thee bend
In true humility.

3 O let us, then, with heartfelt grief,
Draw near unto our God,
And pray to him to grant relief,
And stay the lifted rod.

4 O righteous Judge, if thou wilt deign
To grant us what we need,
We pray for time to turn again,
And grace to turn indeed.

547. C. M. **Mear.**

Public Humiliation. — HART.

1 LORD, look on all assembled here,
Who in thy presence stand,
To offer up united prayer
For this our sinful land.

2 O, may we all, with one consent,
Fall low before thy throne;
With tears the nation's sins lament,
The church's and our own.

3 And should the dread decree be past,
And we must feel the rod,—
Let faith and patience hold us fast
To our correcting God

548. 8s. & 7s. **Silver Lake.**

Pardon implored for national Sins. — EPIS. COLL.

1 DREAD Jehovah! God of nations!
From thy temple in the skies,
Hear thy people's supplications,
Now for their deliverance rise:

2 Though our sins, our hearts confounding,
Long and loud for vengeance call,
Thou hast mercy more abounding;
Jesus' blood can cleanse them all.

3 Let that love veil our transgression;
Let that blood our guilt efface;
Save thy people from oppression;
Save from spoil thy holy place.

4 Lo! with deep contrition turning,
Humbly at thy feet we bend;
Hear us, fasting, praying, mourning;
Hear us, spare us, and defend.

549. L. M. **Hamburg.**

Divine Aid implored in national Distress. — MAN. OF PSALM.

1 WHY should thy face, where mercies dwell,
Its beams of majesty conceal;
Regardless of the woes that wait
Around our long-afflicted state?

2 Behold, our soul with sorrow bends,
And down to dust our life descends;
And, while thine arm its aid denies,
Prostrate on earth, deserted lies.

3 Thy mercy, Lord, alone we claim;
Redeem us, and exalt thy name;
Rise for our help, almighty Lord!
Salvation shall attend thy word.

550. L. M. **Rockingham.**

National Deliverances ascribed to God. — PRATT'S COLL.

1 OFT have our ears, great God, been taught
What for our fathers thou hast wrought,
While, with adoring minds, they told
The wonders of thy works of old.

2 Still we disclaim the bow or sword,
And wait for thy salvation, Lord;
On thee we trust — thy mercies claim,
Whose presence puts all foes to shame.

3 From morning dawn to evening close,
On thee, O Lord, our hopes repose:
To thy great name with joy we 'll raise
Triumphant songs of grateful praise.

THANKSGIVING DAYS.

551. 7s. **Nuremburg.**

Thanksgiving. — PRES. COLL.

1 SWELL the anthem, raise the song;
Praises to our God belong:
Saints and angels, join to sing
Praises to the heavenly King!

2 Blessings from his liberal hand
Flow around this happy land:
Guarded by his watchful eye,
Peace and freedom we enjoy.

3 Here, beneath a virtuous sway,
May we cheerfully obey;
Never feel oppression's rod,
Ever own and worship God.

4 Hark! the voice of nature sings
Praises to the King of kings;
Let us join the choral song,
And the grateful notes prolong.

552. L. M. **Duke Street.**

Thanksgiving Hymn. — S. S. CUTTING.

1 CREATOR, God! thy glories blaze
Where'er above, around, we gaze;
Thy smile gives beauty to the flower,
Thy grandeur to the tempest, power.

2 God of our lives, the throbbing heart
Doth at thy beck its action start—
Throbs on obedient to thy will,
Or ceases at thy fatal chill.

3 God of the harvest, sun and shower
Own the high mandate of thy power;
Plenty her rich profusion throws
When thou dost bid, or want her woes.

4 God of eternal life, thy love
Doth the deep stain of sin remove:
The cross! the cross!—its hallowed light
Fast drives from earth her cheerless night.

5 God of all goodness, to the skies
Our hearts in grateful anthems rise;
And to thy service shall be given
The rest of life, the whole of heaven.

553. S. M. Dover.

O bless the Lord. — WATTS.

1 O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless his name,
Whose favors are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'T is he forgives thy sins,
'T is he relieves thy pain,
'T is he that heals thy sicknesses,
And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He who redeemed my soul from sin
Has sovereign power to save.

554. 8s. & 7s. **Bavaria.**

National Thanksgiving and Prayer. — GERR.

1 LORD of heaven, and earth, and ocean,
Hear us from thy bright abode,
While our hearts, with deep devotion,
Own their great and gracious God:
Now with joy we come before thee;
Seek thy face, thy mercies sing:
Lord of life, and light, and glory,
Guard thy church, thou heavenly King.

2 Health, and every needful blessing,
Are thy bounteous gifts alone;
Comforts undeserved possessing,
Here we bend before thy throne:
Thee, with humble adoration,
Lord, we praise for mercies past;
Still to this most favored nation
May those mercies ever last.

555. 7s. **Hendon.**

Harvest Hymn. — ANON.

1 EVERY sheaf of golden grain,
Standing on the smiling plain,
Tells us, if we do not know,
Whence our many blessings flow.

2 Thanks we bring for earthly good,
Nobler thanks for richer food;
Love divine to us has given
Christ, the Bread of Life, from heaven.

3 Lord, with these thy favors, give
Hearts to serve thee while we live,
Till we reap, where Jesus is,
Harvests of immortal bliss.

556. 8s. & 7s. Wilmot.

Praise the Lord. — ANON.

1 PRAISE the Lord, who reigns in heaven,
For a living, deathless soul;
Praise to his blest name be given,
While eternal ages roll.

2 Praise to him who dwells in glory,
For the gift of Christ the Lord;
And that all the wondrous story
Is recorded in his word.

3 Low before his footstool bending,
We would praise th' incarnate God,
For the grace on us descending
Through his own most precious blood.

557. L. M. Uxbridge.

Praise for the Wonders of Divine Grace. — WATTS.

1 GIVE to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways;
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

2 He saw us perishing in sin,
And felt his pity move within:
His mercies ever shall endure,
When death and sin shall reign no more.

3 He sent his Son with power to save
From guilt and darkness and the grave;
Wonders of grace to God belong;
Repeat his mercies in your song.

4 Through this vain world he guides our feet,
And leads us to his heavenly seat;
His mercies ever shall endure
When this vain world shall be no more.

538. 8s. & 7s. Sicily.

Universal Praise. — FAWCETT.

1 PRAISE to God, the great Creator,
Praise to thee from every tongue;
Join, my soul, with every creature,
Join the universal song.

2 Father! source of all compassion!
Free, unbounded grace is thine:
Hail the God of our salvation;
Praise him for his love divine.

3 For ten thousand blessings given,
For the hope of future joy;
Heirs of endless bliss in heaven,
Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

4 Joyfully on earth adore him,
Till in heaven our song we raise;
Then, enraptured, fall before him,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

DEDICATION.

539. L. M. Brentford.

Dedication Hymn. — J. MONTGOMERY.

1 HERE, in thy name, eternal God,
We build this earthly house for thee;
O choose it for thy fixed abode,
And guard it long from error free.

2 Here, when thy people seek thy face,
And dying sinners pray to live,
Hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling-place,
And when thou hearest, Lord, forgive.

3 Here, when thy messengers proclaim
The blesséd gospel of thy Son,
Still by the power of his great name
Be mighty signs and wonders done.

4 When children's voices raise the song,
Hosanna! to their heavenly King,
Let heaven with earth the strain prolong;
Hosanna! let the angels sing.

5 Thy glory never hence depart!
Yet choose not, Lord, this house alone;
Thy kingdom come to every heart;
In every bosom fix thy throne.

560. L. M. Wilmer.

Dedication Hymn. — H. S. Washburn.

1 Almighty God, thy constant care
Hath been our sure support and stay,
And hither gladly we repair,
Our early sacrifice to pay.

2 Accept our vows: in humble trust
This house we consecrate to thee;
O, may thy promise to the just
Forever, Lord, our portion be.

3 And may that stream which maketh glad
The city of our God below,
Revive the drooping, cheer the sad,
As still its healing waters flow.

4 So let thy people here enjoy
The blessings which thy grace hath given,
That they may hail, with purer joy,
The unseen, perfect bliss of heaven.

PEACE.

561. C. M. **Nichols.**

Prayer for Peace. — GIBBONS.

1 LORD, send thy word, and let it fly,
Armed with thy Spirit's power:
Ten thousands shall confess its sway,
And bless the saving hour.

2 Peace, with her olives crowned, shall stretch
Her wings from shore to shore;
No trump shall rouse the rage of war,
No murderous cannon roar.

3 Lord, for those days we wait; those days
Are in thy word foretold;
Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring
This promised age of gold.

4 "Amen," with joy divine, let earth's
Unnumbered myriads cry;
"Amen," with joy divine, let heaven's
Unnumbered choirs reply.

562. C. M. **Mear.**

Messiah's peaceful Reign. — LOGAN.

1 BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord,
In latter days, shall rise
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow:
"Up to the hill of God," they say,
"And to his house, we 'll go."

3 The beam that shines on Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Zion's towers
Shall all the world command.

4 No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years;
To ploughshares men shall beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

5 Come, then, O, come from every land,
To worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauty shine.

TEMPERANCE.

563. 7s. & 6s. **Missionary Hymn.**

Temperance Hymn. — LYRE.

1 How long shall virtue languish,
How long shall folly reign,
While many a heart with anguish
Is weeping o'er the plain?
How long shall dissipation
Her deadly waters pour,
Throughout this favored nation,
Her millions to devour?

2 When shall the veil of blindness
Fall from the shrine of wealth,
Restoring human kindness,
And industry, and health?
When shall the charms so luring
Of bad example cease,
The end at once securing
Of temperance and peace?

3 We hail with joy unceasing
The band whose pledge is given,
Whose numbers are increasing
Amid the smiles of Heaven.
Their virtues, never failing,
Shall lead to brighter days,
Where holiness, prevailing,
Shall fill the earth with praise.

564. L. M. **Ward.**

O, shun the Bowl. — C. A. H.

1 O, SHUN the bowl, when rich delight
Shines loveliest, mortal, in thy sight;
O, loathe the charms that tempt to sip,
And dash the goblet from thy lip.

2 For 'neath the nectared pleasure's tide,
The rankest dregs of woe abide;
And every drop that cheers thy heart
Will madden more the poison's smart.

3 Then, mortal, when the sons of earth
Invite thee to their sinful mirth,
Beware, nor dare the bowl to sip,
But dash the goblet from thy lip.

565. P. M. **"Scots wha hae."**

"Touch not, taste not." — HATFIELD.

1 FRIENDS of freedom! swell the song;
Young and old the strain prolong,
Make the temp'rance army strong,
And on to victory.
Lift your banners, let them wave,
Onward march, a world to save;
Who would fill a drunkard's grave,
And bear his infamy?

2 Give the aching bosom rest;
Carry joy to every breast;
Make the wretched drunkard blest,
By living soberly:
Raise the glorious watchword high—
"Touch not—taste not till you die!"
Let the echo reach the sky,
And earth keep jubilee.

3 God of mercy! hear us plead;
For thy help we intercede;
See how many bosoms bleed;
And heal them speedily.
Hasten, Lord, the happy day,
When, beneath thy gentle ray,
Temperance all the world shall sway,
And reign triumphantly.

FREEDOM.

566. 7s. **Hendon.**

Let the Captives go free.

1 Hear us, Father, while we cry,
Pleading for an injured race:
Make the bolts asunder fly,
By thine own resistless grace.

2 Let the captives all go free;
Let th' oppressor cease to reign,
And the arm of tyranny
Never more be raised again.

567. L. M. **Hebron.**

Prayer for the Oppressed. — HOWE'S HYMNS.

1 LORD! when thine ancient people cried,
Oppressed with chains by Egypt's king,
Thou didst th' Arabian sea divide,
And forth thy fainting Israel bring.

2 In this our day, this Christian land
Groans with the anguish of the slave;
Lord God of hosts! stretch forth thy hand,
Not shortened that it cannot save.

3 Roll back the swelling tide of sin,
The lust of gain, the lust of power;
The day of freedom usher in;
O! hasten on th' appointed hour.

4 How long shall bondmen be forgot?
We watch, we weep, we cry to thee;
Th' oppressor hears, yet heedeth not;
Come! captive lead captivity.

568. 8s. 7s. & 4s. **Greenville.**

Remembering those in Bonds.

1 HARK! the wail — the voice of anguish,
In our highly favored land;
Brethren, doomed in chains to languish,
Lift to heaven the fettered hand; —
In their sadness,
They our sympathies demand.

2 Let us raise our supplication
For the scourged and fettered slave;
All whose life is desolation,
All whose hope is in the grave.
God of mercy,
From thy throne O hear and save.

3 Those in bonds we would remember;
Lord, our hands with theirs are bound;
With each helpless, suffering member
Let our sympathies be found,
Till our labors
Spread the smile of freedom round.

569. 7s. & 6s. **Mendebras.**

Christ will destroy Oppression. — MONTGOMERY.

1 HAIL to the Lord's anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free;
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

2 He comes, with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
And bid the weak be strong;
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in his sight.

3 He shall descend like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love and joy, like flowers,
Spring in his path to birth;
Before him, on the mountains,
Shall peace, the herald, go;
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

570. C. M. Woodland.

"Break every Yoke."

1 "BREAK every yoke," the gospel cries,
"And let th' oppressed go free;"
Let every burdened captive rise,
And taste sweet liberty.

2 Lord! when shall man thy voice obey,
And rend each iron chain?
O! when shall love its golden sway
O'er all the earth maintain?

3 Send thy good Spirit from above,
And melt th' oppressor's heart;
Send swift deliverance to the slave,
And bid his woes depart.

4 With joy and gladness crown his day,
And fill his heart with love;
Teach him the straight and only way
That leads to rest above.

571. 6s. & 4s. American.

Universal Freedom.

1 ROLL on, thou joyful day,
When tyranny's proud sway,
Stern as the grave,
Shall to the ground be hurled,
And freedom's flag unfurled,
Shall wave throughout the world,
O'er every slave.

2 Trump of glad jubilee,
Echo o'er land and sea,
Freedom for all:
Let the glad tidings fly,
And every tribe reply,
Glory to God on high,
At slavery's fall.

6 Free, too, the captive mind,
By darkness long confined
In slavery's night.
The Saviour's reign extend,
Virtue with freedom blend,
And full salvation send,
With freedom's light.

SEAMEN.

572. C. M. **Lancashire.**

Thanksgiving for Deliverance in a Storm. — MADAN'S COLL.

1 OUR little bark, on boist'rous seas,
By cruel tempest tossed,
Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Expecting to be lost,—

2 We to the Lord, in humble prayer,
Breathed out our sad distress;
Though feeble, yet with contrite hearts,
We begged return of peace.

3 The stormy winds did cease to blow;
The waves no more did roll;
And soon again a placid sea
Spoke comfort to each soul.

4 O, may our grateful, trembling hearts
Sweet hallelujahs sing
To him who hath our lives preserved,
Our Saviour and our King.

5 Let us proclaim to all the world,
With heart and voice, again,
And tell the wonders he hath done
For us, the sons of men.

573. C. M. **Peterboro'.**

Desiring a heavenly Breeze.

1 O FOR a breeze of heavenly love,
To waft my soul away
To the celestial world above,
Where pleasures ne'er decay.

2 Eternal Spirit, deign to be
My pilot here below,
To steer through life's tempestuous sea,
Where winds do stormy blow.

3 From rocks of pride on either hand,
From quicksands of despair,
O guide me safe to Canaan's land,
Through every fatal snare.

4 Anchor me in that port above,
On that celestial shore,
Where dashing billows never move,
Where tempests never roar.

574. L. M. **Duke Street.**

Prayer for the Conversion of Seamen. — P. H. B.

1 GRANT the abundance of the sea
May be converted, Lord, to thee,
And every sailor on the shore
Return to God, to roam no more.

2 The nations, then, with joy shall hail
The Bethel flag in every sail;
And every ship that ploughs the sea
A gospel messenger shall be.

3 Hasten, O Lord, that glorious day
When seamen shall thy word obey,
And safe from port to port be driven
To point a ruined world to heaven.

575. C. M. Dundee.

For the Seamen's Concert. — P. H. B.

1 We come, O Lord, before thy throne,
And with united pleas,
We meet and pray for those who roam
Far off upon the seas.

2 O may the Holy Spirit bow
The sailor's heart to thee,
Till tears of deep repentance flow
Like rain-drops in the sea.

3 Then may a Saviour's dying love
Pour peace into his breast,
And waft him to the port above
Of everlasting rest.

576. L. M. Hebron.

Seaman's Prayer. — Howe's Hymns.

1 Beset with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand;
Saviour divine! diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

2 Engage this roving, treacherous heart,
Great God, to choose the better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day,
For joys that none can take away.

3 Then let the wildest storms arise;
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

4 If thou, my Jesus, still art nigh,
Cheerful I live, and cheerful die:
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

577. H. M. Leighton.

The Believer's spiritual Voyage. — CHRISTIAN HYMNS.

1 JESUS, at thy command
I launch into the deep;
And leave my native land,
Where sin lulls all asleep.
For thee I would the world resign,
And sail to heaven with thee and thine.

2 Thou art my pilot wise;
My compass is thy word;
My soul each storm defies,
While I have such a Lord!
I trust thy faithfulness and power
To save me in the trying hour.

3 Though rocks and quicksands deep
Through all my passage lie,
Yet Christ will safely keep
And guide me with his eye;
My anchor hope shall firm abide,
And every boist'rous storm outride.

4 Come, Holy Ghost, and blow
A prosp'rous gale of grace;
Waft me from all below,
To heaven, my destined place;
Then in full sail my port I'll find,
And leave the world and sin behind.

578. 7s. & 6s. Cheerful Hope.

Life's Mariner. — REV. MELODIST.

1 THOUGH hard the winds are blowing,
And loud the billows roar,
Full swiftly we are going
To our dear native shore,

2 The billows breaking o'er us,
The storms that round us swell,
Are aiding to restore us
To all we loved so well.

3 So sorrow often presses
Life's mariner along;
Afflictions and distresses
Are gales and billows strong.

4 The sharper and severer
The storm of life we meet,
The sooner and the nearer
Is heaven's eternal seat.

5 Come then, afflictions dreary,
Sharp sickness pierce my breast;
You only bear the weary
More quickly home to rest.

579. S. M. **Boylston.**

"There's sorrow on the deep." — J. H. HANAFORD.

1 A WAIL comes o'er the wave,
And speaks of sighing there;
It moans where billows never sleep,—
There 's sorrow on the deep.

2 Around the dying cot,
Where raging fevers glow,
With bursting hearts fond shipmates weep,—
There 's sorrow on the deep.

3 When threat'ning clouds appear,
And winds and waves arise;
When o'er the main wild tempests sweep,—
There 's sorrow on the deep.

4 Great God of earth and skies,
In mercy deign to hear;
In danger's hour the sailor keep,—
When sorrow 's on the deep.

BAPTISM.

580. L. M. **Ward.**

Not ashamed of Jesus. — Mark viii. 38. — Gause.

1 Jesus, and can it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee?
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise;
Whose glories shine through endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
May evening blush to own a star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no sins to wash away;
No tears to wipe, no joys to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save!

4 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No: when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

5 Till then — nor is my boasting vain —
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain!
And O, may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

581. L. M. **Wilmot.**

A baptismal Hymn. — J. Stennett.

1 The great Redeemer we adore,
Who came the lost to seek and save,
Went humbly down from Jordan's shore,
To find a tomb beneath its wave.

2 "Thus it becomes us to fulfil
All righteousness," he meekly said;
Why should we then, to do his will,
Or be ashamed, or be afraid?

3 With thee, into thy wat'ry grave,
Lord, 't is our glory to descend;
'T is wondrous grace that gives us leave
To be baptized like Christ our Friend.

4 Yet as the yielding waves give way,
To let us see the light again,
So, on thy resurrection day,
The bands of death proved weak and vain.

5 Thus, when thou shalt again appear,
The gates of death shall open wide;
Our dust thy mighty voice shall hear,
And rise and triumph at thy side.

582. L. M. **Duke Street.**

Buried with Christ. — WATTS.

1 Do we not know that solemn word,
That we are buried with the Lord,
Baptized into his death, and then
Put off the body of our sin?

2 Our souls receive diviner breath,
Raised from corruption, guilt, and death:
So from the grave did Christ arise,
And lives to God above the skies.

3 No more let sin nor Satan reign
Over our mortal flesh again;
The various lusts we served before
Shall have dominion now no more.

583. L. M. Uxbridge.

Come, see the place where the Lord lay. — BALDWIN.

1 COME, happy souls, adore the Lamb,
Who loved our race ere time began;
Who veiled his Godhead in our clay,
And in an humble manger lay.

2 To Jordan's stream the Spirit led,
To mark the path his saints should tread;
Joyful they trace the sacred way,
To see the place where Jesus lay.

3 Immersed by John in Jordan's wave,
The Saviour left his watery grave;
God owned the deed, approved the way,
And blessed the place where Jesus lay.

4 Come, all who love his precious name;
Come, tread his steps, and learn of him;
Happy beyond expression they,
Who find the place where Jesus lay.

584. C. M. Ballerma.

The Saviour's Example. — J. STENNETT.

1 THUS was the great Redeemer plunged
In Jordan's swelling flood,
To show he must be soon baptized
In tears, and sweat, and blood.

2 Thus was his sacred body laid
Beneath the yielding wave;
Thus was his sacred body raised
Out of the liquid grave.

3 Lord, we thy precepts would obey,
In thy own footsteps tread;
Would die, be buried, rise with thee,
Our ever living Head.

585. 8s. & 7s. Sicily.

Following Christ.

1 Jesus, mighty King in Sion!
Thou alone our guide shalt be;
Thy commission we rely on,
We would follow none but thee.

2 As an emblem of thy passion,
And thy victory o'er the grave,
We who know thy great salvation
Are baptized beneath the wave.

3 Fearless of the world's despising,
We the ancient path pursue;
Buried with our Lord, and rising
To a life divinely new.

586. L. M. Hebron.

The Pleasantness of Baptism. — E. W. Freeman.

1 Hither we come, our dearest Lord,
Obedient to thy sacred word,
'T is thou hast called our hearts to flee
From sense and sin, and follow thee.

2 Here ranged along the water's side,
Where gently rolls the silent tide,
O what on earth can sweeter be,
Than thus to come and follow thee!

3 When wandering in the vale of tears,
Enslaved by sins and doubts and fears,
Then didst thou come, our souls to free,
And gav'st us grace to follow thee.

4 Thou wast immersed beneath the wave,
The emblem of thy future grave;
O, while the way so plain we see,
What can we do but follow thee?

587. S. M. **Shirland.**

Baptism into Christ. —S. F. SMITH.

1 WITH willing hearts we tread
The path the Saviour trod;
We love th' example of our Head,
The glorious Lamb of God.

2 On thee, on thee alone,
Our hope and faith rely,
O thou who didst for sin atone,
Who didst for sinners die.

3 We trust thy sacrifice;
To thy dear cross we flee;
O, may we die to sin, and rise
To life and bliss in thee.

588. L. M. **Duke Street.**

Christ's Example. —JUDSON.

1 OUR Saviour bowed beneath the wave,
And meekly sought a watery grave;
Come, see the sacred path he trod—
A path well pleasing to our God.

2 His voice we hear, his footsteps trace,
And hither come to seek his face,
To do his will, to feel his love,
And join our songs with songs above.

3 Hosanna to the Lamb divine!
Let endless glories round him shine;
High o'er the heavens forever reign,
O Lamb of God, for sinners slain.

329. C. M. Baldwin.

Wonders of Grace. — Stennett.

1 Lord, at thy table we behold
The wonders of thy grace;
But most of all admire, that we
Should find a welcome place —

2 We, who are all defiled with sin,
And rebels to our God!
We, who have crucified thy Son,
And trampled on his blood!

3 What strange, surprising grace is this,
That we, so lost, have room!
Jesus our weary souls invites,
And freely bids us come.

4 Ye saints below, and hosts of heaven,
Join all your sacred powers;
No theme is like redeeming love;
No Saviour is like ours.

330. S. M. Shirland.

Christ's Invitation to the Table. — Watts.

1 Jesus invites his saints
To meet around his board;
Here pardoned rebels sit, and hold
Communion with their Lord.

2 For food he gives his flesh;
He bids us drink his blood;
Amazing favor — matchless grace
Of our descending God!

3 Let all our powers be joined
His glorious name to raise;
Let joy and love fill every mind,
And every voice be praise.

591. L. M. **Hamburg.**

Remembering Christ. — KRIEMHA PAL.

1 O THOU, my soul, forget no more
The Friend who all thy sorrows bore;
Let every idol be forgot;
But, O my soul, forget him not!

2 Renounce thy works and ways with grief,
And fly to this divine relief;
Nor him forget, who left his throne,
And for thy life gave up his own.

3 Eternal truth and mercy shine
In him, and he himself is thine;
And canst thou, then, with sin beset,
Such charms, such matchless charms, forget?

4 O, no; till life itself depart,
His name shall cheer and warm my heart;
And, lisping this, from earth I 'll rise,
And join the chorus of the skies.

592. 7s. **Pleyel's Hymn.**

The Body and Blood of Christ. — CONDER.

1 BREAD of heaven, on thee we feed,
For thy flesh is meat indeed;
Ever let our souls be fed
With this true and living bread.

2 Vine of heaven, thy blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
Lord, thy wounds our healing give;
To thy cross we look and live.

3 Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of him who died,
Lord of life, O, let us be
Rooted, grafted, built on thee.

DOXOLOGIES.

593. L. M. **Old Hundred.**

Universal Praise. — WATTS.

1 FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

594. L. M.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honor, praise, and glory given,
By all on earth, and all in heaven.

595. L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

596. C. M.

LET God the Father and the Son,
And Spirit be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

597. C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

598. S. M.

Ye angels round the throne,
And saints that dwell below,
Worship the Father, praise the Son,
And bless the Spirit too.

599. H. M.

To God the Father's throne
Perpetual honors raise;
Glory to God the Son;
To God the Spirit praise:
With all our powers, | Thy name we sing,
Eternal King, | While faith adores.

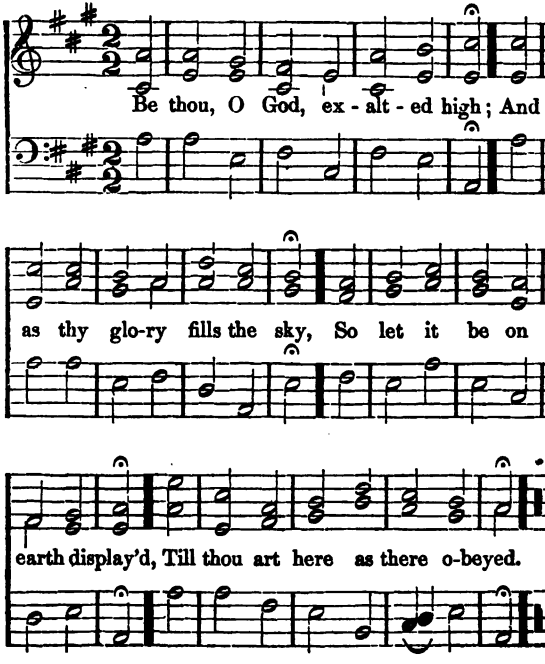
600. 7s.

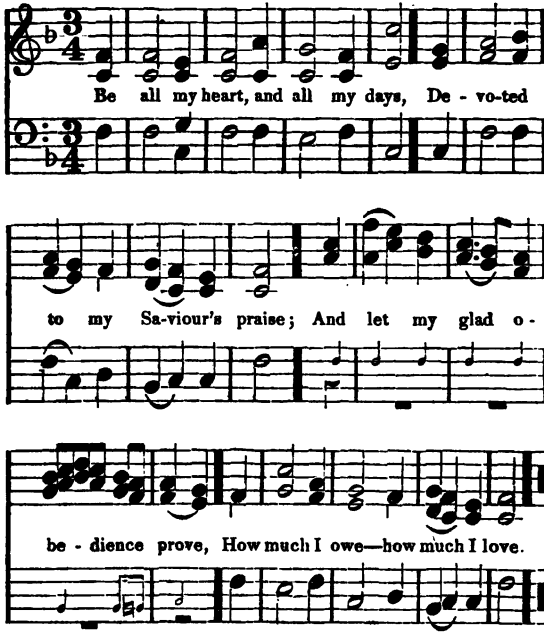
Sing we to our God above
Praise eternal as his love:
Praise him, all ye heavenly host —
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

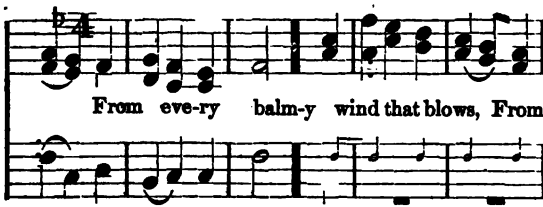
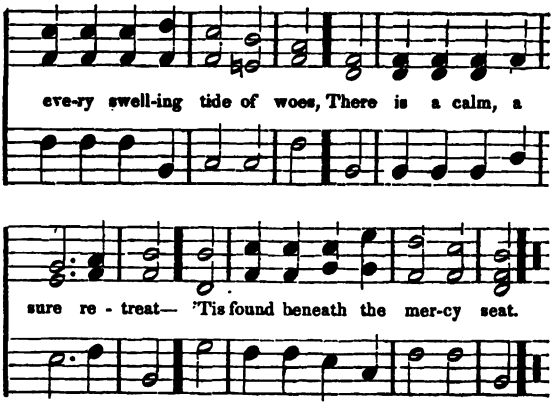
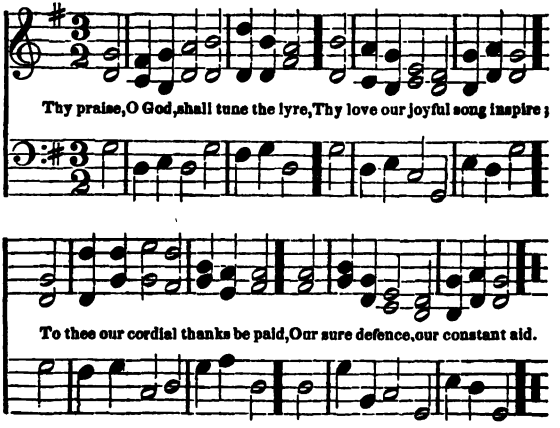
MUSIC FOR SOCIAL WORSHIP.

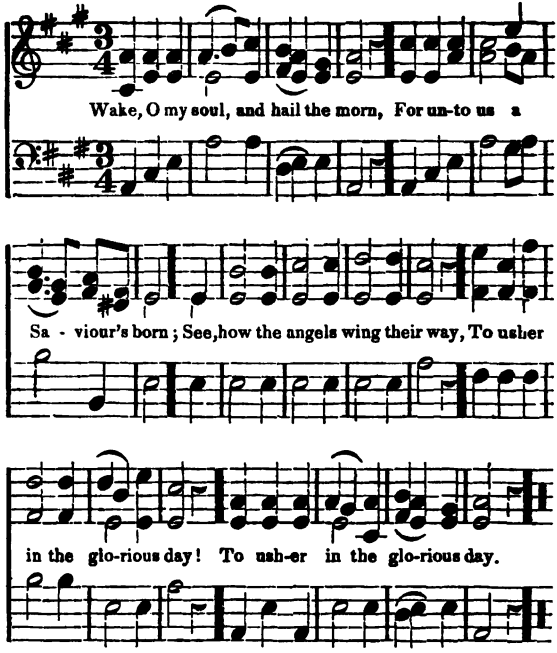
OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

MARTIN LUTHER.

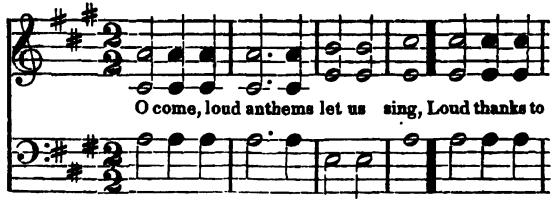
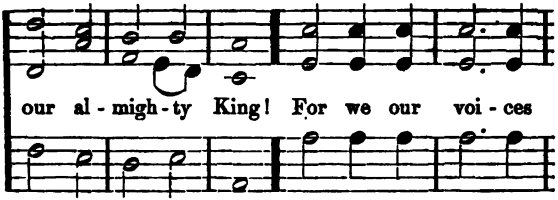


BRENTFORD. L. M.

WARE. L. M.

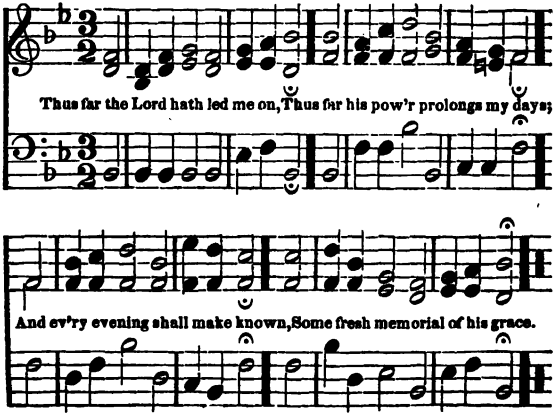
N. D. GOULD.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

Thy praise, O God, shall tune the lyre, Thy love our joyful song inspire;
To thee our cordial thanks be paid, Our sure defence, our constant aid.

PARK STREET. L. M.

Wake, O my soul, and hail the morn, For un-to us a
Sa - viour's born ; See, how the angels wing their way, To usher
in the glo-rious day! To ush-er in the glo-rious day.

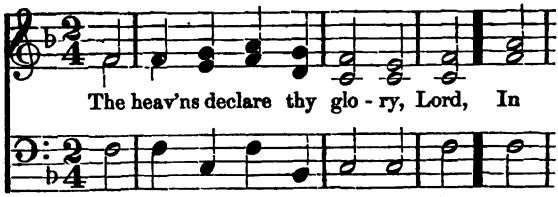
STERLING. L. M.



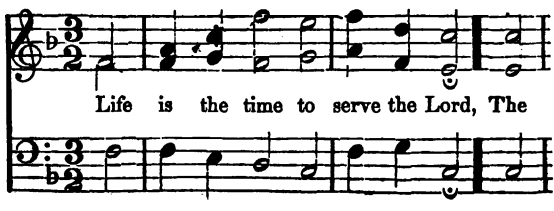
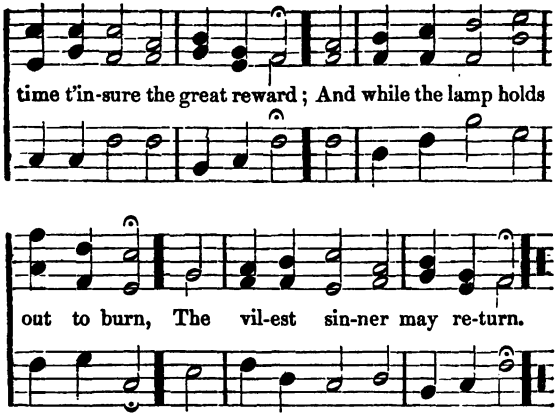
our al - migh - ty King! For we our voi - ces
high should raise, When our sal-va-tion's rock we praise.

HEBRON. L. M.

Thus far the Lord hath led me on, Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days;
And ev'ry evening shall make known, Some fresh memorial of his grace.

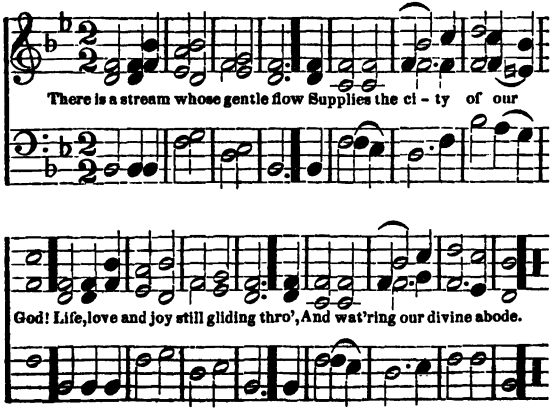
UXBRIDGE. L. M. L. MASON.

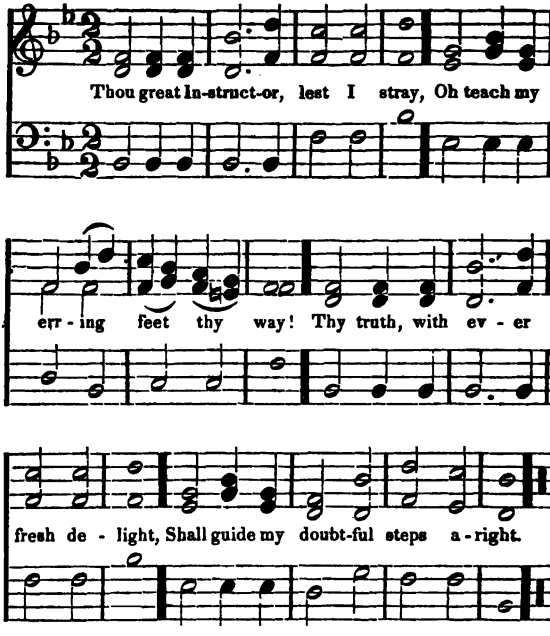

The heav'ns declare thy glo - ry, Lord, In
eve-ry star thy wis-dom shines; But when our eyes be-
hold thy word, We read thy name in fair-er lines.

WELLS. L. M. HOLDRAD.

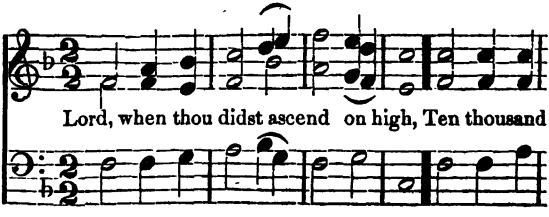


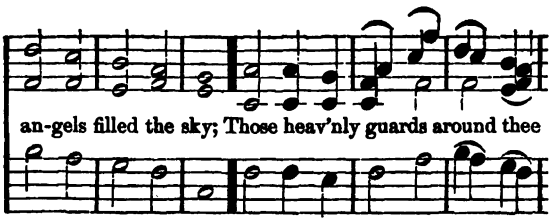
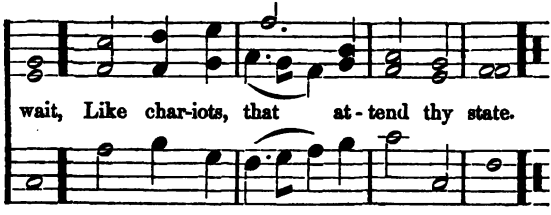
time t'in-sure the great reward; And while the lamp holds
out to burn, The vil-est sin-ner may re-turn.

WARD. L. M.

There is a stream whose gentle flow Supplies the ci - ty of our
God! Life, love and joy still gliding thro', And wat'ring our divine abode.

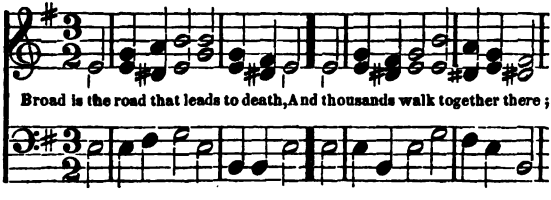
WELTON. L. M.

Thou great In-struct-or, lest I stray, Oh teach my
err - ing feet thy way! Thy truth, with ev - er
fresh de - light, Shall guide my doubt-ful steps a - right.

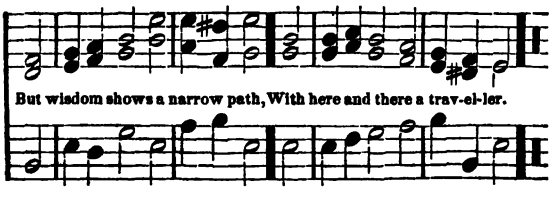
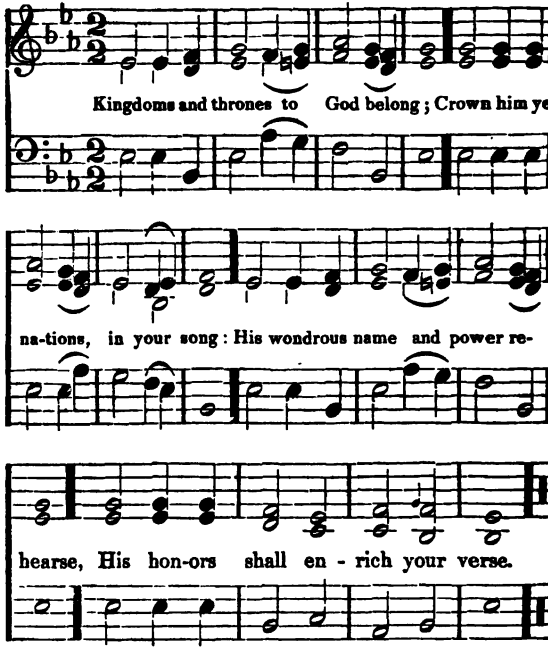
DUKE STREET. L. M. J. HATTON.





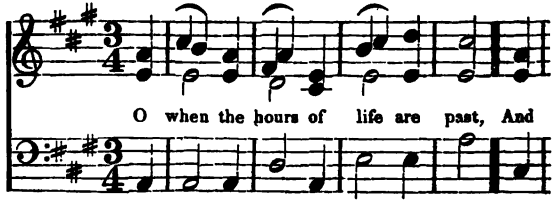
WINDHAM. L. M. READ.

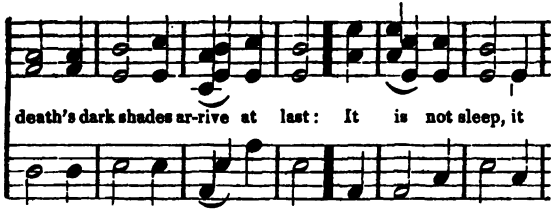


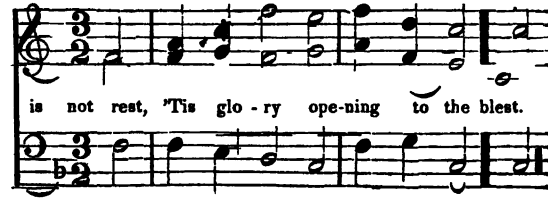


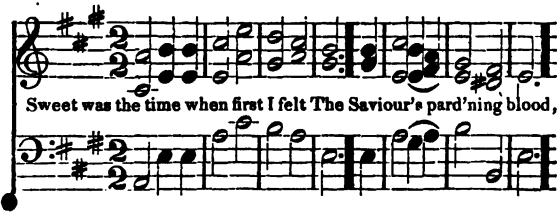
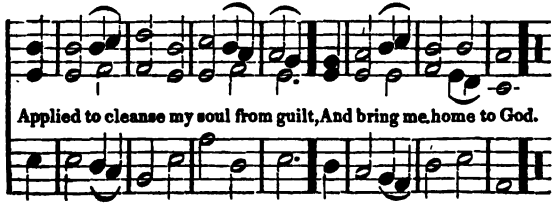
Kingdoms and thrones to God belong; Crown him ye
na-tions, in your song: His wondrous name and power re-
hearse, His hon-ors shall en - rich your verse.

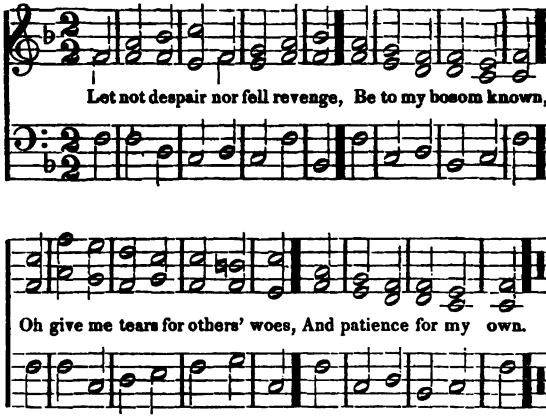
WILMER. L. M. A. TROWBRIDGE.

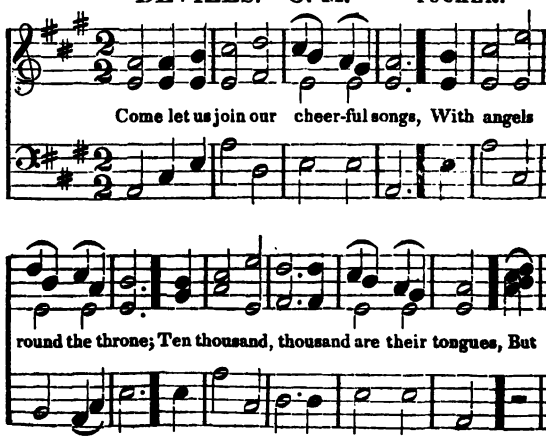
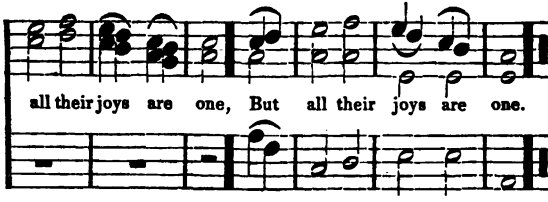



death's dark shades ar-rive at last: It is not sleep, it

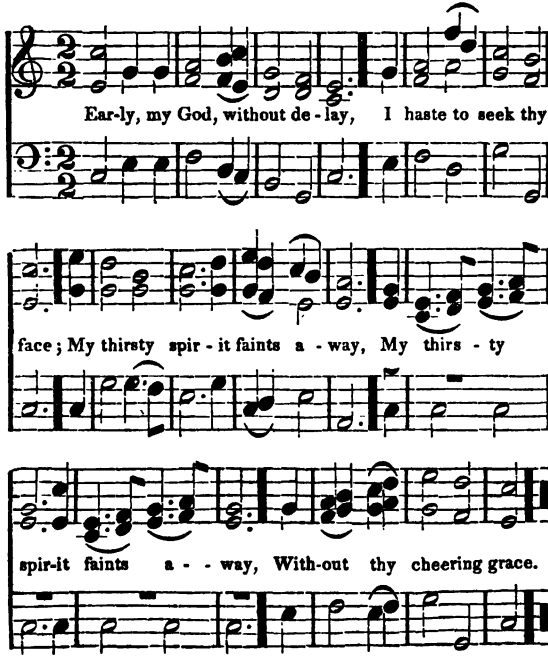

is not rest, 'Tis glo - ry ope-ning to the blest.

DEDHAM. C. M.

Sweet was the time when first I felt The Saviour's pard'ning blood,

Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt, And bring me home to God.

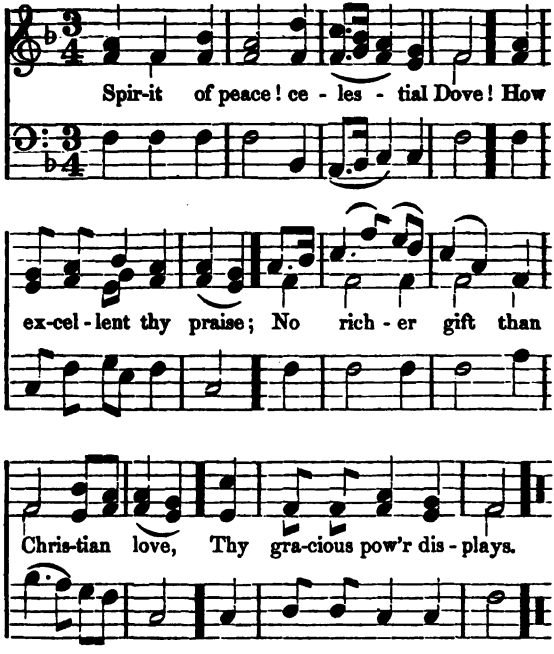
DUNDEE. C. M.

DEVIZES. C. M. TUCKER.



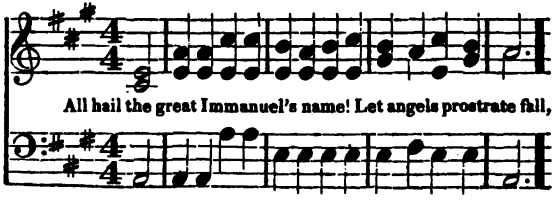
LANESBORO'. C. M.

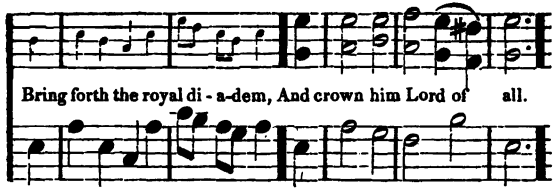
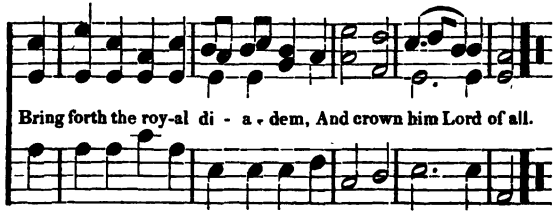

Ear-ly, my God, without de - lay, I haste to seek thy
face; My thirsty spir - it faints a - way, My thirs - ty
spir-it faints a - - way, With-out thy cheering grace.

WELFORD. C. M.

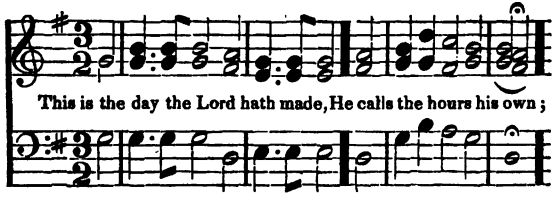


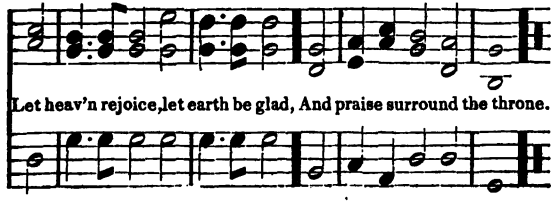
CORONATION. C. M.

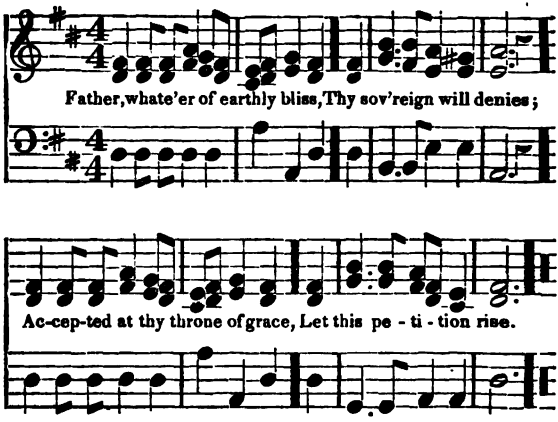
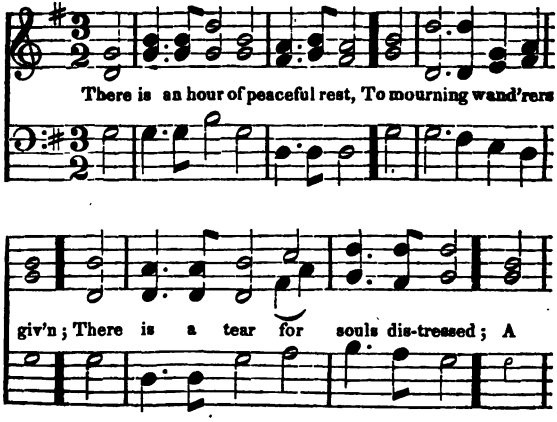
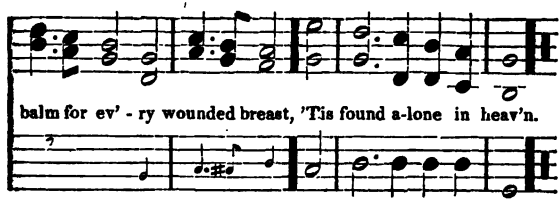




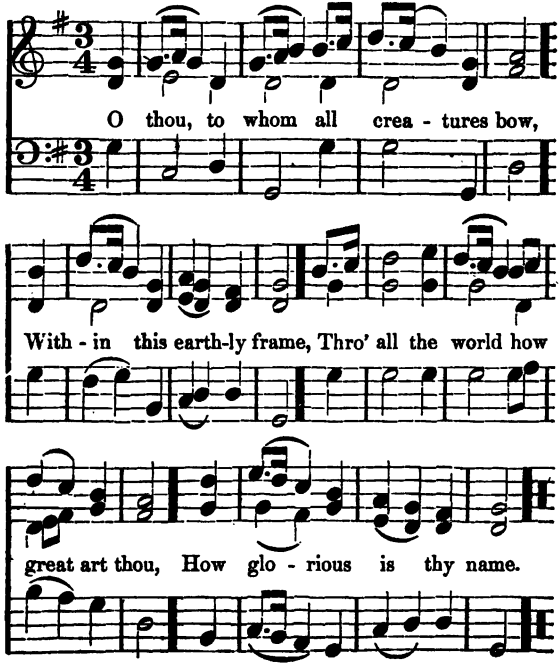
ARLINGTON. C. M.

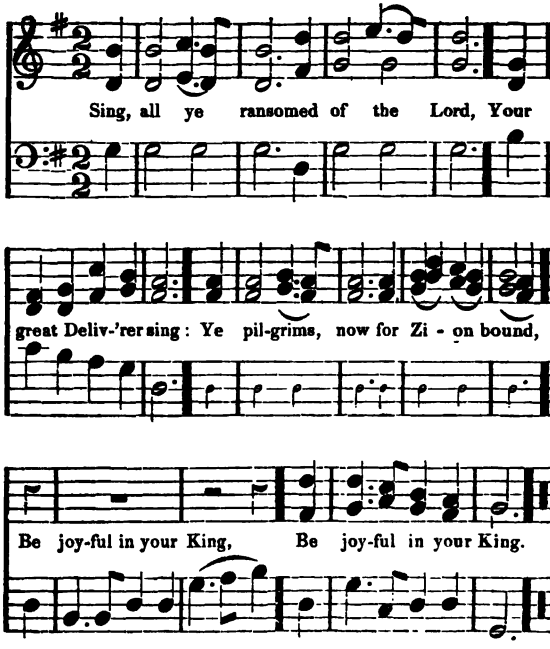


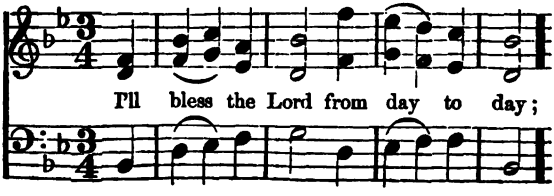
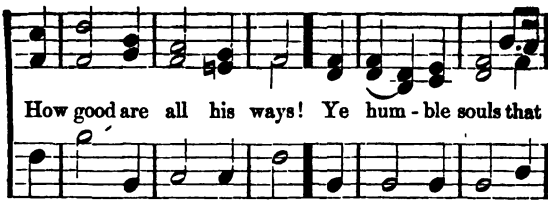


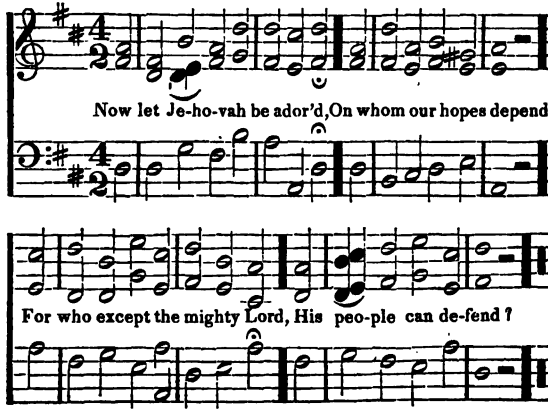
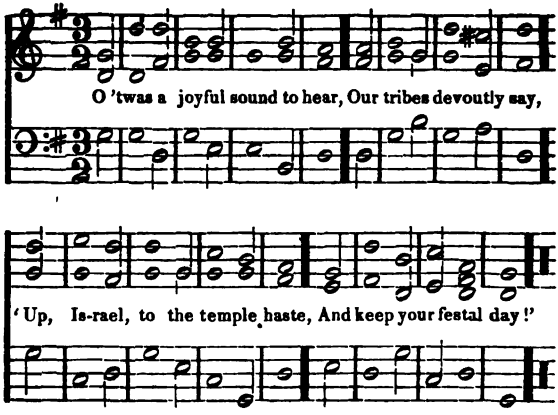
NAOMI. C. M.

WOODLAND. C. M.



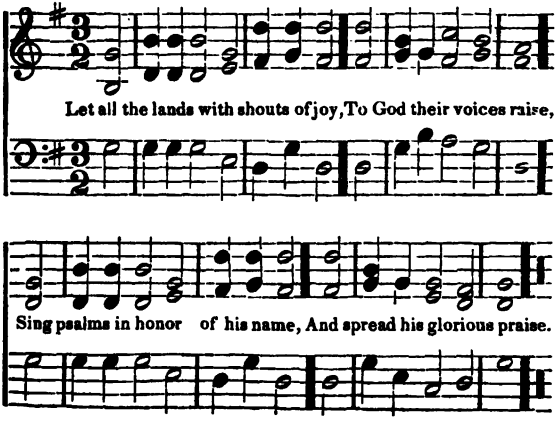
ST. MARTIN'S. TANSUR.

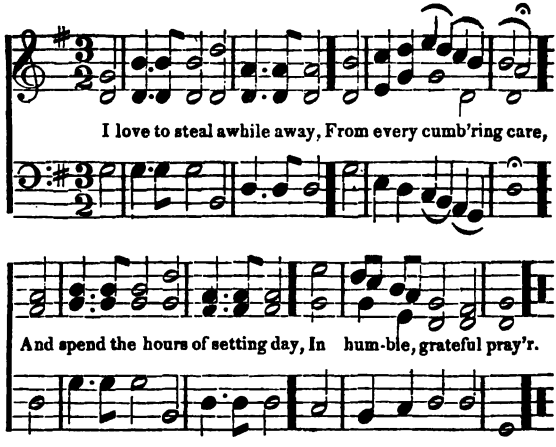


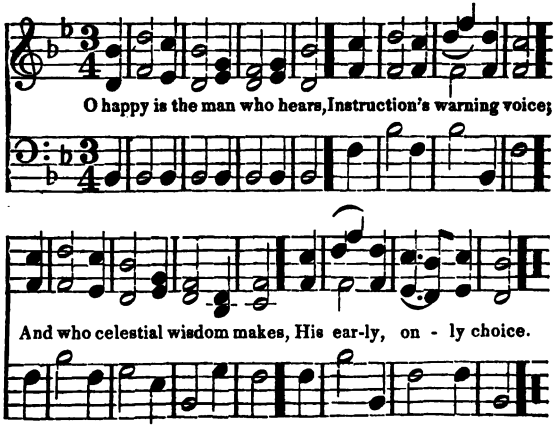
NICHOLS. C. M.

Sing, all ye ransomed of the Lord, Your
great Deliv-'rer sing: Ye pil-grims, now for Zi - on bound,
Be joy-ful in your King, Be joy-ful in your King.

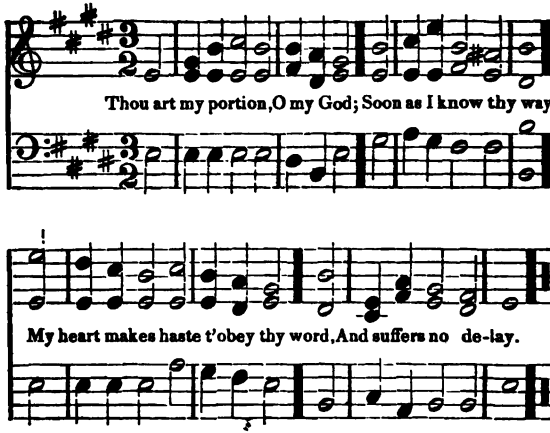
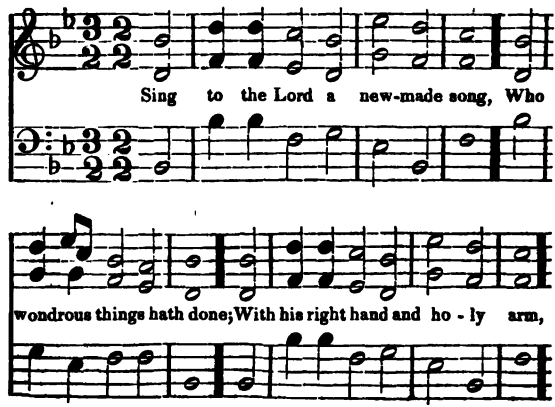
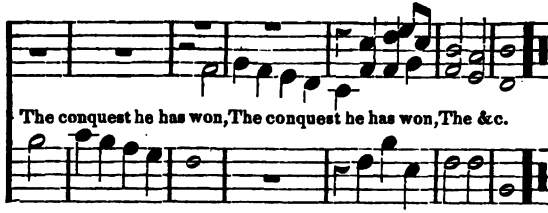
NEWTON. C. M. T. JACKSON.



ST. ANN'S. DR. CROFT.

MEAR. C. M.

MARLOW. C. M.

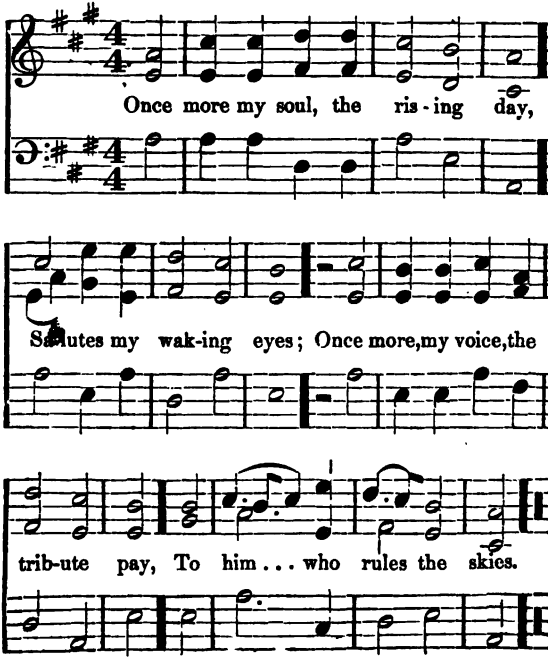

Let all the lands with shouts of joy, To God their voices raise,
Sing psalms in honor of his name, And spread his glorious praise.

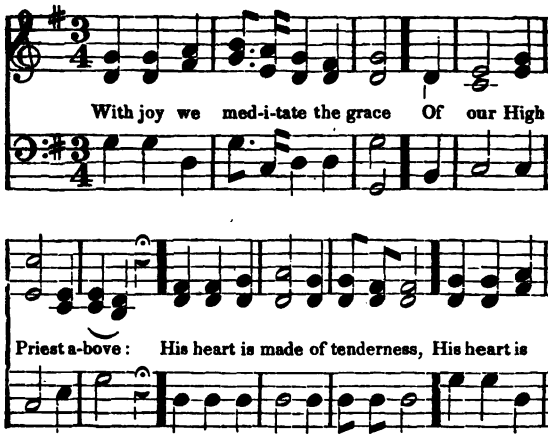
WOODSTOCK. C. M.

BALLERMA. C. M.



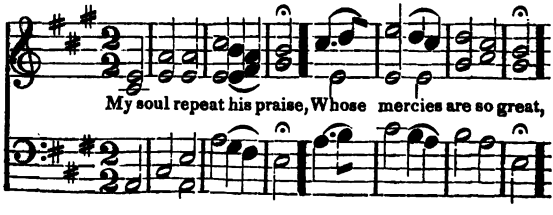
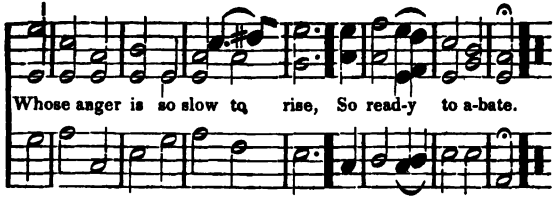
DOWNS. C. M.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M. DR. RANDALL.



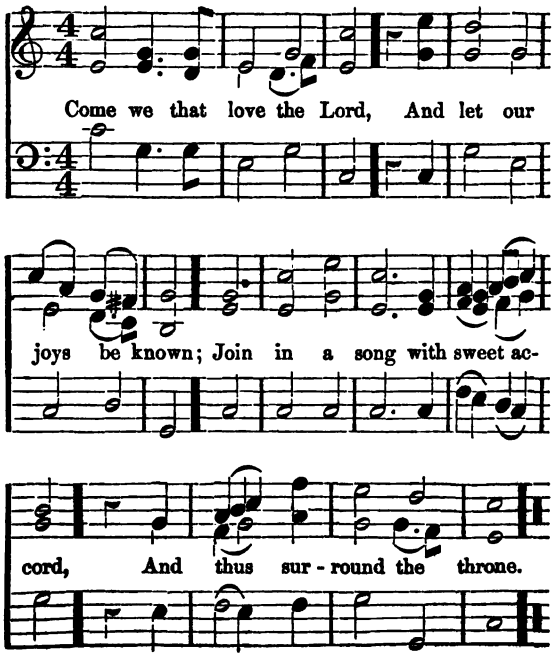
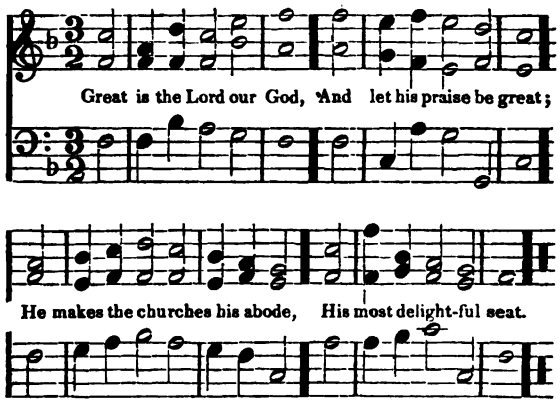
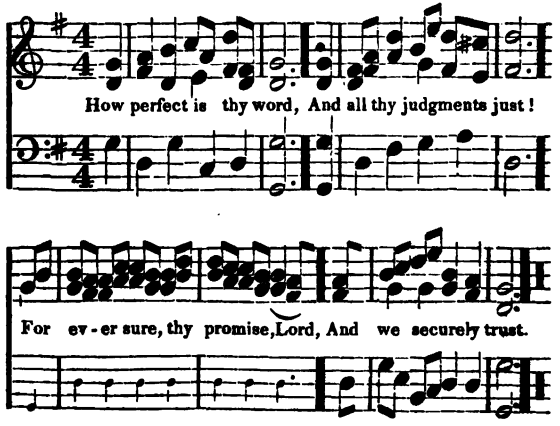
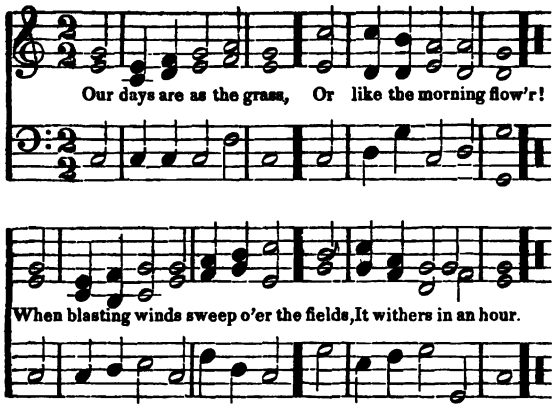
PETERBOROUGH. C. M.



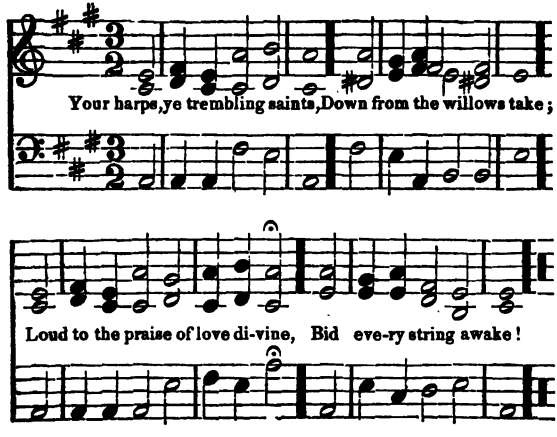
REO. C. M.

With joy we med-i-tate the grace Of our High
Priest a-bove: His heart is made of tenderness, His heart is
made of ten-der-ness, His bow-els melt with love.

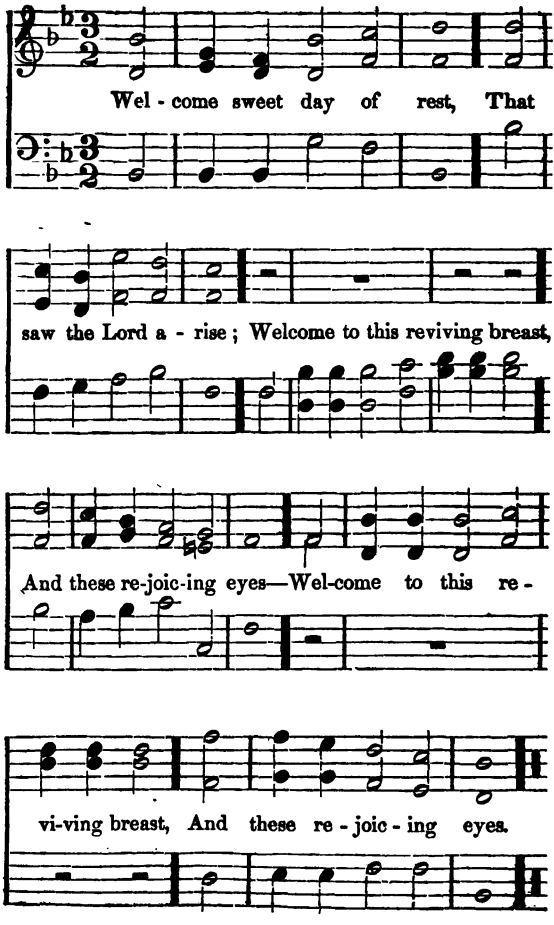
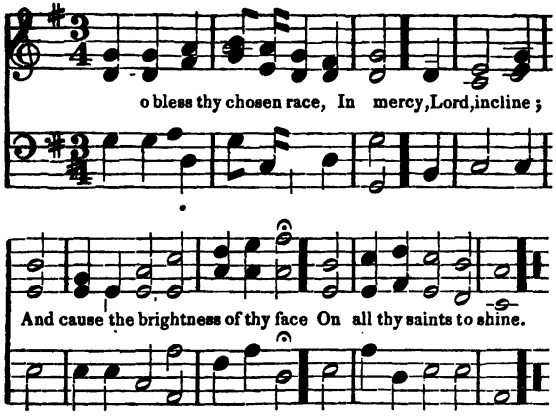
ST. THOMAS. S. M. A. WILLIAMS.

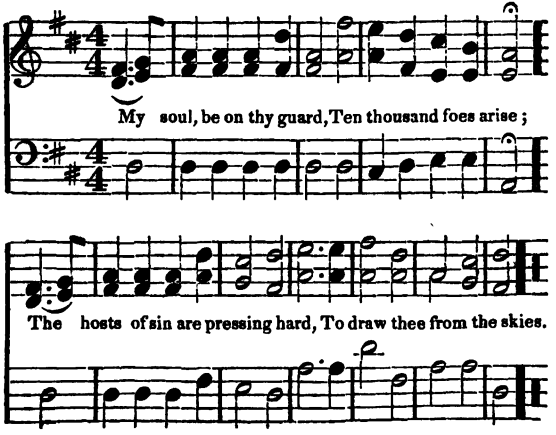


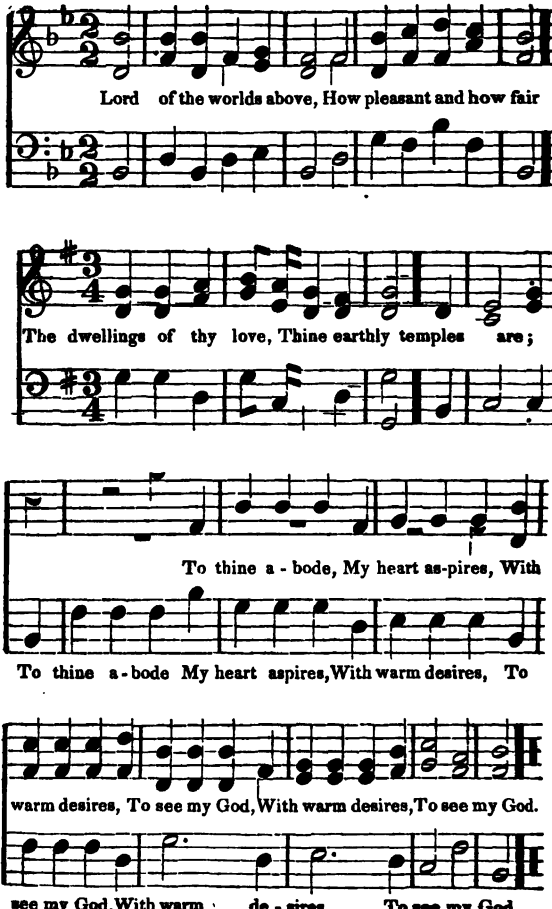
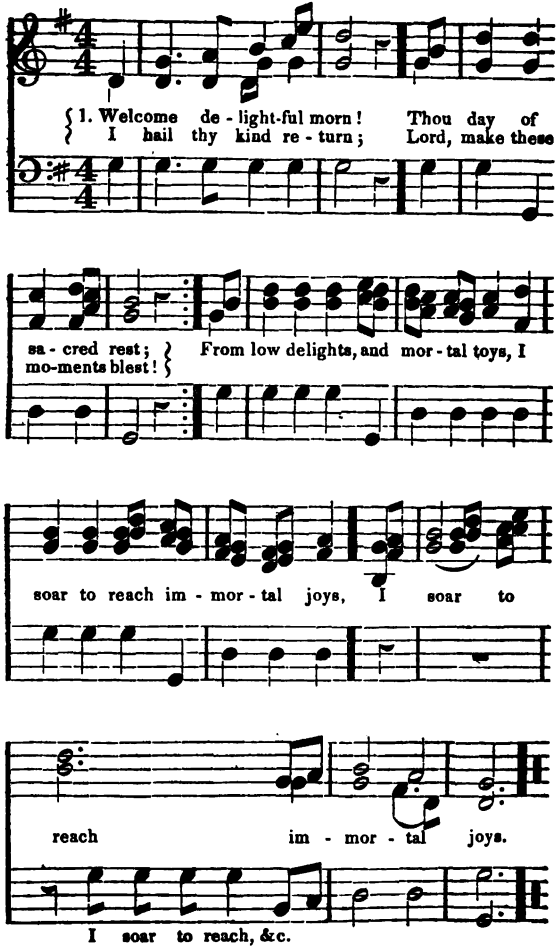
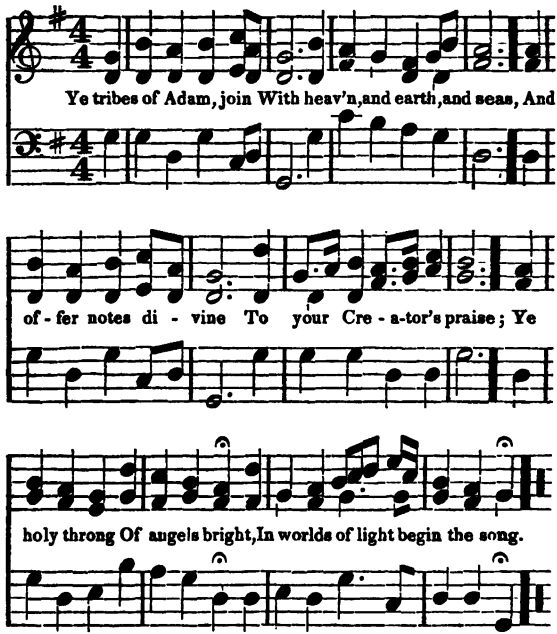
SILVER-STREET. S. M. I. SMITH.

SHIRLAND. S. M. STANLEY.

Our days are as the grass, Or like the morning flow'r!
When blasting winds sweep o'er the fields, It withers in an hour.

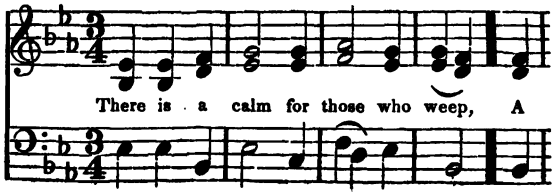
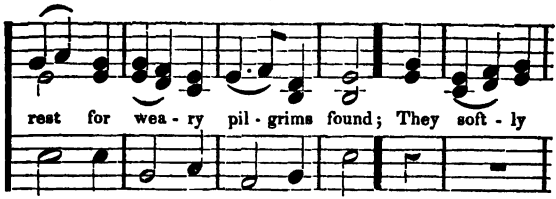
OLMUTZ. S. M.

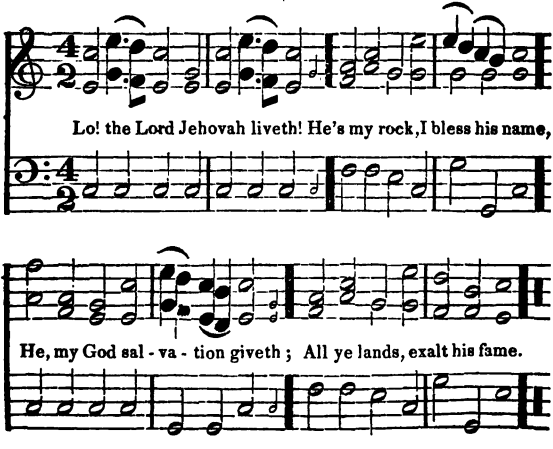

Your harps, ye trembling saints, Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love di-vine, Bid eve-ry string awake!

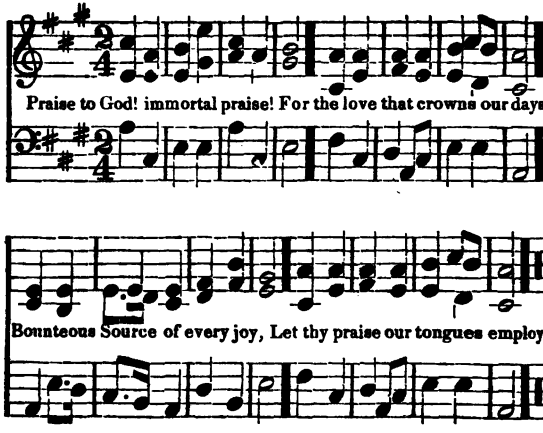

Wel - come sweet day of rest, That
saw the Lord a - rise; Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these re-joic-ing eyes—Wel-come to this re -
vi-ving breast, And these re - joic - ing eyes.

o bless thy chosen race, In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face On all thy saints to shine.

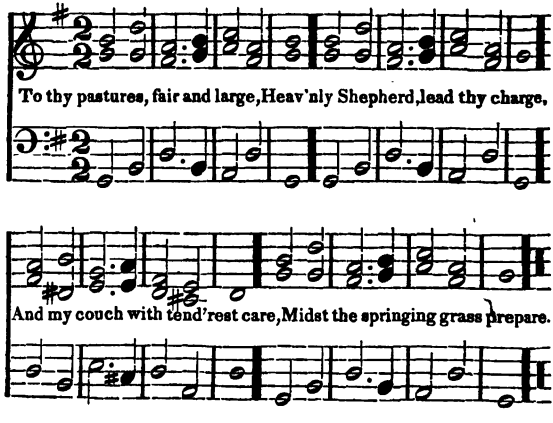
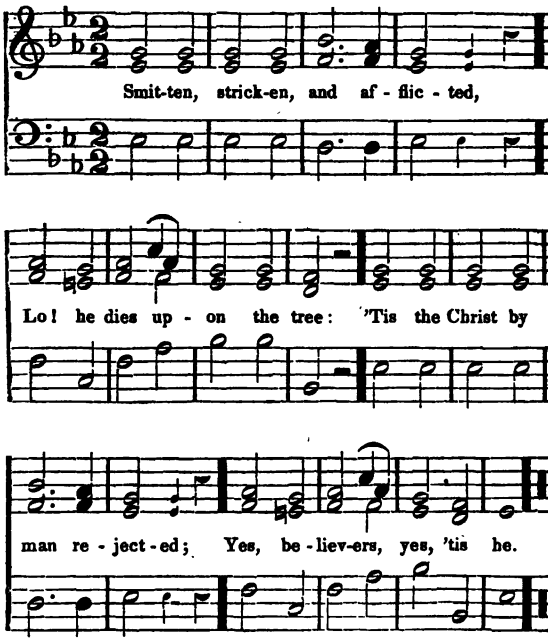
LABAN. S. M.

My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard, To draw thee from the skies.

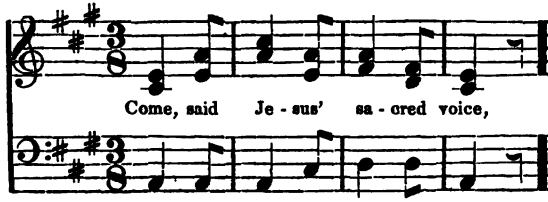
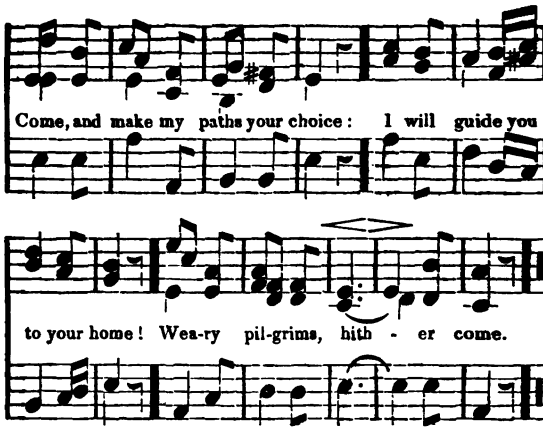

Lord of the worlds above, How pleasant and how fair
The dwellings of thy love, Thine earthly temples are;
To thine a - bode, My heart as-pires, With
To thine a - bode My heart aspires, With warm desires, To
warm desires, To see my God, With warm desires, To see my God.
see my God, With warm de - sires, To see my God.

1. Welcome de - light-ful morn! Thou day of
I hail thy kind re - turn; Lord, make these
sa - cred rest; From low delights, and mor - tal toys, I
mo-ments blest!
soar to reach im - mor - tal joys, I soar to
reach im - mor - tal joys.
I soar to reach, &c.

Ye tribes of Adam, join With heav'n, and earth, and seas, And
of - fer notes di - vine To your Cre - a-tor's praise; Ye
holy throng Of angels bright, In worlds of light begin the song.

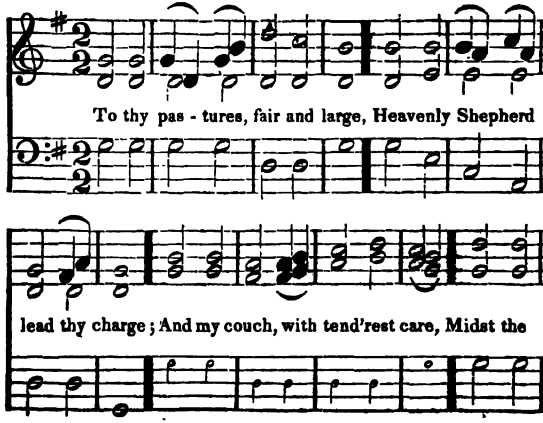
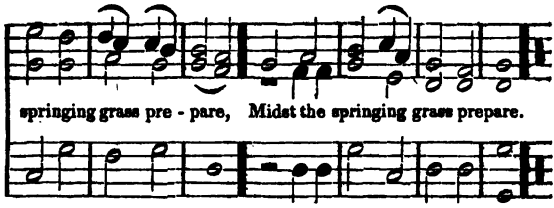
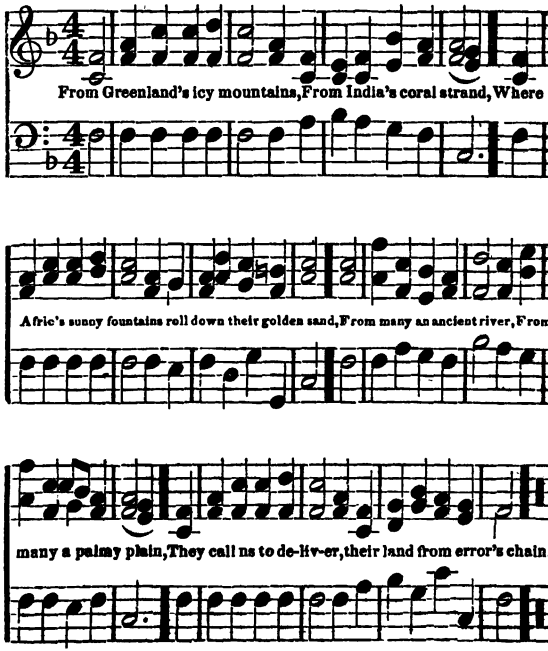
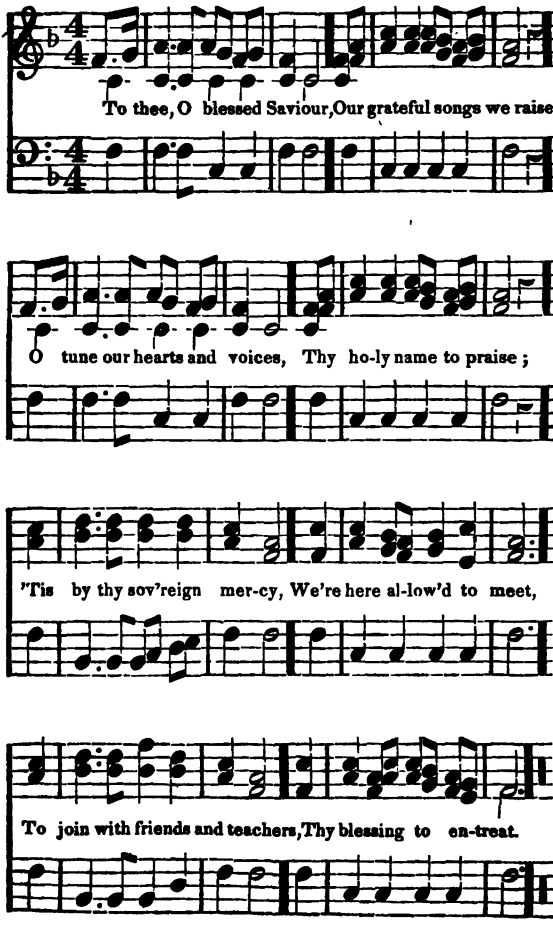
REST. 8s & 4s.

There is a calm for those who weep, A

WILMOT. 7s, or 8s & 7s.

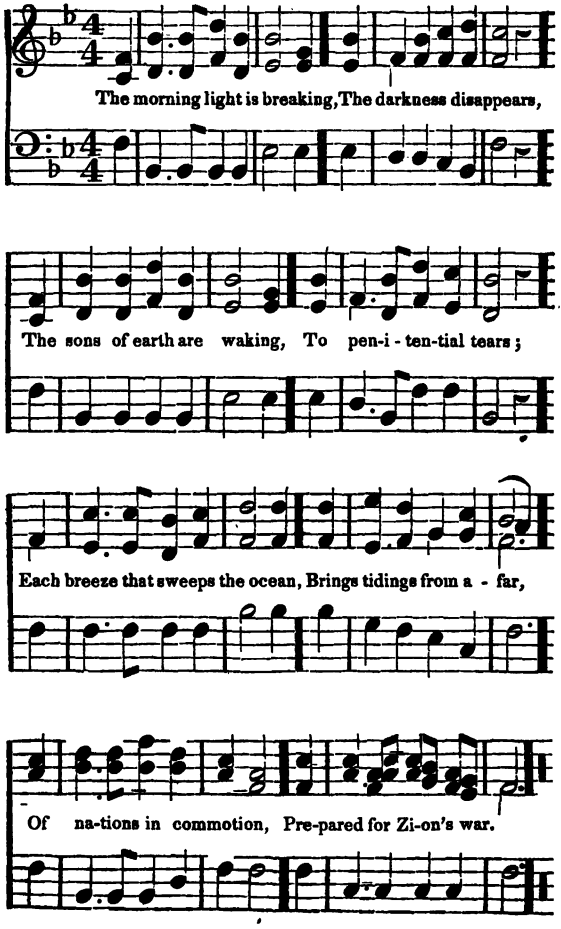
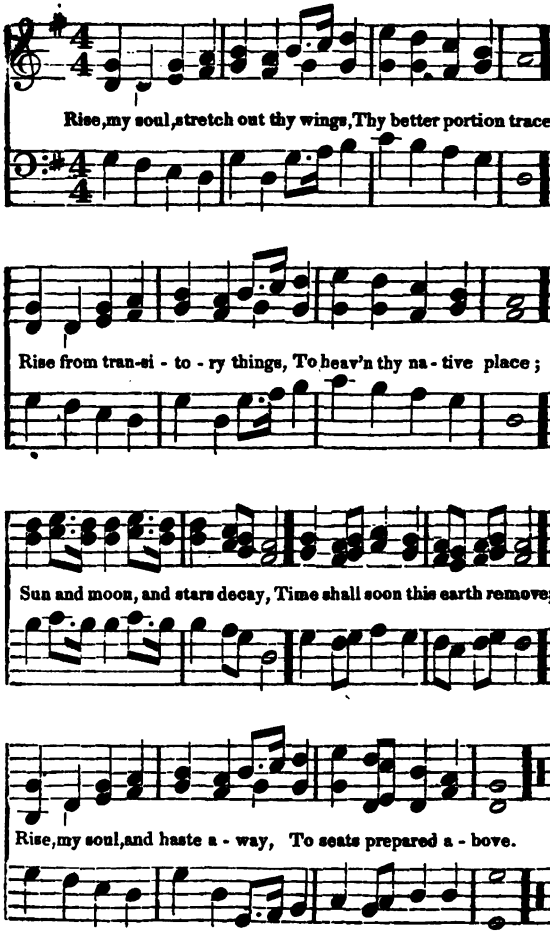
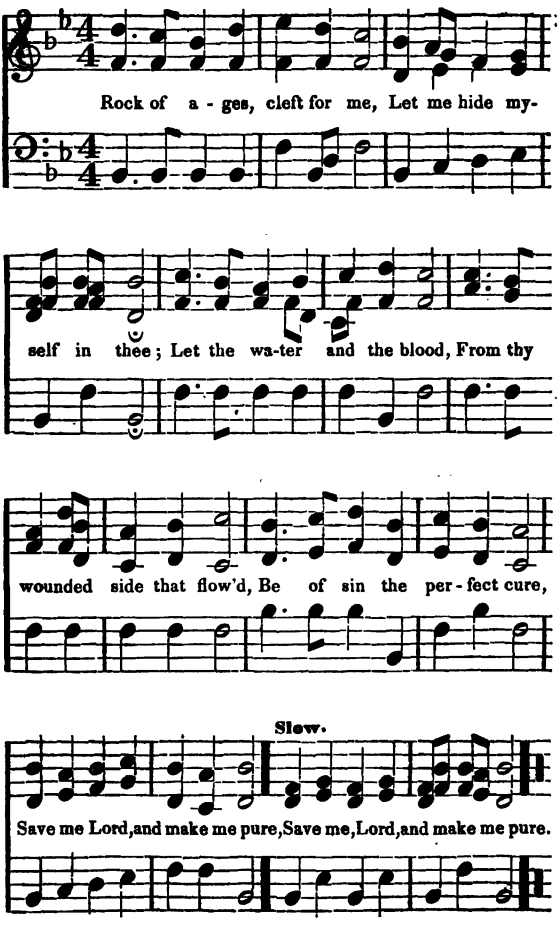


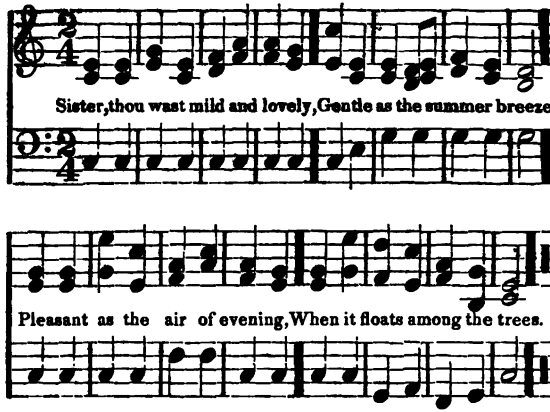
NUREMBURG. 7s.

Praise to God! immortal praise! For the love that crowns our days:
Bounteous Source of every joy, Let thy praise our tongues employ.

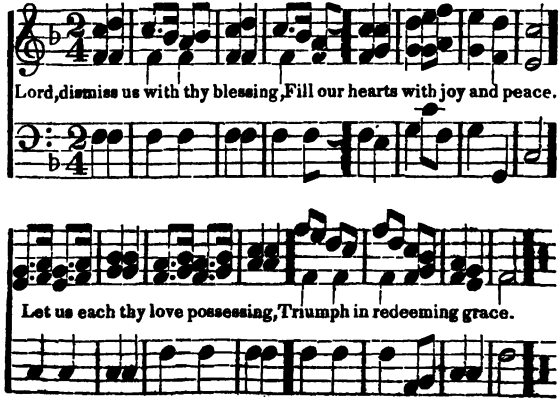
PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

To thy pastures, fair and large, Heav'nly Shepherd, lead thy charge,
And my couch with tend'rest care, Midst the springing grass prepare.

Smit-ten, strick-en, and af - flic - ted,
Lo! he dies up - on the tree: 'Tis the Christ by
man re - ject - ed; Yes, be - liev-ers, yes, 'tis he.

HORTON. 7s.

Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice,

Come, and make my paths your choice: I will guide you
to your home! Wea-ry pil-grims, hith - er come.

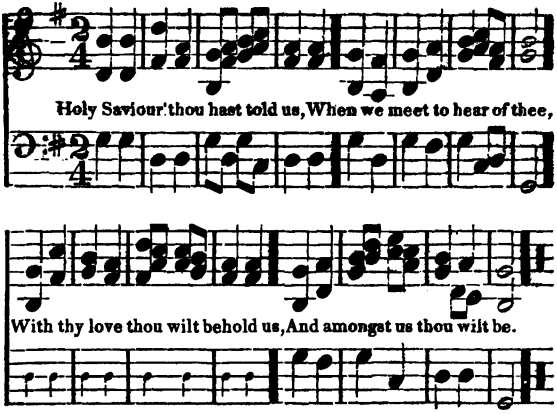
HENDON. 7s.

To thy pas - tures, fair and large, Heavenly Shepherd
lead thy charge; And my couch, with tend'rest care, Midst the

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s. L. MASON.

From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand, Where
Afric's sunny fountains roll down their golden sand, From many an ancient river, From
many a palmy plain, They call us to de-liv-er, their land from error's chain.

To thee, O blessed Saviour, Our grateful songs we raise;
O tune our hearts and voices, Thy ho-ly name to praise;
'Tis by thy sov'reign mer-cy, We're here al-low'd to meet,
To join with friends and teachers, Thy blessing to en-treat.

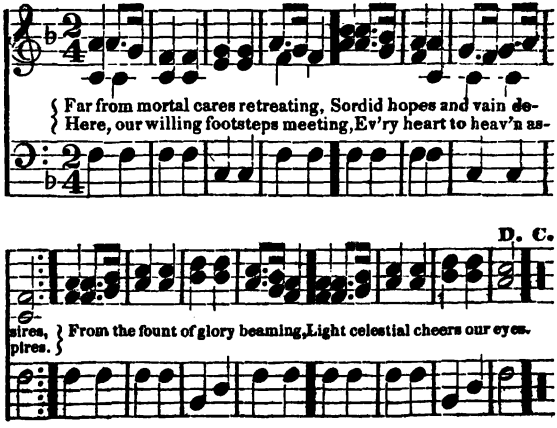
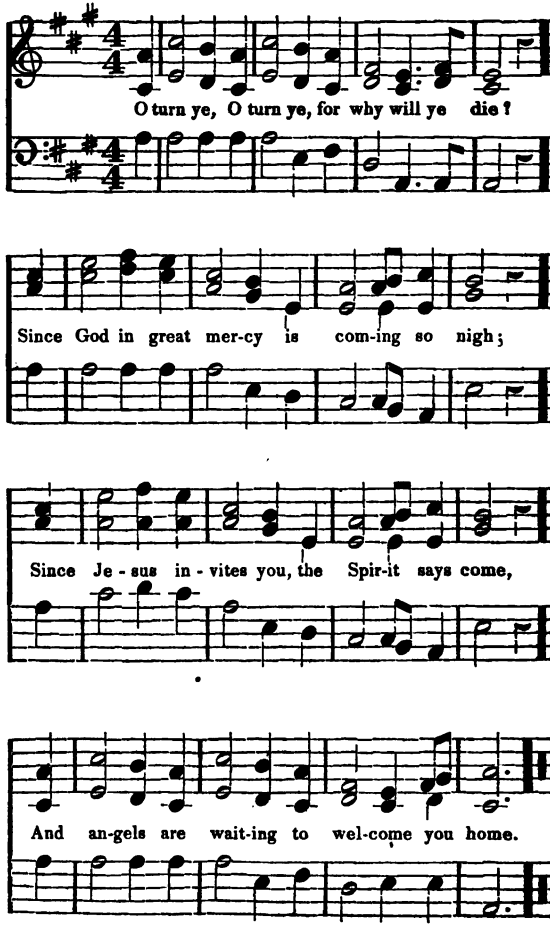

The morning light is breaking, The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking, To pen-i-ten-tial tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean, Brings tidings from a-far,
Of na-tions in commotion, Pre-pared for Zi-on's war.

Rise, my soul, stretch out thy wings, Thy better portion trace;
Rise from tran-si - to - ry things, To heav'n thy na - tive place;
Sun and moon, and stars decay, Time shall soon this earth remove;
Rise, my soul, and haste a - way, To seats prepared a - bove.

Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-
self in thee; Let the wa-ter and the blood, From thy
wounded side that flow'd, Be of sin the per-fect cure,
Slow.
Save me Lord, and make me pure, Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

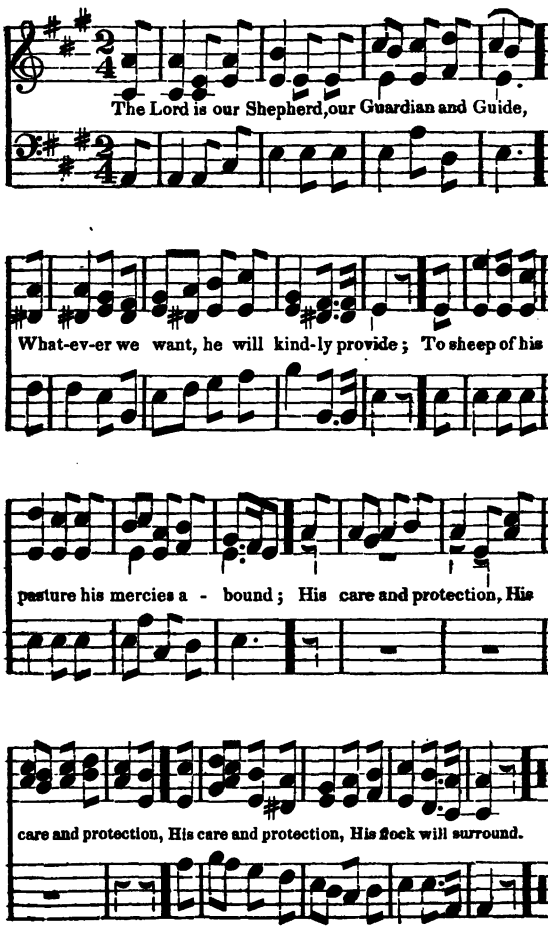
MOUNT VERNON. 8s & 7s. L. MASON.

Sister, thou wast mild and lovely, Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of evening, When it floats among the trees.

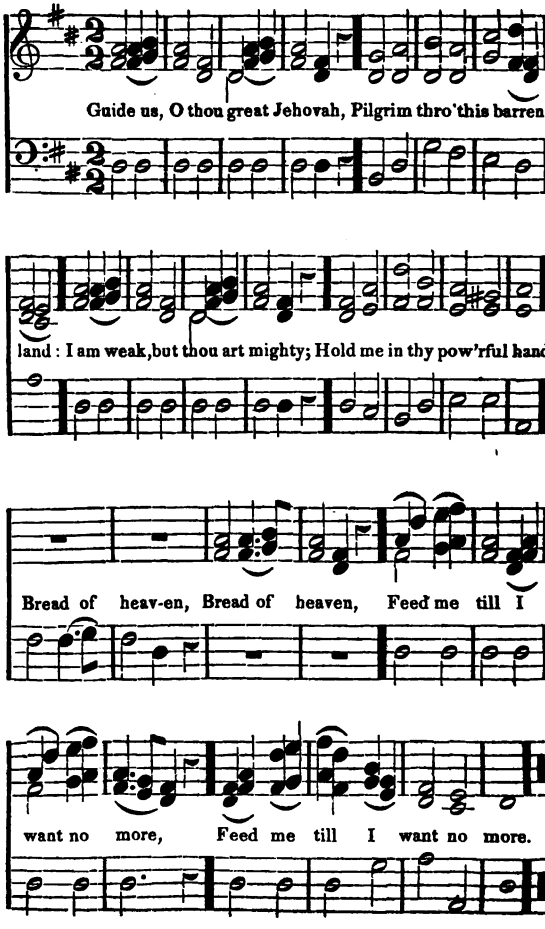
SICILY. 8s & 7s.

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace.
Let us each thy love possessing, Triumph in redeeming grace.

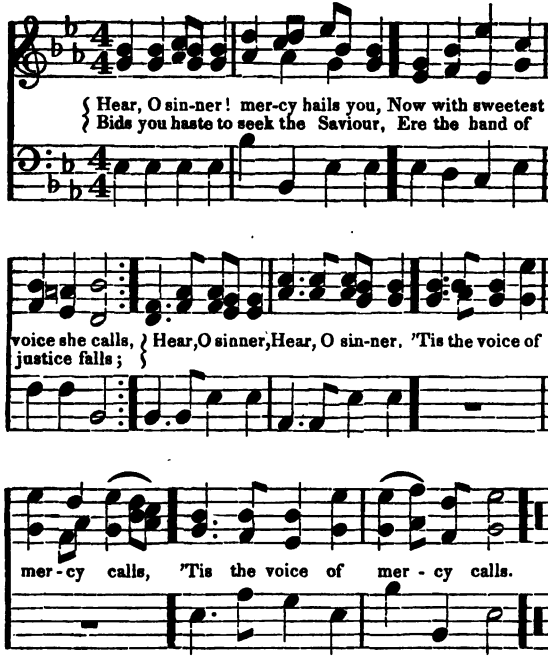
SILVER LAKE. 8s & 7s.

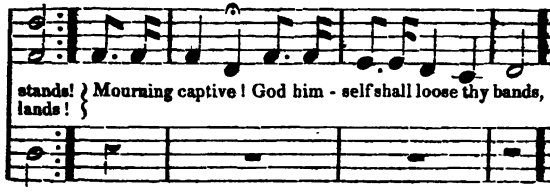
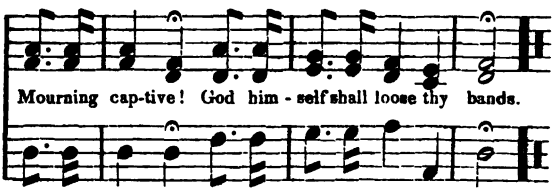
J. M. HEWES.

GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s, or 8s, 7s & 4.


Far from mortal cares retreating, Sordid hopes and vain de-
Here, our willing footsteps meeting, Ev'ry heart to heav'n as-
D. C.
sires, } From the fount of glory beaming, Light celestial cheers our eyes.
pires. }

O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die?
Since God in great mer-cy is com-ing so nigh;
Since Je - sus in - vites you, the Spir-it says come,
And an-gels are wait-ing to wel-come you home.

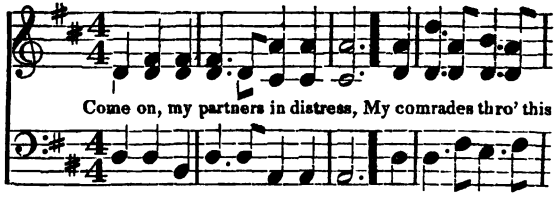

The Lord is our Shepherd, our Guardian and Guide,
What-ev-er we want, he will kind-ly provide; To sheep of his
pasture his mercies a - bound; His care and protection, His
care and protection, His care and protection, His flock will surround.

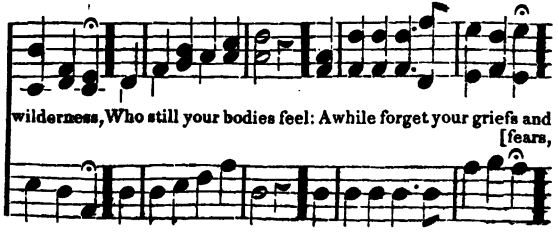

Guide us, O thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim thro' this barren
land : I am weak, but thou art mighty; Hold me in thy pow'rful hand.
Bread of heav-en, Bread of heaven, Feed me till I
want no more, Feed me till I want no more.

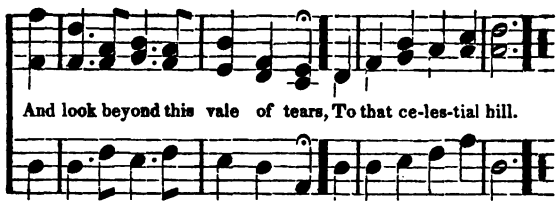
OSGOOD. 8s, 7s & 4.

Hear, O sin-ner! mer-cy hails you, Now with sweetest
Bids you haste to seek the Saviour, Ere the hand of
voice she calls, Hear, O sinner, Hear, O sin-ner. 'Tis the voice of
justice falls;
mer-cy calls, 'Tis the voice of mer-cy calls.

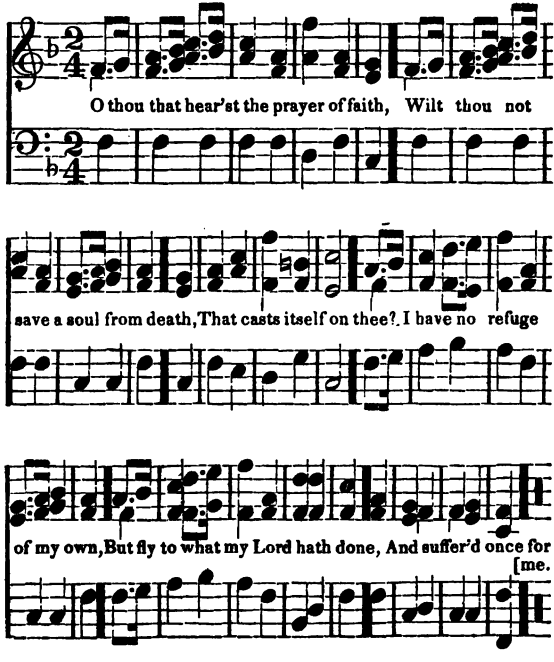
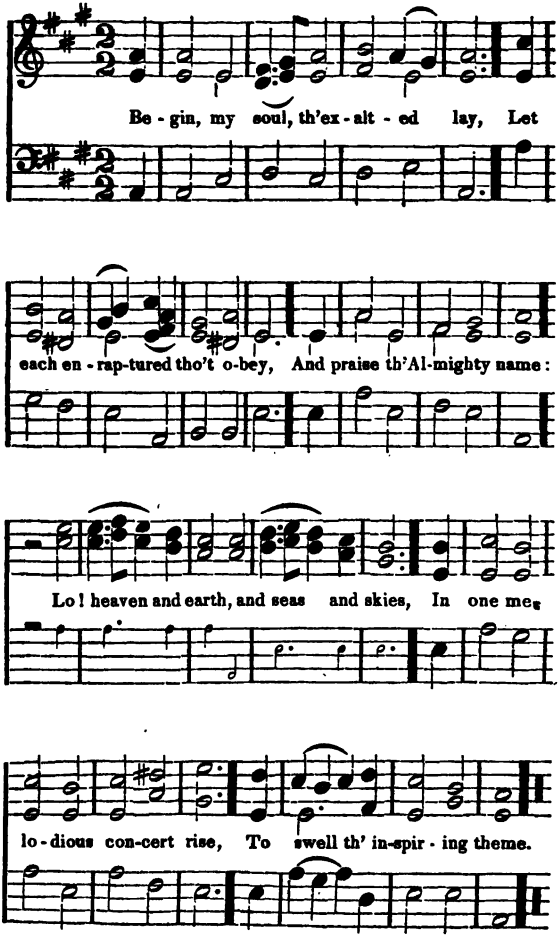
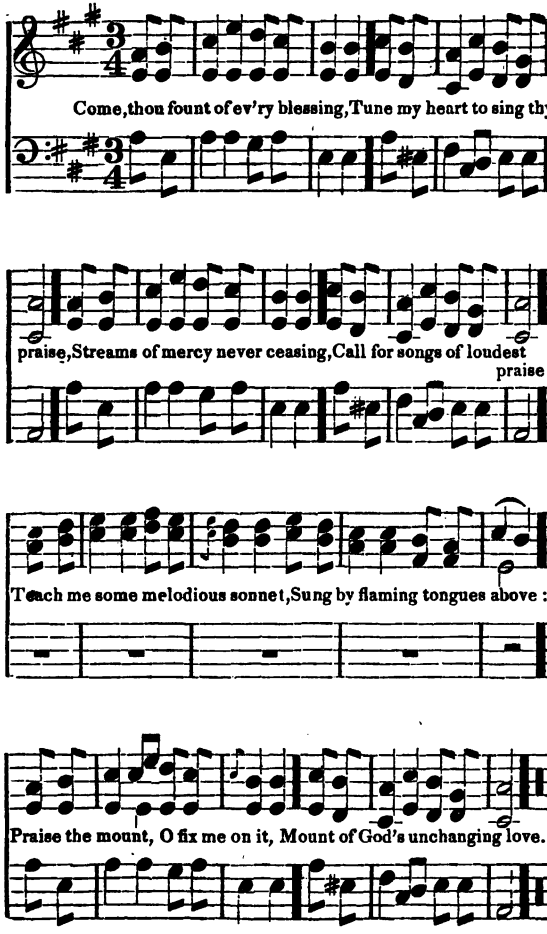
ZION. 8s, 7s & 4.

stands! } Mourning captive! God him - self shall loose thy bands,
lands! }

Mourning cap-tive! God him - self shall loose thy bands.

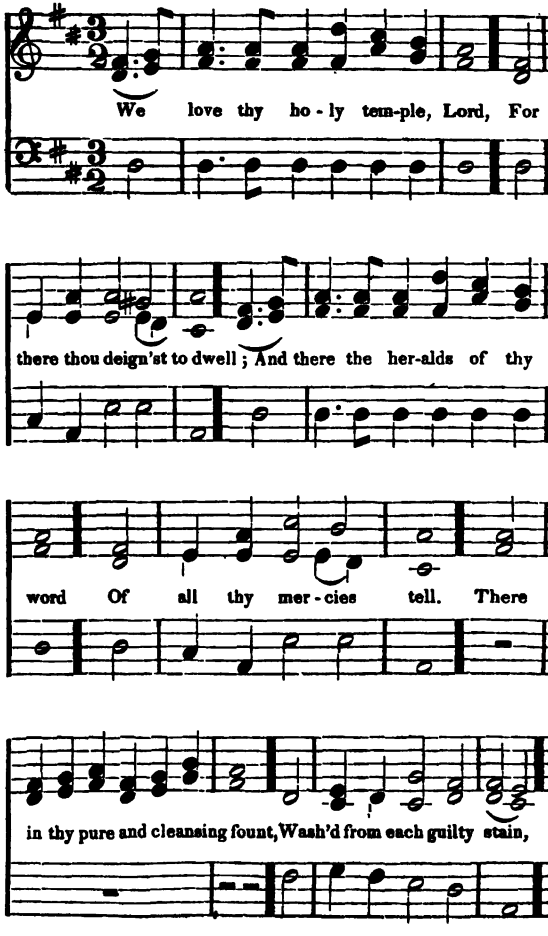
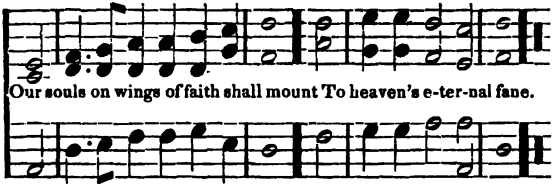
GANGES. C. P. M.

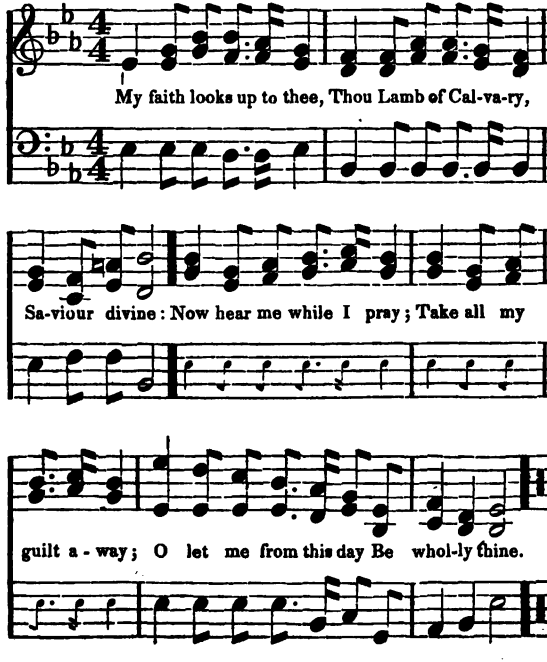

Come on, my partners in distress, My comrades thro' this


wilderness, Who still your bodies feel: Awhile forget your griefs and
[fears,

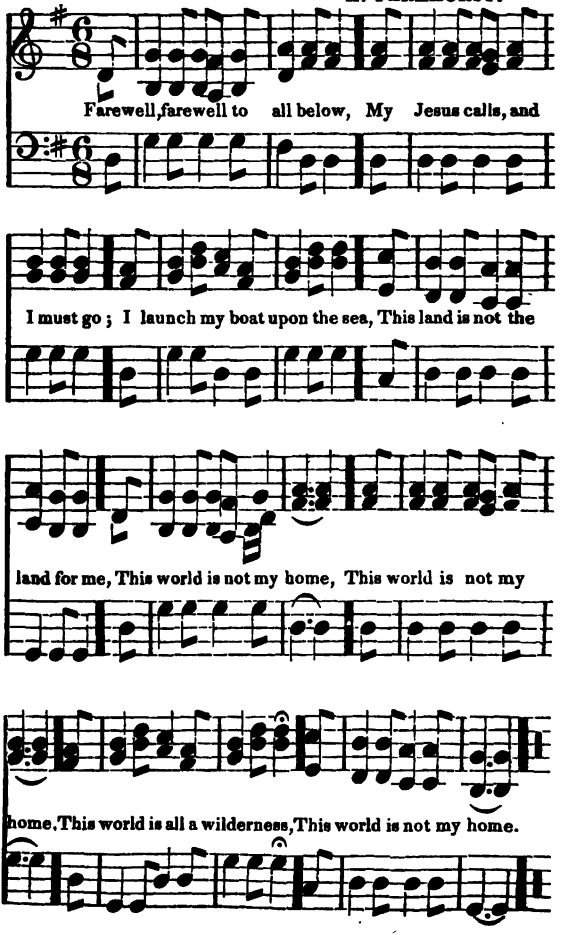
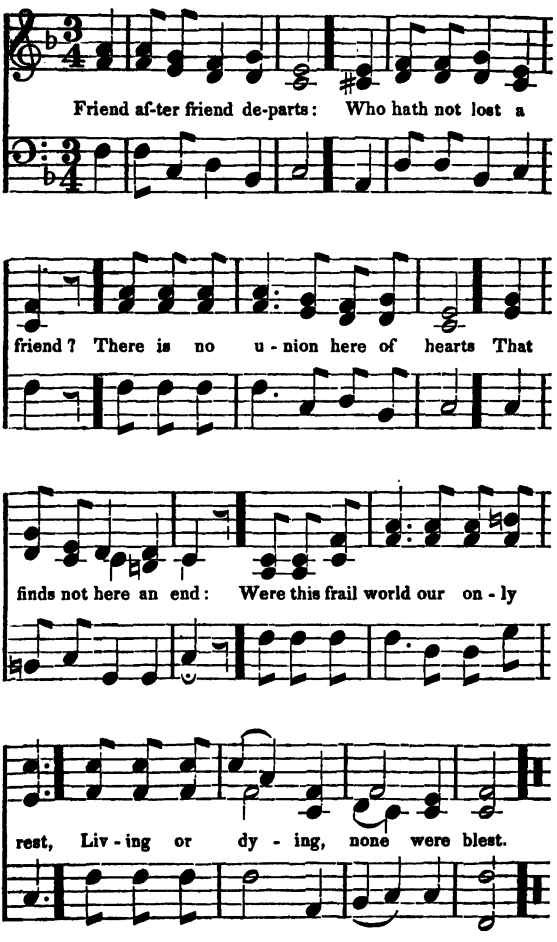
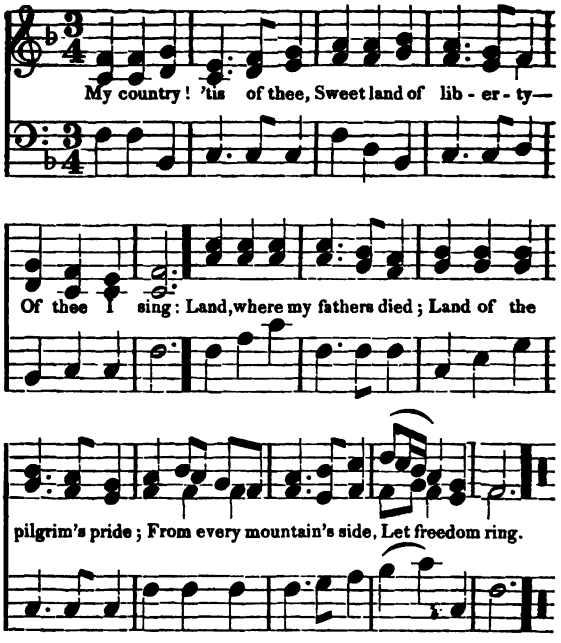

And look beyond this vale of tears, To that ce-les-tial hill.

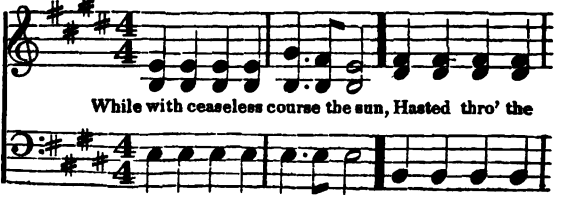
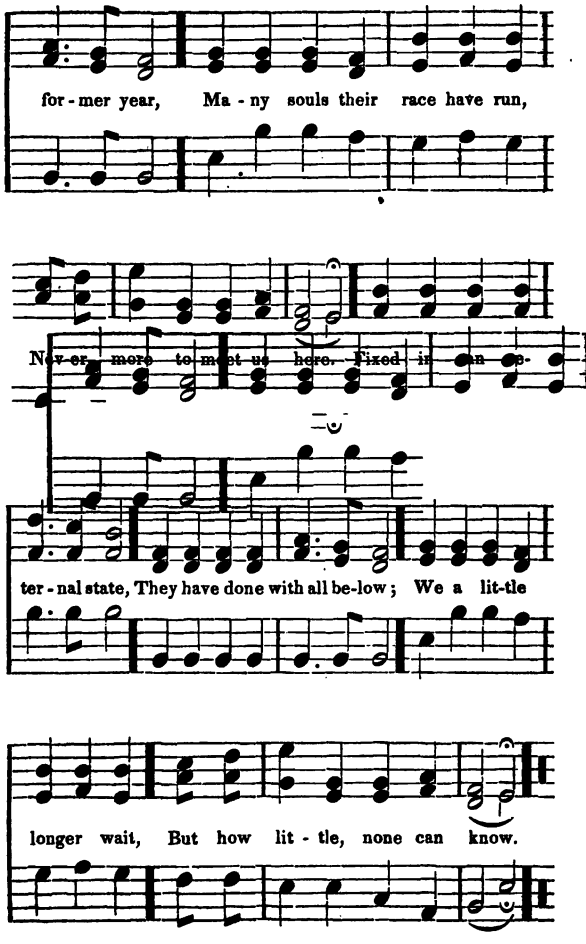
FOSTER. C. P. M.

O thou that hear'st the prayer of faith, Wilt thou not
save a soul from death, That casts itself on thee? I have no refuge
of my own, But fly to what my Lord hath done, And suffer'd once for me.

Be - gin, my soul, th'ex - alt - ed lay, Let
each en - rap-tured tho't o-bey, And praise th'Al-mighty name:
Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies, In one me
lo - dious con-cert rise, To swell th' in-spir - ing theme.

Come, thou fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy
praise, Streams of mercy never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest
praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet, Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount, O fix me on it, Mount of God's unchanging love.

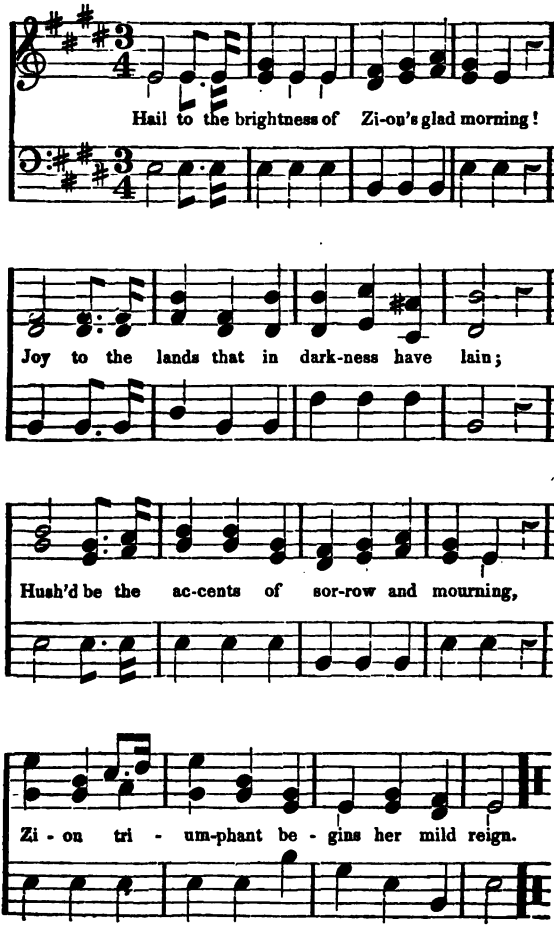
MOREH. C. M. (Double.)

We love thy ho - ly tem-ple, Lord, For
there thou deign'st to dwell; And there the her-alds of thy
word Of all thy mer - cies tell. There
in thy pure and cleansing fount, Wash'd from each guilty stain,

OLIVET. 6s & 4s. L. MASON.

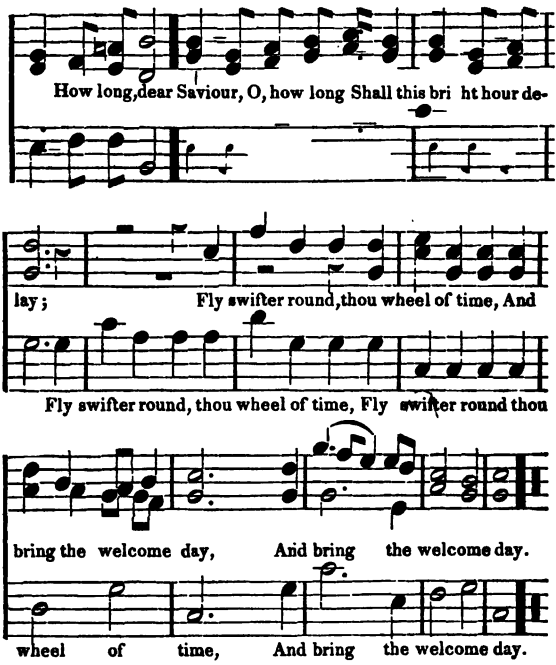

My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Cal-va-ry,
Sa-viour divine: Now hear me while I pray; Take all my
guilt a-way; O let me from this day Be whol-ly thine.

CONVERT'S FAREWELL. P. M.

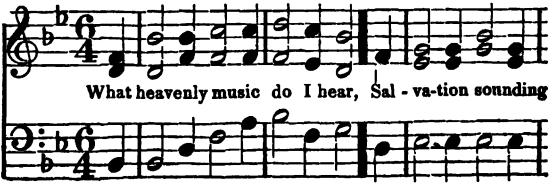
H. PARKHURST.

Farewell, farewell to all below, My Jesus calls, and
I must go; I launch my boat upon the sea, This land is not the
land for me, This world is not my home, This world is not my
home. This world is all a wilderness, This world is not my home.

Friend af-ter friend de-parts: Who hath not lost a
friend? There is no u-nion here of hearts That
finds not here an end: Were this frail world our on-ly
rest, Liv-ing or dy-ing, none were blest.

My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty—
Of thee I sing: Land, where my fathers died; Land of the
pilgrim's pride; From every mountain's side, Let freedom ring.

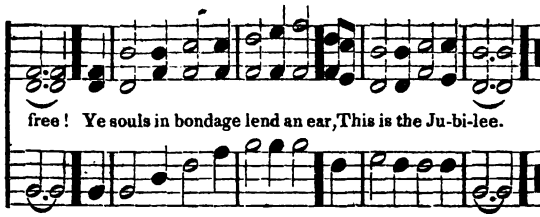
BENEVENTO. 7s. (Double.)

for-mer year, Ma-ny souls their race have run,
Nev-er more to meet us here. Fixed in an e-
ter-nal state, They have done with all be-low; We a lit-tle
longer wait, But how lit-tle, none can know.

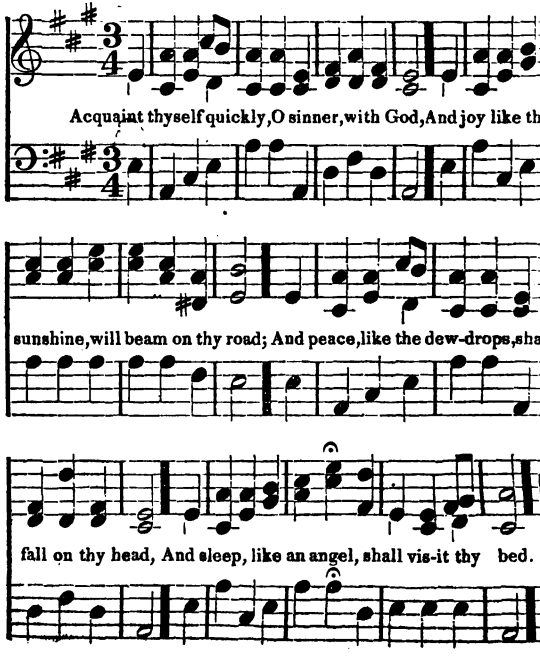
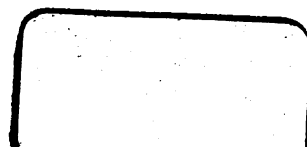
"Hail to the brightness." 11s & 10s.

Hail to the brightness of Zi-on's glad morning!
Joy to the lands that in dark-ness have lain;
Hush'd be the ac-cents of sor-row and mourning,
Zi - on tri - um-phant be - gins her mild reign.

NORTHFIELD. 8s & 6s, or C. M. 61

How long, dear Saviour, O, how long Shall this bri ht hour de-
lay; Fly swifter round, thou wheel of time, And
Fly swifter round, thou wheel of time, Fly swifter round thou
bring the welcome day, And bring the welcome day.
wheel of time, And bring the welcome day.

THE JUBILEE. 8s & 6s, or C. M.





SWEET AFTON. 11s.

Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God, And joy like the
sunshine, will beam on thy road; And peace, like the dew-drops, shall
fall on thy head, And sleep, like an angel, shall vis-it thy bed.

BV459.B35 1949
The Christian melodist;
Andover-Harvard
001746479
3 2044 077 965 226